

PRESIDENT'S SECRETARIAT
(LIBRARY)

Class No.....

The book should be returned on or before the date last stamped below.

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January xxxi Days.			May xxxi Days.			September xxx Days.		
1	W	St. Clement.	17	S	St. Anthony.	17	W	St. Giles.
2	F	St. John the Baptist.	18	S	St. John the Baptist.	18	F	St. Basil.
3	M	St. John the Evangelist.	19	M	St. John the Evangelist.	19	M	St. Basil.
4	Tu	St. John the Evangelist.	20	Tu	St. John the Evangelist.	20	Tu	St. Basil.
5	W	St. John the Evangelist.	21	W	St. John the Evangelist.	21	W	St. Basil.
6	Th	St. John the Evangelist.	22	Th	St. John the Evangelist.	22	Th	St. Basil.
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IF YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO BE A SPORTING MAN, AND ARE OUT FOR A QUIET RIDE, IT'S VERY ANNOYING WHEN YOUR HORSE INSISTS UPON JOINING THE HOUNDS THAT ARE RUNNING A FIELD OR TWO OFF THE HIGH-ROAD.

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

January.

JANUARY! Tailor's bill comes in.
Blow that blooming Snip! I'm short o' tin.
Werry much enjoyed my Autumn Caper,
But three quid fifteen do look queer paper.
Want another new rig out, wuss luck,
Gurl at Boodle's bar seems awful struck.
Like to take her to the panther-mime;
That and oysters after *would* be prime.
FAN's a screamer; this top coat would blue it,
Yaller at the seams, black ink won't do it.
Wonder if old Snip would spring another?
Boots, too, rayther seedy; beastly bother!
Lots o' larks that empty pockets "queer."
Can't do much on fifty quid a year.

CHARACTERS IN CONTRAST.—"So they're building a Church in memory of Bishop WILBERFORCE at Southampton," said SMELFUNGUS. "He was 'all things to all men.'" How different from me! I'm "nothing to nobody?"

THE TAX WHICH NO CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER HAS DISTURBED, OR IS EVER LIKELY TO DISTURB—Syn-tax.

FORECAST FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL.—Month opens with a shower of frogs. *Rana* weather.



"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

Suspicious Bidder (on a dozen of "Gooseberry" being put up). "WHAT'S THE BRAND, MR. AUCTIONEER?"
Auctioneer. "'BRAND'! WHAT! FOR THIS CHAMPAGNE? A MAGNIFICENT WINE LIKE THAT, SIR, DON'T WANT ANY BRAND! WE SELL IT ON ITS MERITS. SHALL WE SAY FIFTEEN SHILLINGS?"

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

February.

FEBRUARY! High old time for sprees!
Now's yer chance the gals to please or tease.
Dowds to guy and pooty ones to wheedle,
And to give all rival chaps the needle.
Crab your enemies,—I've got a many,
You can pot 'em proper for a penny.
My! Them Valentines do 'it 'em 'ot.
Fast-rate fun: I always buy a lot.
Prigs complain they're spiteful.
Lor' wot stuff!
I can't ever get 'em strong enough.
Safe too; no one twigs your little spree,
If you do it on the strict Q. T.
If you're spoons, a flowery one's your plan,
Mem: I sent a proper one to FAN.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—If you are blest with a large family, and have, besides, numerous relations whom you don't wish to disoblige, always dress yourself and household in black; and thus you will escape the expense of mourning.

FOR THE APOTHECARIES' COMPANY'S DINNERS.—Toast and Sentiment: "May we never want a patient, or a six-ounce bottle to send him."

THE FLUNKY MILLENNIUM.—When every valet shall be exalted.

A HALFPENNY ROLE.—The Echo's.



—AND IT IS NOT PLEASANT TO BE OVERTAKEN IN A NARROW LANE BY A TROOP OF HUNTING PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN THROWN OUT, AND ARE TRYING HARD TO CATCH THE HOUNDS.

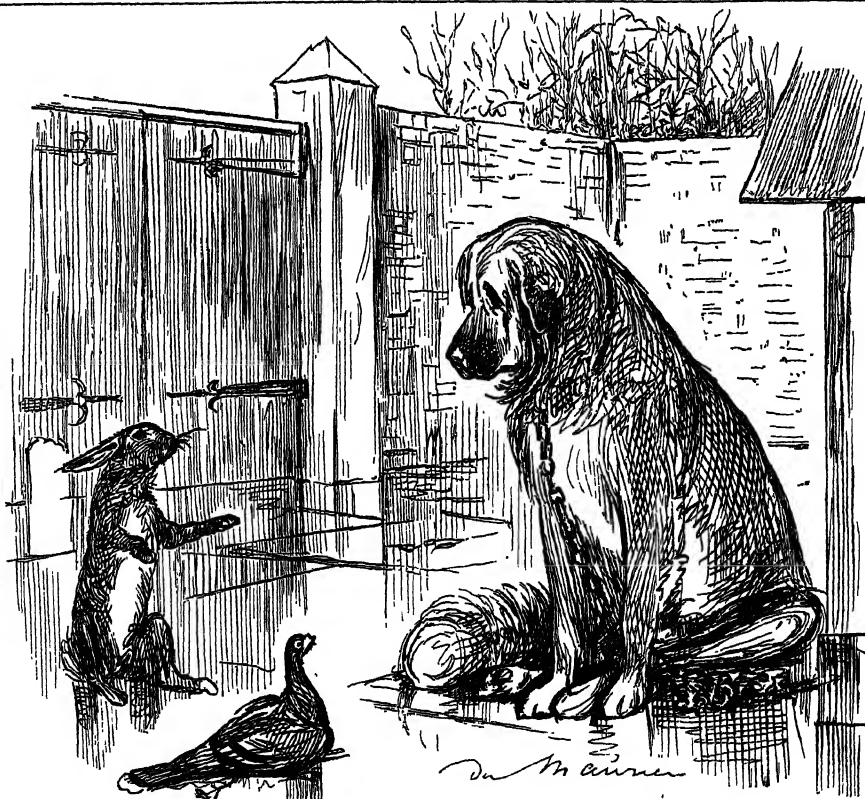
THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

March.

MARCH! I'm nuts upon
a windy day,
Gurls do git in such a
awful way.
Petticoats yer know, and
pooty feet;
Hair all flying,—tell you
it's a treat.
Pancake day. Don't like
'em—flabby, tough,
Rayther do a pennorth
o' plum-duff.
Seediness shows up as
Spring advances,
Ah! the gurls do lead
us pretty dances.
Days a-lengthening.
Think I spotted FAN
Casting sheep's eyes at
another man.
Quarter-day, too, no
more chance of tick.
Fancy I shall 'ave to cut
my stick.
Got the doldrums dread-
ful, that is clear.
Two d. left!—must go
and do a beer!

SUGGESTIONS FOR SONG-TITLES.

FOR Borrowers.—
"Always a loan!"
For Ladies loving
Shopping.—"The sweet
buy and buy."
For *passée* Beauties.—
"The Song of the Old
Belle."
For Disappointed
Sportsmen.—"Never
Moore!"



A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THREE MALCONTENTS.

The Hunted Hare. "I DO CALL IT HARD TO BE CHIVED ABOUT AS I AM. I OWN I'M NICE TO EAT, WITH CURRANT-JELLY, AND MAKE SCRUMPTIOUS SOUP! BUT IT'S NOT FOR THAT; IT'S BECAUSE I'M GOOD AT RUNNING AWAY!"
The Chained St. Bernard. "AT ALL EVENTS, YOU'RE FREE TO GET ABOUT AND SEE THE WORLD BEFORE YOU'RE CAUGHT! HERE HAVE I BEEN CHAINED UP IN THIS BEASTLY YARD FOR TEN YEARS, AND I'VE ONLY GOT TWO MORE TO LIVE. I WANT TO SEE THE WORLD—HANG IT ALL!—AND THEN MARRY, AND SETTLE!"
The Wounded Pigeon. "DON'T YOU TALK! LOOK AT ME! TWO DAYS AGO, I WAS SHOT IN BOTH LEGS BY A DUFFER, AND, LIKE A FOOL, I FLEW AWAY! I'VE BEEN FLYING EVER SINCE, FOR I CAN'T WALK, AND I CAN'T SIT, AND I CAN'T LIE DOWN, AND I DAREN'T FLY HOME! OH! OH! OH! VIVISECTION'S A JOKE TO THIS. AND AT LEAST THEY GIVE YOU CHLOROFORM!"

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

April.

APRIL! All Fools' Day's
a proper time.
Cop old gurls and guy
old buffers prime.
Scissors! don't they
goggle and look blue
When you land them
with a regular "do"?
Lor! the world would
not be worth a mivey,
If there warn't no fools
to cheek and chivy.
Then comes Easter. Got
some coin in 'and,
Trot a bonnet out and
do the grand.
FAN all flounce and
flower; fellows mad
Heye us henvious; nuts
to me, my lad.
'Ampstead! 'Ampston!
Which is it to be?
FAN—no flat—prefers
the Crystal P.
Nobby togs, high jinks,
and lots o' lotion,
That's the style to go
it, I've a notion!

GOLDEN—WEDDING—
GIFTS.—A wig, a pair
of crutches, and a set
of false teeth.

MEMORANDUM FOR
MARCH.—Mariners, on
St. David's Day, look out
for leaks.

A SECRET FOR THE
SCHOOL OF COOKERY.—
How to curry favour.

LUSH-US FRUIT.—
The Grape.

MEMS. FOR MIDSUMMER.

(By a Man of Foresight.)

Mem.—As the season is now drawing to a close, and one probably has few dinner engagements still in prospect, it might be politic perhaps to ask some country friends to come and stay a week with us. N.B.—After Goodwood.

Mem.—In the not improbable event of their declining, and suggesting we had better visit them instead, my wife must not omit, while expressing our regret that we cannot come just yet, to hint that I am still extremely fond of shooting.

Mem.—With a view to the contingency of my getting in this manner a few days on the moors, and a week or two in Stubble-shire, I had better look up my old shooting-boots, and borrow Bob's new breech-loader.

Mem.—When accepting invitations we must bear in mind the need to make our visits dove-tail nicely, so as not to waste a day in useless travelling.

Mem.—Supposing I am asked if I want any game sent anywhere, I must take care that I don't forget my Uncle Bob, who stood god-father to baby.

Mem.—And perhaps it might be well to send a brace of birds to dear old CHARLEY CRACKLETON, who has hinted more than once that it is not at all unlikely he may leave us his old china.

Mem.—EMMY said the other day that her dear Mamma desired to come and see us very shortly. If this desire be realised, as probably it will be, I must arrange for being summoned unexpectedly to Paris, to serve upon a Special Exhibition Jury.

Mem.—If I return before the dear old lady leaves us, I must devise some dodge for shortening her visit.

Mem.—Don't let me forget to look up FREDDY FOKESSEL, and find out where his yacht will be for the next six weeks.

Mem.—If no grousing's to be had, I had better chum with him till the partridges are ready, and let EMMY take the chicks to spend a quiet month at Margate.

Mem.—I must not forget to tell EMMY to remember that when the Landlord's fellow calls again for rent, he is to be told that I am out of town, but that, to save him further trouble, I will have a cheque quite ready for him when he calls at Christmas.

Mem.—As the house is to be painted in the Spring, we had better go abroad then, and get some one to hire it till the smell has quite evaporated.

Mem.—Let me be sure to lock my study-door when I leave home, lest I find my things all "put to-rights" when I return to it.

• *Mem.*—That cheap sherry at the Club is stronger than it tastes, and, while the weather is so hot, I had better, for my health's sake, stick to Pommery and Margaux.

Mem.—I must really bear in mind that EMMY has reminded me (and more than once, I fear) that Cook has twice asked for her wages.

Mem.—While thinking over household matters, I ought to recollect that the cistern has begun to leak and the coal-cellar is empty.

Mem.—If we chance to come across that charming little Mrs. SHUGRA CANDIE in our wanderings this autumn, I must not get too intimate, for EMMY so dislikes her.

the plate and lock up the piano while the house is being cleaned; or else, the carpets being up, a ball is pretty certain to be given in our absence.

WHYS FOR THE WISE.

WHY do bosom friends entreat you to "drop in on them at any time," when they know you know quite well that if you were to do so you would find them not at home to you?

Why, when men are bored to death at an "At Home," do they somehow feel constrained to murmur out their thanks for "such a very pleasant evening"?

Why, when Ladies want to sing, will they persist in pleading that they have a dreadful cold, and really cannot get a note out?

Why cannot Actors be content with the applause of their own conscience, and the Stalls, and not gag their part to gain the plaudits of the Gallery?

Why do hired Waiters always breathe upon your head, particularly, alas! if it happens to be a bald one?

Why, when a man likes a thigh or a liver-wing, does he insist on saying that "any part will do for him?"

Why, if a friend wins a five-pound note at cards, do you find him take such care to calculate his gain at about a dozen shillings?

Why do Critics chronicle a "genuine success," when they know full well the piece won't run above a fortnight?

Why cannot a Hair-cutter perform that operation without hinting that your hair will soon be hardly worth the cutting?

Why do friends exclaim, "How very well you're looking!" when you see by their expression they are thinking just the contrary?

Why do Orators crave leave to say a few words on the subject, when they really mean to talk for half-an-hour, or more?

Why is it deemed no sin to steal a friend's umbrella, or outwit him in a horse-deal?

PAN.

PAN, whom the pagan poets still invoke,
Cool common-sense has placed beneath its ban,
For all last year he seemed—and 'twas no joke—
Always a dripping—or a frying-Pan.
Talk of "the great god Pan" is therefore rot,
Now Pan 'tis plain, has gone to watering-pot.

NEW NAME FOR AN OLD

SALT OF DOUBTFUL CHARACTER.—Piratic Saline. (With thanks to Mr. Lamplough.)

EBONY BLACKING.—An abusive article in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

TRIPARTITE AGREEMENT.—Three friends loving and lushy.

A FOG SIGNAL.—A Respirator.



SWEET SIMPLICITY.

Young Housekeeper (just married). "WHAT CAN YOU RECOMMEND, MR. BRISKET?"
Butcher. "WELL, MISS—M'UM—A NICE LEG O' MUTTON, M'UM—"
Young Housekeeper. "OH, DEAR! COULDN'T YOU LET US HAVE ONE OF THE FRONT LEGS? THEY'D BE SMALLER, WOULDN'T THEY, MR. BRISKET?"

Mem.—The housemaid is quite welcome to open the portfolios and to look at "Master's drawings" when he is away, but she really must not use them to cover up the furniture.

Mem.—To tie another knot in my handkerchief to-morrow, that I may not forget that EMMY's pin-money is due, and that she desires, ere leaving town, to buy a new rig-out for TOMMY.

Mem.—We really must remember to send away



"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

The Bishop (to his youngest and favourite Son). "Now, why shouldn't you adopt the stage as a profession, Theodore? Lord Ronald Beaumanoir, who's a year younger than yourself, is already getting SIXTEEN GUINEAS A WEEK for Low Comedy Parts at the Criterion! The Duchess told me so herself only yesterday!"

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

May.

MAY! The month o' flowers.
Spoonney sell!
"Rum 'ot with," is wot I likes to
smell.
Beats yer roses holler. A chice
weed
Licks all flowers that ever run to
seed.
Nobby button'oler very well
When one wants to do the 'eavy
swell;
Otherwise don't care not one brass
farden,
For the best ever blowed in Covent
Garden.
FAN, though, likes 'em, costs a
pretty pile.
Rayther stiff, a tanner for a smile.
Blued ten bob last time I took 'er
out,
Left my silver ticker up the spout.
Women are sech sharks! If I
don't drop 'er,
Guess that I shall come a hawful
cropper!

LUCUS A NON LUCENDO.

(At a Municipal Election.)

First Voter. I've just been and
plumped for CARTER.

Second Voter. Plumped for CAR-
TER! Why I don't believe you
know him.

First Voter. No; that's why I
vote for him. He may be an honest
man. I know the others.

HINT TO THE TRADE.—Bring
out a new choker, and call it the
"Sus: per coll."



CUMULATIVE!

Tourist (on Scotch Steamer). "I SAY, STEWARD, HOW DO YOU EXPECT ANYBODY TO DRY
THEIR HANDS ON THIS TOWEL? IT'S AS WET AS IF IT HAD BEEN DIPPED IN THE SEA!"
Steward. "AWEEL—DEEPED OR NO DEEPED, THERE'S A HUNDRED FOUK HAE USED THE
TOWWL, AND YE'RE THE FURST THAT'S GRUMMELT!"

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

June.

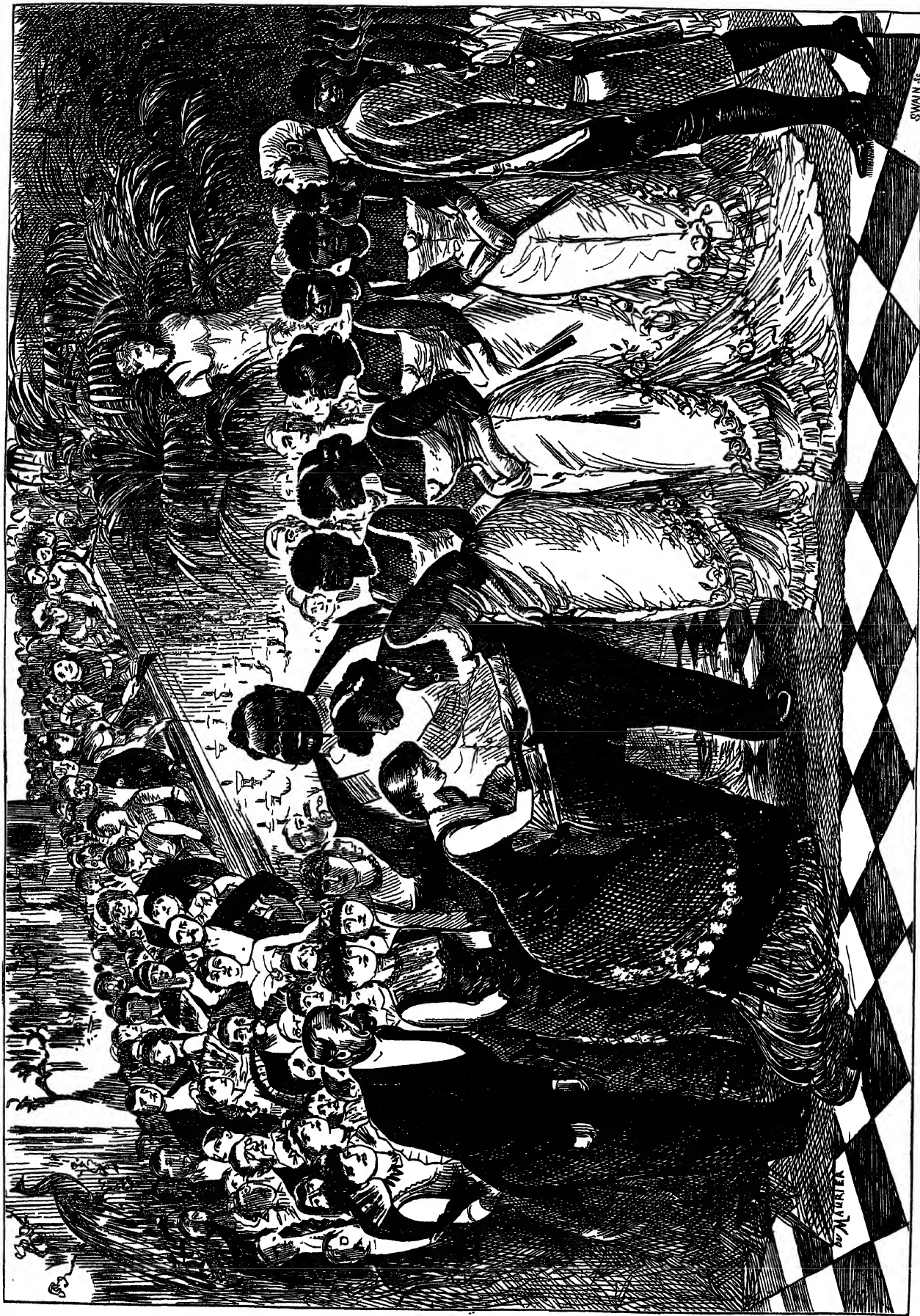
JUNE! A jolly month; sech
stunning weather!
FAN and I have lots of outs to-
gether:
Rorty on the river, sech prime
'unts,
Foul the racers, run into the punts.
Prime to 'ear the anglers rave and
cuss,
When in quiet "swims" we raise
a muss.
Snack on someone's lawn upon the
quiet,
Won't the owner raise a tidy riot
When he twigs our scraps and
broken bottles?
Cheaper this than rusty rongs or
hottles.
Whitsuntide 'ud be a lot more gay
If it warn't so near to Quarter-
day.
Snip turns sour, pulls "county-
courting" faces.
Must try and land a little on the
Races.

AN UNFAIR PROCEEDING.

BRUNETTA protests against the
partiality shown by public writers
in addressing her sex as "our fair
readers." She hopes in future
that this formula will be changed
to "our fair and dark readers."

A THEATRICAL SPECULATION.
—Take Drury Lane, produce *Druriolanus* gorgeously, and call it
Druriolanus.

AN INCORRIGIBLE OFFENDER.
—A Drinking Fountain.



CETEWAYO IN LONDON.

MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMPKINS REALISES HER LIFE'S AMBITION AT LAST, AND RECEIVES ROYALTY AND SUITE IN HER OWN HOUSE.



THE KNIGHT AND THE FLEA—AN UNRECORDED TRIAL OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

AN AUTUMNAL DUET.

(Rather out of tune.)

MATERFAMILIAS. The Doctor says dear MAY lacks tone.

PATERFAMILIAS. Oh, yes, I know! Sea-baths, ozone!

Catch-words to cover the old claim
For holidays.

MATERFAMILIAS. It is a shame
So to misconstrue him—and me,
For on this point we do agree.

PATERFAMILIAS. On principles of abstract reason!
Mau always finds, though, at this season
Doctors and wives for once at one.
But Stocks are down—it can't be done!
I can't afford it.

MATERFAMILIAS. The old tale!
I hope you'll own that tune is stale.
You get more stingy every year.

PATERFAMILIAS. You sing a little sharp, my dear.
Con troppo brio! Try cantabile.

MATERFAMILIAS. How can you, JOHN, behave so shabbily?

Well, let MAY die!

PATERFAMILIAS. Oh, fiddle-de-dee!

'Twixt man and wife it ought to be
Case of duet, and not of duel.

MATERFAMILIAS. Well, whose fault is it? You're so cruel! (Weeps.)

PATERFAMILIAS. Come, come, my dear, no lagrimoso!

MATERFAMILIAS (wiping her eyes). Then you consent, love?

PATERFAMILIAS (drily). I suppose so.

No matter how long women parley,

Married duets have one finale.

Change of air's what all wives say,

Though to the old tune hub must pay!

TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE!

PICKED up my daily pin. Have now exactly
183 pins carefully laid by, so that one half of the
proverbial groat is secured.

SKINNER, FLINT, and myself again met and
talked over our great scheme of joining at a
halfpenny daily paper when the General Election
takes place.

Put a happy thought into execution—bought
a penny loaf, and called at two or three cheese-
mongers and tasted their Cheddar, Cheshire, &c.
Made quite a substantial meal.

Obliged by urgent business to use the Under-
ground Railway. Took a third class (parly.)
ticket, but the train was so crowded that I had
to be put into a second class carriage, the only
time in my life I have ever travelled in this
luxurious manner.

Another piece of good luck—some careless

person had left a *Daily News* on the seat; put
it in my pocket to add to my waste-paper store.

Found a half-penny (French).

This evening was very cold, but instead of
lighting a fire I went to the South Kensington
Museum, which was both warm and free.

Full moon; so I went to bed without a dip.

SIGNS OF THE SEASONS.

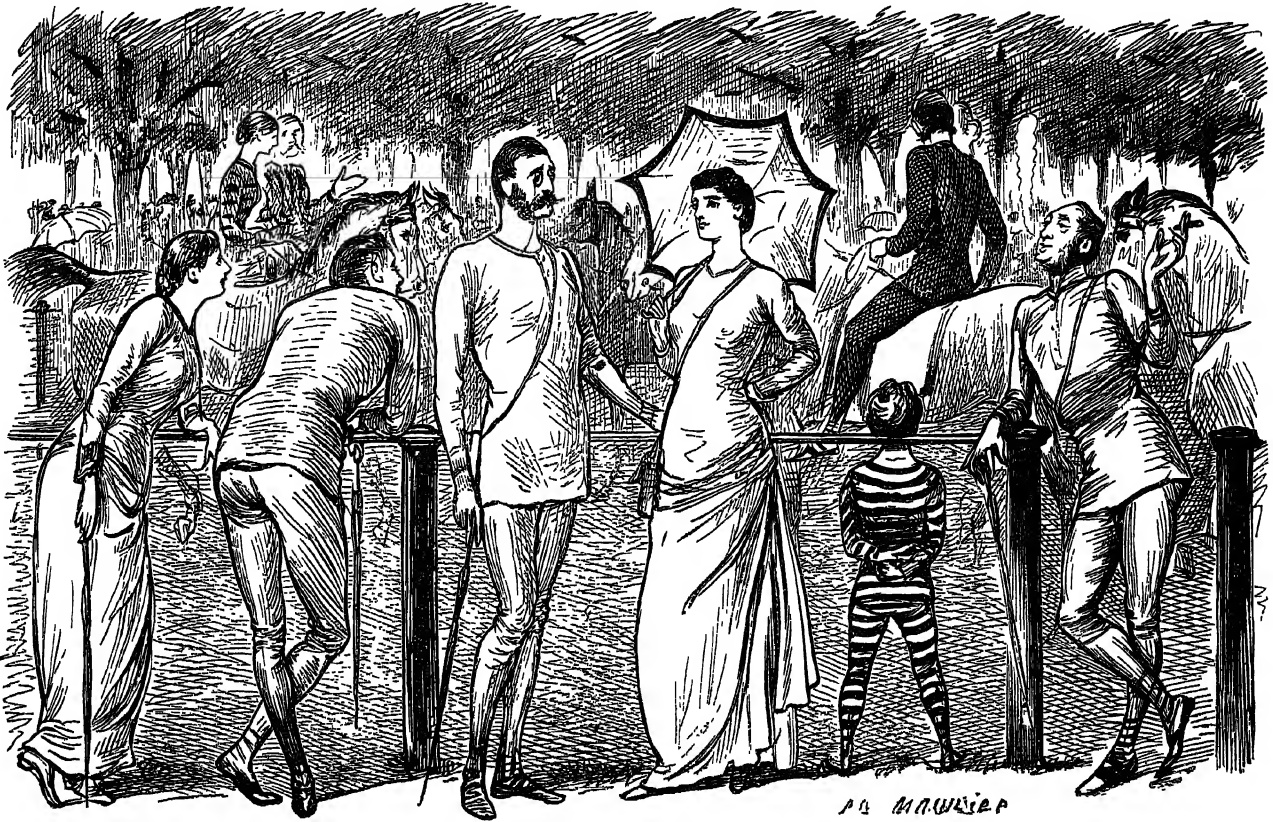
WHEN the wind blows east away,
And the roads like rink-floors ring,
And you cough and sneeze all day,
Then men say it's "merry Spring"!

When the rain pours day and night,
Skies look glum, and faces glummer,
And hay-fever's at its height,
Then, of course, it's "glorious Summer"!

When sole change from catching colds
Is in wondering how you caught 'em,
And grey mist the land enfolds,
Then you know it's "genial Autumn"!

When cold water takes two shapes,
Drenching *douche* and icy splinter,
And the world's all coats and capes,
Then be sure it's "jolly Winter"!

MEM. BY A LAUNDRY-MAID.—The fastest
colours are those that won't run.



HAPPY THOUGHT!

SOME LADIES HAVE TAKEN TO WEARING JERSEYS—AND VERY HEALTHY AND BECOMING THEY ARE! NOW, WHY SHOULD NOT GENTLEMEN CONTENT THEMSELVES WITH MERE UNDERCLOTHING, AND DISCARD THE HIDEOUS CHIMNEY-POT, FROCK-COAT, AND TROUSERS OF THE PERIOD, SO FATAL TO PICTORIAL DESIGN?
(N.B.—THE UNDER-VEST TO BE WORN OUTSIDE THE DRAWERS. (A PA SANS DIRE!))



OF AN EVENING, THE VEST, DRAWERS, AND SOCKS MIGHT BE BLACK. WHAT MORE CALCULATED TO SHOW OFF A FINE FIGURE! BESIDES WHICH, IT WOULD BE A NATIONAL COSTUME, SINCE NO COUNTRY CAN VIE WITH OURS IN THE ELEGANCE OF ITS UNDERCLOTHING.
(N.B.—HIGH ART MIGHT REVIVE IN ENGLAND IF MODERN DRESS WERE REFORMED IN THE DIRECTION INDICATED.)



CHINAMANIA MADE USEFUL AT LAST!

"Hand-painted china is all the rage as a trimming for Ladies' Dresses."—*Paris Fashions.*

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

July.

'OT JULY! Just nicked a handy fiver,
(Twenty-five to one on old "Screw-Driver"!)
New rig-out. This mustard colour mixture
Suits me nobly. FAN appears a fixture.
Gurls like style, you know, and colour ketches 'em,
But good show of ochre,—that's what fetches 'em.
Wimbledon! I'm not a Wolunteer.
Discipline don't suit this child—no fear!
But we 'ave fine capers at the Camp,
Proper, but for that confounded scamp:
Punched my 'ead because I guyed his shooting.
FAN I fancied rather 'ighfaluting;
Ogled the big beggar as he propped me.
Would 'a licked 'im if she 'adn't stopped me.

OLD PROVERBS RE-POINTED.

A MAN and his molars are soon parted.
A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.
Watched lovers never "spoon."
Too many broths spoil the cook.
Short reckonings make long faces.
One good kiss deserves another.
A hitch in time is no crime.
(*By one without an ear.*)
Lace in haste and lament at leisure.

Where there is smoke there's 'bacco.
Good weeds go apace.
Bad words button no shirt-fronts.
When the wine comes in, the ladies walk out.
Little Jews have long noses.
A nod is as good as a bow to a poor acquaintance.
People with corns should never kick.
All is *fare* to an extortionate Cabby.
Never say "*dye*"—nor do it either.
A lazy glazier breaks the most *panes*.
Grace before meat.—Pay milliners' bills and hang butchers'.

THE COACH TO HIS TEAM.

"Thus sang they in the torpids' boat,
A lively more than tuneful note."

PULL now, Number Three!

Out again, man; hang you!
Six, oh (big big D—)
One's obliged to slang you!
One, two—one, two—bah!
(Jumble adjectival)
Hear that scornful "yah"?—
Comment from a rival!
Now, then, bow, my boy!
Blow it, *do* wake up, man!
Think bow-oar's a toy,
Fit for—*Tracy Tupman*?
Stroke! Sharp off the chest!
Dash it, man!—more "devil"
Good; Now you may rest,
And I—may be civil!

'ARRY'S MOTTO.—"Youth on the prow and pleasure at the 'elm."

"SMALL ARMS."—Baby's.

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

August.

AUGUST! Time to think about my outing.
No dubs yet, though, so it's no use shouting.
Make the best of the Bank 'O'lday.
FAN "engaged!" Don't look too bloom-in' gay.
Drop into the bar to do a beer,
Twig her talking to that Volunteer.
Sling my 'ook instanter sharp and short,
Took JEMIMER down to 'Ampton Court.
Not a bad that gurl. Got rather screwed,
Little toff complained as I was rude.
'It 'im in the wind, he went like death;
Weak, consumptive cove and short o' breath.
Licked 'im proper, dropped 'im like a shot,—
Only wish that FAN had seen *that* lot.

PERFEVIDA INGENIA.—Scotch and Scandinavian—Burns and Scalds.

FAIRIES' DRINKING VESSELS.—Cuckoo-pints.

WEATHER REGULATIONS FOR 1880.

RAIN to fall only in the night.
A Committee of Weathercocks, to regulate the winds. Chairman *ex officio*, Clerk of the Weather. Members of the VANE family *ex officio* members.

East winds not to be allowed at the West End.

Mountain dew to be taken without water. None allowed to get beyond mountain dew points of highest saturation.

When the Barometer falls, the housemaid to pick it up and report the 'occurrence to the nearest Weather Station.

Squalls to be confined to nurseries.

Barometrical pressure not to be unfairly increased by tapping the glass.

The rate of the wind may be ascertained from those who have succeeded in raising it.

Licences for the introduction of the weather into conversation will be granted by the Meteorological Society.

Interesting and valuable experiments with the "dry bulb" and "wet bulb" may be made by means of an onion and a glass of water.



THE TIDY COSTUME.

A HINT TO ART NEEDLEWORKERS.



"COMMINATORY."

Scotch Field Preacher. "AH SEE YE AHINT THE SIANS THEERE, LADDIES! SMOCKEN,—E-H! BUT YE MAY SMOCK,—AN' YE MAY SMOCK"—(*crescendo*)—"AN' YE MAY SMOCK—BUT YE'LL SMOCK OY AN' HAIRER WHAUR YE'RE GAUN TAB!"



"LINKED SWEETNESS LONG DRAWN OUT."

Country Lass (to Policeman who takes them over the road at Oxford Street Circus). "I'M SO MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU FOR TAKING THE TROUBLE—" *Gallant Constable.* "LOE' BLESS YER, MISS, I WISH THE CROSSIN' WAS TWICE AS LONG!"



LEO ET VIRGO TRIUMPHANTES. (EXEUNT OMNES.)

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—Ponto had kept on standing most provokingly at larks. "Call that a pointer!" exclaimed WAGG. I should call him a disap-pointer!"

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!—Complaints are often heard of the disturbance caused by the crowing of cocks in the early morning. In this educational age couldn't cocks be trained to crow the hour?

ANOTHER COUNCIL OF TRENT.—The Town-Council of Burton-on-Trent. Convoked by the Mayor. Principal Fathers, Messrs. BASS and ALLSOPP.



AN INNOCENT OFFENDER.

WHAT IS ALL THIS ABOUT? WHY, IT IS AGAINST THE LAW TO CARRY PLANTS OF ANY KIND, ALIVE OR DEAD, INTO ITALY, AND THE OFFICIALS AT THE ITALIAN DOGANA (CUSTOM-HOUSE) NEAR MESSINA HAVE JUST BEEN TOLD THAT AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, WITH A ROSE IN HIS BUTTON-HOLE, HAS STROLLED BY, TOWARDS VENTIMIGLIA. SO THEY ARE AFTER THE UNSUSPECTING CRIMINAL!

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

September.

'ERE'S September! 'Olday
at last!
OFF to Margit—mean to go
it fast.
Mustard-coloured togs still
fresh as paint.
Like to know who's natty,
if I ain't.
Got three quid; have cried
a go with FAN,
Game to spend my money
like a man
But stickin' tight to one gal
ain't no fun—
Here's no end of prime 'uns
on the run;
Cann't resist me somehow,
togs and tile
All A 1—make even swell
ones smile.
Lor! if I'd the ochre, make
no doubt
I could cut no end of big
pots out.
Call me Cad! When money's
in the game,
Cad and Swell are pooty
much the same.

POLITE INQUIRIES.

How old are you? How
much have you a year? Do
you derive your income from
property, or live by your wits?
Who are your bankers?
What is your father? Who
was your mother? Is there
insanity in your family?
What is the skeleton in your
cupboard? Were you ever



AN IRREVERENT SAXON.

"MY CARD, MON! I HANNA GOT ONE! BUT I'D HAD YOU TO KEN THAT I'M A MACKINTOSH!"
"YOU MAY BE A HUMBERELLER, FOR ALL I KNOWS, BUT MY FARE'S HEIGHTENPENCE!"

in gaol? Are your teeth all
sound? Did you ever pawn
your watch? Have you paid
your rates and taxes? And
your rent? Did you ever
shoot the moon? Where did
you borrow your dress-coat?
Did you buy those clothes
ready made, or do you em-
ploy a tailor? What credit
does he give you, and how
much do you owe him now?

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

October.

Now October! Back again
to collar,
Funds run low, redooed to
last 'arf-dollar.
Snip on rampage, boots a
getting thin,
'Ave to try the turf to raise
some tin.
Evenings getting gloomy;
high old games;
Music 'Alls look up the
taking names.
Proper swells them pros!
If I'd my choice,
There's my mark. Just
wish I'd got a voice;
Cut the old den to-morrow,
lot's o' Cham,
Cabs and diamonds,—ain't
that real jam?
Got the straight tip for the
Siezervitch,
If I *honly* land it, I'll be
rich.
Guess next mornin' wouldn't
find me sober—
Allays get the blues about
October.

MOTTOES FREELY TRANSLATED, AND EASILY APPLIED.

"AMOR" nummi—EVANS'S, Covent Garden.
Cudit quæstio—The subject is 'ARRY.
Carpe diem—A carp a day (*Fisherman's motto*).
Con amore—Probably brother of ROBY O'-MOOREY.

"D.T. fabula narratur"—Drink at the Princess's.

Dies non—Never say die.
Dum spiro spero—SPIERS AND POND.

Ex post facto—Done out of a post.

Ex uno disce omnes—Lord BEACONSFIELD and party.

Festina lento—Get Lent over.

Fieri facias—Jolly nose!
Fu-inus—We're going a small party.

Hent!—Motto for Mr. Gladstone's axa.

Hinc ille lacrymæ—Tears—idle tears!

In 'esse—Darmstadt.

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter, &c.—To have utterly diddled the clever ones, &c.

Jus gentium—Sauce for Gents.

Litera scripta manet—"Heavens! I forgot to post them!"

Magnæ veritas—Truth! extra edition!

Mi-nus—Not your nuss.

"Mos" pro lege—Sixty per cent. first—then the Law.

Nemine dissentiente—An eminent Dissenter.

Ne plus ultra—Knickerbockers.

No-lens volens—No chance for a photographer.

Non bis in idem—Never cry Encore!

Non tali auxilio—Never hold on by the tail.

Ore rotundo—"Round in the mouth."

Pro forma—The swan-bill corset!

Quidquid excessit modum—"Two quid's" too much.

Quid rides?—Why get astride a horse?

Rebus in angustis—Small minds like riddles.

Rem acu tetigisti—A good stroke!

Sui generis—A sort of a pig.

Tot-idem verbis—Don't say the same thing so often.

Vice versa—The bad habit of rhyming.

Virtus semper viridis—A young man from the country.

MEM. BY A MARRIED MAN.

Now pert, now pensive, as a maiden, MAY
 Was a sweet mixture of the grave and gay.

A clever matron now, with aims extensive,
 I find that MAY's ex-pert and most ex-pensive.
 A sylph she then flung flowers by the armful,
 Now—ene can't call her figure an ex-ample.
 Ah me! these unknown quantities, these exes,
 Quite alter the equation of the sexes!

OUR Cook, who is very stout, says there is no waste in her kitchen.

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

November.

DULL November! Didn't land that lot.
 Fear my father's son is going to pot.
 FAN jest passed me, turned away 'er eyes,
 Guess she ranked me with the other guys.
 Nobby larks upon the Ninth, my joker;
 But it queers a chap to want the ochre.



"SCIENCE."

Curate (with sudden excitement, whilst taking a walk with his new Rector). "GOOD GRACIOUS! I DO BELIEVE I SEE A MAGNIFICENT——"
Rector (startled). "WHAT'S THE—— WHAT IS IT?"
Curate. "A 'PAINTED LADY' IN THE NEXT FIELD!" [Rushes off like "mad," and vaults over the gate!
 [No wonder the Reverend Gentleman was shocked. He was not entomological, and did not know this was the common name of a fine Butterfly ("Vanessa cardui") very numerous this year!]

Nothing like a crowd for regular sprees,
 Ain't it fine to do a rush, and squeeze?
 Twig the women fainting! Oh, it's proper!
 Bonnet buffers when the blooming copper
 Can't get near yer nohow. Then the fogs!
 Rare old time for regular Jolly Dogs.
 If a chap 's a genuine 'ot member,
 He can keep the game up in November!

NURSERY GARDEN OPERATIONS.

(With the Nurse's kind permission—of course)

Sow buttons everywhere.
 February is the month for cutting teeth. Keep the cuttings.
 Trim your little sister's hair with the scissors.
 You may expect a fine crop.

In harvest time offer to cut nurse's corn. If you are the fortunate possessor of two ears, get a box for each, and keep them.

Dig the baby in the ribs, plant a blow on your little brother's nose, and wait to see what the result will be. Probably some birch.

Go into the fruit garden and improve your arithmetic by going into the currant accounts.

If your little brother takes a nectarine, and you take another and then tell of him, why will you have more than he has? Because you will take a nectarine and peach.

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

December.

DUN December! Dismal, dingy, dirty.
 Still shortcommons—makes a chap feel shirty.
 Snip rampageous, drops a regular summons.
 FAN gets married; ah! them gurls is rum 'uns!
 After all the coin I squandered on 'er!
 Want it now. A 'eap too bad, 'pon honour.
 Snow! ah that's yer sort though, and no error,
 Treat to twig the women scud in terror.
 Hot 'un in the eye for that old feller;
 Cold 'un down 'is neck, bust his umbreller.
 Ha! ha! Then Christmas, 'ave a jolly feast!
 The Boss will drop a tip,—'ope so, at least.
 If I don't land some tin, my look-out's queer.
 Well, let 's drink, boys—"Better luck next year!"

SCIENTIFIC CONUNDRUMS.

WHY was Chiron, the sage preceptor of Achilles, an important element in statics and shipbuilding?—Because he was a Centaur of gravity.

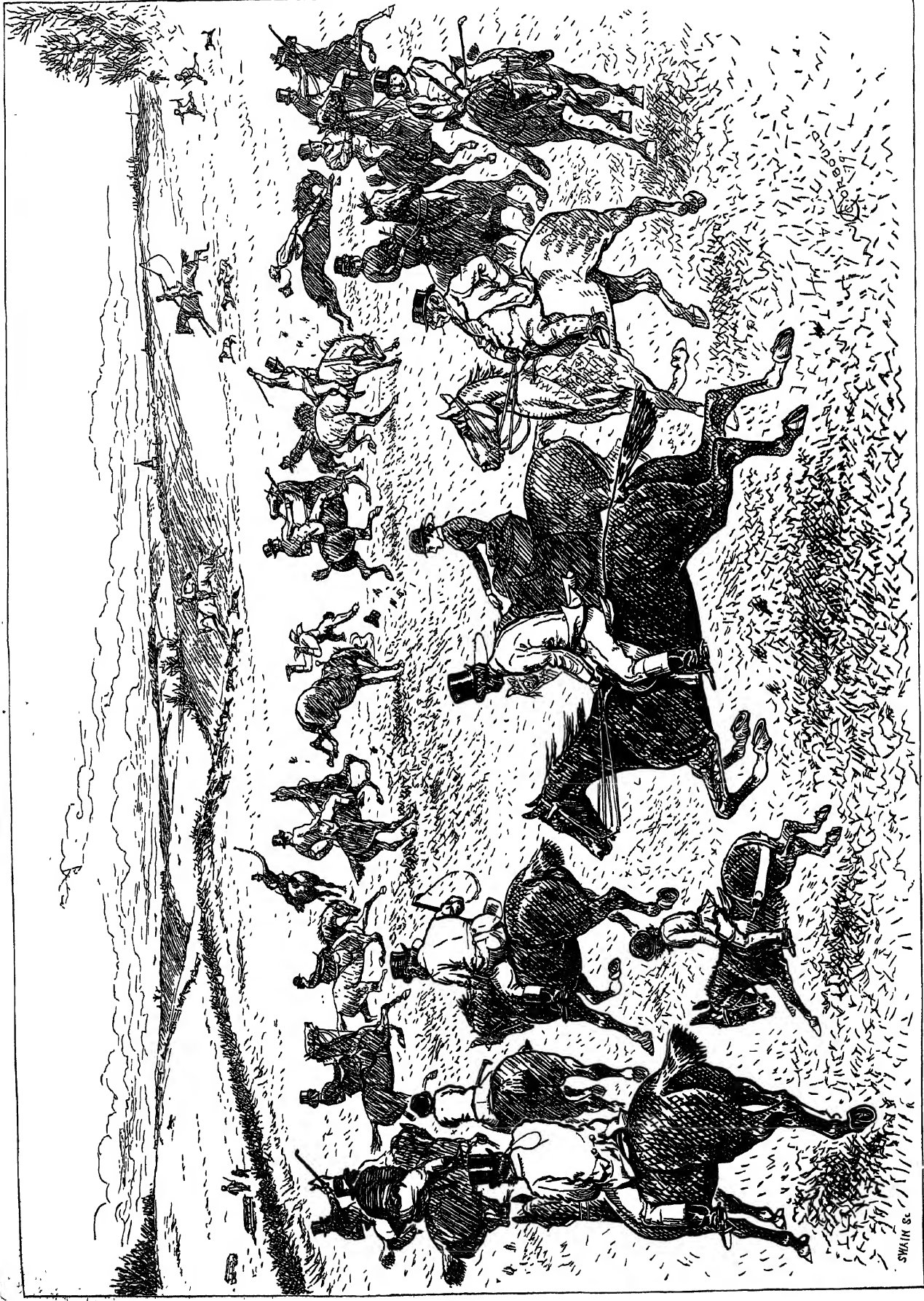
When "Beauty draws us with a single hair," what force does it forcibly illustrate?—Capillary attraction.

On what scientific subject are the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, Colonel HENDERSON, and Mr. SMITH presumably the best authorities?—The composition and resolution of forces.

Can you furnish two instances of a perfect equilibrium of forces?—Yes; latent caloric and a "dead heat."

FURNITURE FOR SCHOOL-BOARD ROOMS.—All in Birch and cane.

"NOT A SOUND WAS HEARD."—Master SILENCE at a Quakers' Meeting *did* hear a pin drop.



"GONE AWAY!"

FIRST OPEN DAY.—EFFECTS OF A STRAW HIDE AND A LONG FROST IN 1879.



SIR HENRY'S CHOLER UP AT LAST!

THE Nineveh Bull seems to have been on the rampage in the Stamboul China Shop, and to have all but smashed our very shaky diplomatic relations in that eminently unsound establishment.

The Pasha of Police, HAFIZ—namesake of the Persian poet, famous for his lyrics, amorous, vinous, and Anacreontic, but himself more distinguished by his deeds of hate than of love, and his orgies of blood than wine, his most conspicuous part hitherto having been that of first murderer in the Bulgarian massacres—has lately been playing one of his little games at Constantinople in the arrest of a learned and unoffending agent of the Church Missionary Society, the Rev. Mr. KOELLER, who has been translating our Prayer Book into Turkish, and with him of AHMED TEWEIK, a Khodja, or one of the priestly class, whom the missionary had employed to assist him in his task, and revise his translations.

These arrests being glaringly illegal, as running in the teeth of the Imperial decrees assuring religious tolerance, our Ambassador at once insisted on the release of the Missionary, and the poor old codger, who had got mixed up with him, the restoration of Dr. KOELLER's papers, and last, not least, the dismissal of HAFIZ, the Police-Pasha and ex-actor in the Bulgarian Atrocities.

The Porte has met the demand with its usual weapons—lies, evasions, denials, and procrastinations. But the Nineveh Bull has put down his foot for once; has given the Porte an Ultimatum, and the time thereof having expired, has "suspended diplomatic relations." If he could only suspend that most obnoxious of all our diplomatic relations, HAFIZ PASHA, and a good many of the same kidney!

En attendant, the Nineveh Bull frowns sternly on the Father of the Faithful; there is a great gulf fixed between the English Konak of Therapia and the Harem of Yildi Kiosk. Of course ABDUL HAMET being as weak as he is stubborn, will in the long run have to knock under, and right HAFIZ PASHA's wrong, or seem to do so.

In the meantime our "suspended relations" are doubtless uncomfortable. But we hope that, on HAFIZ's own principle, a little severity may be employed to "clear the air," and that the punishment which has been so long hanging over that blood-stained scoundrel's head may at length fall, and fall heavily.

But why talk of "hoping" for such a result? As this would be justice, it is a great deal too much to hope for as the upshot of a Stamboul "difficulty." The more probable end of the affair will be

dexterous evasion with colourable satisfaction of the English Elchee's just demands, and the promotion of HAFIZ PASHA in place and pay under the pretence of disgrace and punishment.

By the way, we wonder with what view Dr. KOELLER can have been translating the English Prayer Book into Turkish? Can it be that Lord B.'s next *coup* is to be the introduction of the Church of England into Asia Minor—and that Dr. KOELLER's Prayer Books are to be used for asking a blessing on Lord SANDON's steam-ploughs?

Punch to his Excellent Friend Sir Julius Benedict.

On his recent marriage with Miss Fortey.

GALLANT and gay Sir JULIUS, who again
Bindest dull Liberty in Love's soft chain,
Oft *Punch's* soul, by thy sweet strains inspired,
Has been to pity moved, to fervour fired;
And shall he now, as speaker for the Nation,
Refuse his grateful meed of gratulation?—
Long may *l'Amore's* dart, turning *La Morte's*,
Leave thee, at once, *Piano's* lord and *Fortey's*!

Warning for Warning.

OUR American cousins are very kind in sending us forecasts of storm from their side of the Atlantic. It would only be civil if our political weather-seers were to return the compliment by some such Cablegram as the following, *à propos* of Mr. PARNELL, Agitator and M.P.:—

Storm Warning.—A centre of disturbance has left Irish Coast, travelling westwards. Will probably reach American side by 30th inst.; may be expected to affect all the Northern States within their Irish degrees of latitude and longitude. Thunder, lightning, and windy weather, with higher temperatures, likely to follow. Warn all parties (particularly Irish) to lay aside metallic substances on their persons, as from highly electrical conditions of atmosphere such substances may be likely to melt.

ADAPTED FROM THE NORTHERN FARMER.

Stage-Manager's Christmas Pantomime Quotation:—

"Properties! Properties! Properties!"

THE MORRIS-DANCE ROUND ST. MARK'S.



A MORRIS! a Morris! Aesthetics, Artisties,
 Slade scholars, Professors, High-Art dilettante,
 Up with your polemics, if not with your fists,
 In defence of San Marco against the *birbante*,
 The Brigands, the Vandals, the Goths, the Boetians,
 Who come forth to destroy on pretence to restore,
 And whose sinister interests or Philistine notions
 May soon flay San Marco from finial to floor!

They may tell you their aim's but to fix his foundations,
 To stay what is sinking, make good what is gone:
 Gammon! That's but to mask their accursed operations;
 You judge what they *will* do, by what they have done.
 Or if your sharp eye on these jobbers and Vandals
 Have put spokes in their wheels, their profane hands have stayed,
 The virtue's not theirs, but your vigilant candles',
 The light they have thrown, and the noise you have made!



JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

Old Scotch Wife. "LOSH ME! THERE'S A MAUN DRENKIN' OOT O' TWA BOATTLES AT ANCE!!"

[The Old Gentleman was trying his new Binocular, a Christmas Present to his Nephew.]

Then a Morris! a Morris! round brave old San Marco!
If all 's true that they say, be't a caper of joy,
That through all risks of wreck in Venetian *barco*,
His mosaics and marbles are safe, dear old boy!
But if, thanks to Italy's tastes unsuethelial,
Your fears point to risks that still hang o'er his head,
Let your Morris do duty for dance more funereal,
Like that danced in Basle cloister by Death—o'er the dead!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A Visit to the Alhambra—Drury Lane—German Reed's—The Gaiety—End of First Round.

ROTHOMAGO, at the Alhambra, belongs to a class of entertainment exactly suited to this house. It is the right piece in the right place. There is only one mistake in it, and that is the absence of tricks and transformations. The French original was full of these grotesque surprises, perpetually surprising and delighting the audience. Given, one good piece of this sort, starting at Christmas time, and it ought to last the year through. *Rothomago* is the sort of elastic story which like *Le Tour du Monde*, admits of perpetual variety. As soon as a novelty could be obtained, something that was played out or that didn't go quite so well as the rest could be removed, and the novelty popped into its place, when, of course, all the world must be told by every means of advertisement at money's command, of the additional attraction to the spectacular-extravaganza of *Rothomago*, or whatever the piece might be at the Alhambra.

In this way, *La Biche au Bois* and the *Pied de Mouton*, ran for about twenty years in Paris. They are always running. Were I to see in the *affiche* of the Porte St. Martin that *La Biche* was now being played with five new Acts, fifteen new tableaux, and that all Paris was going to see it as all Paris has been to see it for the last quarter of a century, I should not be in the least surprised. And so it might be at the Alhambra.

The music of Act I. is by Mr. SOLOMON, who shows the usual wisdom of SOLOMON in being remarkably like SULLIVAN, — and

none the worse for having studied in that Doctor's school. In Act II. it is by Signor BUCALOSSE, where a concerted piece, and the ballet-music were the best numbers: in Act III. M. GASTON SERPETTE gives us one concerted piece worthy of his name, and in Act IV. our old friend, and the Alhambra's best servant, Mr. J. G. JACOBI, comes out strong in his ballet, as does also Mlle. ROSELLI, the new dancer, who has danced from Paris, Turin, Milan, and Bordeaux, all the way up to Leicester Square, where I hope to "meet her once again."

The Fourth Act is the best of the lot, and merits separate notice. That the last should be the best is true Alhambra policy (if it only begins at a reasonable time, as no doubt it does by now), intended for the entertainment of those whom Club dinners have detained, and who, alas! poor creatures, turned loose on the cruel streets of London at ten o'clock at night, scarcely know whither to bend their steps. To these waifs and strays the hospitable doors of the Alhambra are open. Within all is brightness and lightness. Mr. PAULTON lectures in his own peculiar vein of humour. Miss LOSEBY looks charming, and sings melodiously. Miss HETTY TRACY is a sweet Fairy, and Miss EMMA CHAMBERS a saucy Soubrette.

Neither Mlle. JULIE (who seems to know as little of the stage as she does of our language), nor Miss ROSE STELLA, is an acquisition. A Frenchwoman, who has little to recommend her but a name which may be mistaken for "JUDIC," is of very little use at the Alhambra, judging at least from her first performance of the *Princesse Allegra*.

The costumes in the Egyptian Ballet are peculiarly effective; and the dancing of Mlle. GILBERT, and "little ROSA," in the Vintage Ballet, is as graceful as it is full of life and spirit, where the harmonious clinking of bright metal cups as an accompaniment to the chorus, is a novel and striking effect. So much for *Rothomago*; and now for Drury Lane.

What! *Blue Beard* never been seen before at Drury Lane! Well, so they say. Who are they? Mr. HARRIS, Mr. VOKES, and the "Brothers GRINN." I can't believe it.

If not as a pantomime, surely the drama of *Blue Beard* must have been done here ever so long ago, before this Representative Person was born or thought of. Be that as it may—and I am not an anti-



EARLY ENGLISH-FRENCH. (DECEMBER 26.)

French Nursemaid. "VOUS ÊTES BIEN TRANQUILLE CE MATIN, MONSIEUR GÉRALD!"

Master Gerald. "JE CROIS QUE J'AI MANGÉ UN PEU TROP BEAUCOUP HIER!"

quarian—the Pantomime of *Blue Beard* is being done now at Old Drury, and if the subject is a novelty here, so also is the surprising fact that the Christmas Annual is not written by Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD. Did that gentle writer of Pantomime refuse to treat so horrible a story as *Blue Beard*? or has he really retired in favour of the fraternal GRINNS? So thus we begin the Drury Lane Pantomime with novelty and mystery.

Blue Beard, or VOKES' Entire, was played on Boxing Night to a densely crowded house. [Mr. FERDINAND WALLENSTEIN in the orchestra faced the audience bravely, and urged on his leaders of attack with his Marshal's bâton. The Family is a necessity at Drury Lane, but *Necessitas non habet leges*, i.e. "Necessity has no legs," and herein the VOKES Family has the pull over the Mother of Invention. But, my dear Brothers GRINN, why did you ever go away from the real old story of *Blue Beard*? Mr. FRED VOKES is very funny as a lark Bashaw?—but I don't believe in *Blue Beard* as a mere practical joke, even in a Pantomime. The Elephant, by Mr. RIDLEY and Mr. BEN FIELDING, is the hit of the mime at Drury Lane. Mr. RIDLEY does the forelegs, which must be rather puzzling even for a *Riddle-y*; while the hindlegs have a good *innings*, though done by one who is FIELDING. When I saw the name of RIDLEY, this historic poet burst forth with the wish that

We could have LATIMER,
Just to play *Fatima*!

The Wreck, the great Sea-Serpent, and FRED and RAWDON VOKES in a cockle-boat, are all genuine good pantomimic fun of the real old-fashioned sort, and therefore pardonable as an introduction into the story of *Blue Beard*.

In the Oriental Palace Scene, the VOKES Family ought to have their throne of cushions in the centre. At present, done as it is, in the right-hand corner of the Stage, one quarter of the house doesn't know what the other three-quarters are laughing at. The Blue Chamber is made nothing of! Oh, fatal cynicism of the Brothers GRINN!! You excite our curiosity with *Fatima's*, and then to show us Nothing! Why, *Blue Beard* wasn't even a Freemason, according to the Brothers GRINN! But the Family Dance to finish—legs over head, double encore, and a magnificent Transformation Scene, by WILLIAM

TELBIN, which, gorgeous in brilliancy and colour, is quite a cheering sight in this dull, foggy, unpoetic Christmas, which has been anything but "All right up to now!"

In the "Comic Scenes"—so called, to distinguish them from the Serious Scenes of the Opening—there is one great novelty—a *Clown, with a moustache*. I thought at first it was "a trick;" but no—there it remained all the evening; and unless some new Transformation has occurred before these lines appear, there will be that moustache on that *Clown's* lip. "Ah!" as Mr. H. P. STEPHENS says in his topical Song, "What are we coming to next?" A *Clown* in moustachios! Why, he'll come on with whiskers, and then without his paint; and then without his motley! And then—a Pantomime, in plain clothes, under the patronage of "the Church and Stage Guild," with a Ballet of Colonial Bishops, in short skirts, and a Rural Dean, lent for the run by the Pastoral Aid Society, to appear as the Good Fairy Pew Opener.

So much for Drury Lane, and success to the VOKES' Entire.

At the St. George's Hall, the GERMAN REEDS have got a genuinely seasonable entertainment called *A Christmas Stocking*, written by Mr. GILBERT A. BECKETT, who has evidently been inspired by the famous adventures of Miss Alice in Wonderland. Mr. ALFRED REED as a Jack-in-the-Box toy has the most marvellous make-up, being an exact living reproduction of one of those startling bogies which were at once the delight and terror of our childhood when we snatched a fearful joy in undoing the wire hook that kept down the lid of the box. Mr. ALFRED BISHOP is inimitable as the Beadle out of a Punch Show, whose poor wooden head has been so belaboured that he cannot recall the name of the villain who stood at a first-floor window and committed such diabolical atrocities as might well attract the attention of Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. CORNEY GRAY is a Prince off a Twelfth-cake, which, to a logical-minded critic like myself, seems a mistake, as such a personage, whatever pleasure he may have, has no business in the Land of Toys.

Mr. KING HALL's music is charming from first to last, specially a trio and dance between Miss EDITH BRANDON (who looks about fifteen, and plays the little girl, quite a first-cousin to ALICE, admirably), and the two ALFREDS, REED and BISHOP.

It is to a thoroughly careful carrying out of this style of entertainment on an enlarged scale that Messrs. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN owe their success with such pieces as *The Sorcerer* (which was eminently a GERMAN REED style of entertainment, like the same Author's *Agas Ago*), and *The Pinafore*. The Opéra Comique performance is only the GERMAN REED's entertainment "writ large," and the patronage which many persons, who have hitherto restricted themselves to the show at St. George's Hall, have bestowed on the Opéra Comique proves the relationship—the *Pinafore*, with its "cousins and aunts," establishes a *relationship* in itself—existing between the two establishments.

The Gaiety *Gulliver*, to begin with, is a happy title, and as the piece continues it strikes me that it is a happy title to go on with. Essentially for Christmas, a better show of children for children cannot be seen than in the last Act but one of the Gaiety *Gulliver*. Yes, it is in Acts, but don't let anyone be dismayed by what sounds at first a formidable fact—"Seven Acts and twelve Tableaux," lasting from 7.30 till 11.30 at night, or from 1.15 to something past five in the afternoon. Here is something to be seen and heard too for the money, and the money laid out on the Gaiety *Gulliver* must have been something considerable. What chariots drawn by nightmares must Mr. H. J. BYRON, its author, have ridden in for ever so many months previous to its production, and how very *blanches* must have been the *cartes* (not drawn by nightmares these) given by Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD—Gaiety JOHN—to everybody, everywhere, to secure the funniest pantomimists, the cleverest children, the brightest costumes and scenery, and in fact the best of everything. The well-selected music is admirably performed by the disciplined band of Herr MEYER LUTZ—the back of whose head is not yet a familiar sight to the audience, having been so long hidden under a bushel of footlights—and the Storm Scene is a most striking effect. Mr. EZON, struggling with the waves, is quite in his element. On the night I saw him, "he like a sailor fell," and went to Davy Jones's



AT SEA ON SHORE.

Post Captain (Commanding Naval Brigade at exercise under the Admiral's eye, to Middy acting as Galloper.). "DON'T CROSS THE ADMIRAL'S BOWS, YOUNGSTER! GO UNDER HIS STEERN, CAN'T YOU !!!"

locker, "never to go again"—like the Grandfather's Clock (has it stopped at last?)—at least, not as "the mutinous mate," but as the King of Comic Song Island.

Miss KATE VAUGHAN, as *Pretty Poll of Portsmouth*, dances her best, and that's saying not only much but everything; while Miss NELLIE FARREN, *Lemuel Gulliver*, of course, is livelier than ever, and that's vouching for a good deal. In the earlier part the songs, duetts, trios, and quartettes, by the talented combination of Misses VAUGHAN and FARREN, and Messrs. TERRY and ROYCE, are perpetually redemanded; and the song in the Brobdingnagian Cornfield is capitally written, excellently sung, and heartily encored, till there's not a verse of it left to sing. Miss WADMAN sings charmingly the solo part of one of the most graceful numbers in the whole piece; and Miss LOUIS freshens us up with a taste of her spirit—she is the Spirit of Christmas Cheer—just at the very end of the performance.

The Scenery, by Messrs. LLOYDS (he's only one person, though in the plural, but quite equal to two), PERKINS (with all the strength of BARCLAY in him), HANN (Brother HANN, not "Sister HANN"), GRIEVE & SON—and the son can never make his father Grieve—is good from first to last. But the last—the very last—*An Allegorical Tableau of the Golden Age*, is by Mr. BEVERLEY, and reminds me of the time when Madame VESTRIS played *The King of the Peacocks*, and *The Island of Jewels*—both, of course, by Mr. T. R. PLANCHÉ—bless him *ad multos annos*!—and when all London crowded to the Lyceum to see the Christmas Extravaganza, and when the Last Scene, for which everyone stopped—as they do now most respectfully, on being so requested to do, at some of the Comedy Theatres—was the Scenic Artist's *chef d'œuvre* of the year, and became the talk of the town, and that *chef d'œuvre* was by the same cunning hand that has painted *The Golden Age* of the Gaiety *Gulliver*, Mr. W. BEVERLEY, as aforesaid. I only wished to see *The King of the Peacocks* glide forward from the centre, and I should have been a good little boy again, like Mr. ROYCE, in the Opening Scene.

Then there's the Flying Ballet, and the Review of the Lilliputian Army by *Queen Mite* of Lilliput—where Mite is Right—and she is the dearest little Mite, and the most unselfconscious. But space will not permit me to say more; and everyone can see it in bits, or at one sitting, for themselves. So walk up, walk up, and see the

show! This is, as the Prizefighters say, the end of the First Round; and next week I will come up smiling, ready for another: till when I am Your faithful

REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—*A propos* of theatrical notabilities, the funniest, if not the best likenesses I have yet seen of Mr. IRVING and Miss TERRY as *Shylock* and *Portia*, are by M. PILOTELL, in the latest number of *Sketch*. Its new Editor bears a name dear to all connected with *Punch*, who, I am sure, for our late Chief's sake, will join with me in wishing success to Mr. REGINALD SHIRLEY BROOKS.

Wiring into the Cape.

THE QUEEN may mark the inauguration of the Submarine Cable to the Cape by exchange of messages with such living Potentates as the Sultan of ZANZIBAR, Sir BARTLE FRERE, and Sir GARNET WOLSEY. *Punch*, more favoured, is privileged to communicate with the Cape's great Discoverer.

The Ghost of VASCO DE GAMA wires to 85, Fleet Street, from the Anglo-Dutch Elysian Fields, under the shadow of Table Mountain:—

"To Great Britain, binding her not by Red-tape,
I am glad, that like me, you have doubled the Cape;
Made her strength twice as strong, and her hope twice as stable,
Linked, and anchored, at once, by the Submarine Cable!"

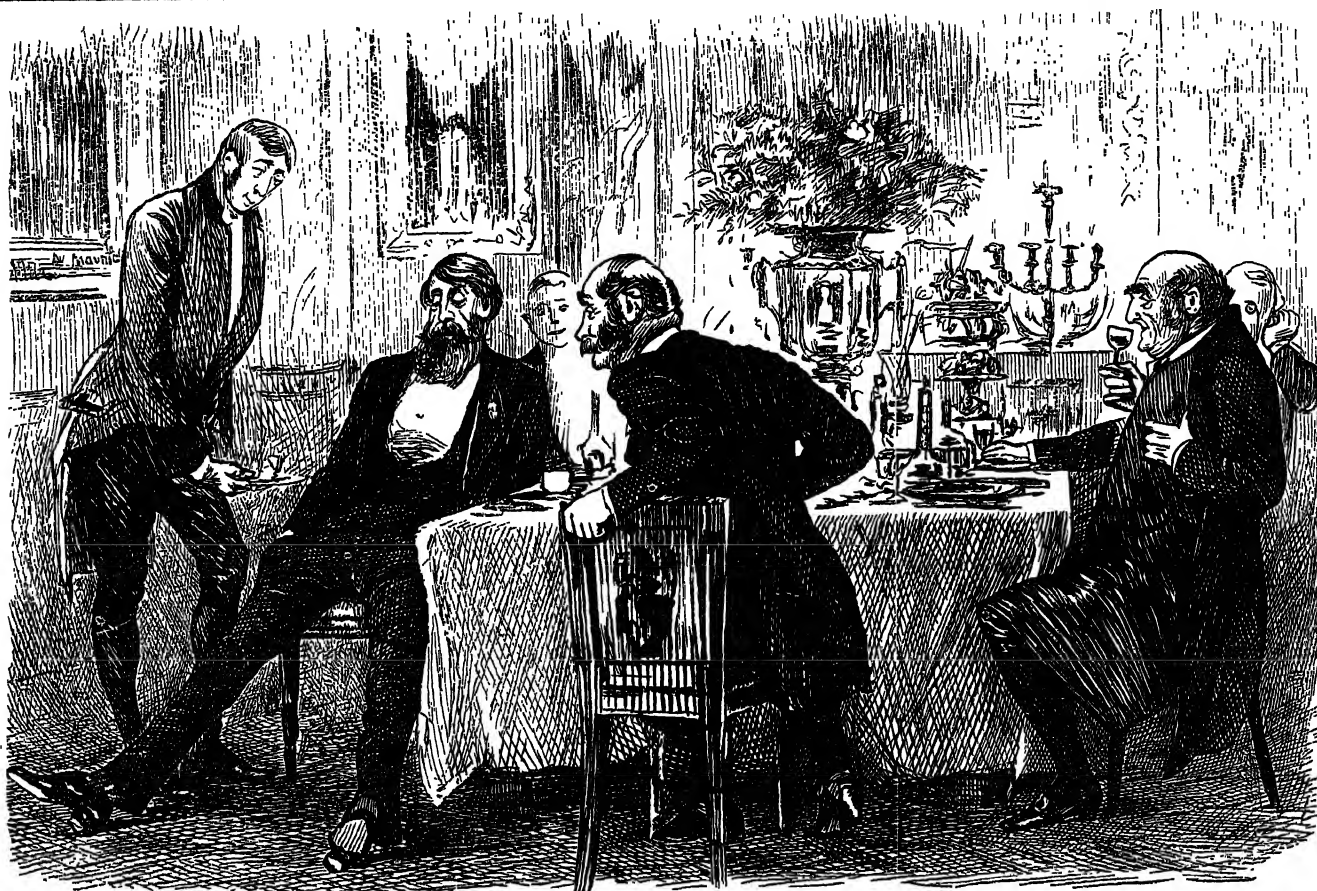
Tightness without Tipple.

We are warned to "prepare for a tight money-market in the spring." But how are we to prepare? Whatever Sir WILFRED LAWSON and the United Kingdom Alliance may say, there is no preventing tightness of that sort, either by Prohibitory Bill or Local Option.

By Rights.

(See the *Pall Mall*, *Morning Post*, and *Daily Telegraph*, *passim*.)

If the *Borussia* late a wreck we've seen,
So that Bore-Russia should long since have been!



THE SPREAD OF EDUCATION AND LIBERAL IDEAS.

His Grace the Duke of Poplar and Bermondsey. "JUST LOOK AT THESE BAGS YOU LAST BUILT ME, SNIPPE! J' EVER SEE SUCH BRASTLY BAGS IN YOUR LIFE! I SHALL ALWAYS BE GLAD TO COME AND DINE WITH YOU, OLD MAN; BUT I'LL BE HANGED IF YOU SHALL EVER MEASURE ME FOR ANOTHER PAIR OF BAGS!"

Mr. Snippe (of Snippe and Son, St. James's Street). "YOU'VE ALWAYS GRUMBLED ABOUT YOUR BAGS, AS YOU CALL 'EM, EVER SINCE YOU WERE MY BAG AT ETON; AND AT CHRISTCHURCH YOU WERE JUST AS BAD, EVEN THOUGH MY POOR DEAR OLD GOVERNOR USED TO COME ALL THE WAY DOWN TO MEASURE YOU HIMSELF. IT AIN'T THE FAULT OF THE BAGS, MY DEAR POPSY—IT'S THE FAULT OF THE LEGS INSIDE 'EM! SO SHUT UP, OLD STICK-IN-THE-MUD, AND LET'S JOIN THE LADIES—THE DUCHESS HAS PROMISED TO GIVE US 'LITTLE BILLEE!'"

YOUNG HOPEFUL.

"A FLATTERING tale?" Alas! the wise—
Glad Goddess of the azure eyes!—
Grow age-proof 'gainst the potent battery
Of cheering charms that lies in flattery;
So poor of faith, of hope so chary,
That fables from the Court of Fairy,
And your fallacious fictions seem
The pageants of a world of dream.
Yet, Goddess, when the youngling Year
Draws to you half in hope, half fear,
And pleads, like any other boy,
For pretty tales of peace and joy—
The roseate rapturous romance
That makes youth's throbbing pulses dance—
Kind Hope for all her doubts must feel
Tempted to answer his appeal,

And tell him tales, prophetic, pleasant,
And brighter than our past, or present.
Enough of Erebus and Nox!
Have we not plumed Pandora's box?
And may we not rejoice to find
That Hope at least is left behind,
With radiant eyes and honeyed lips,
To dissipate despair's eclipse?
Tell how the Fairy Princess Peace,
Herald of quiet and increase,
Will soon step forth, and drowsing Duty
Awaken like the Sleeping Beauty
At kiss of Conscience, and the cry
Of honour and humanity.
Tell—call it not a flattering tale—
How trade will soon return, we'll hail

Our truant Goldyllocks most gladly,
For in his absence all goes badly.
We're rather sick of ghosts and bogies,—
Such vampire taste too much in vogue is,—
So, if you please, let's have your story,
Quite free from all that's grim or gory.
Then, *could* you throw in summer skies,
Touched with the tint of your own eyes?
Such as our late preposterous weather
Veils from our vision altogether!
Great Goddess of the Anchor deign
To free us from the reign of rain,
Which swamped us all in Seventy-Nine.
To this our suit kind ear incline,
Who back for reasons all too weighty,
The plea of our young Hopeful, Eighty.

Fair and Foul.

NOTICING a recent ecclesiastical celebration at the Church of St. Clement Danes, a contemporary antithetically observes:—

"Although there was a dense fog, there was a fair congregation."

What an exemplary, as well as fair, congregation, not to be deterred from attending church by a fog which, in its density, combined with London's smoke and soot, must have been dangerous, if not detrimental, to all fair complexions.

TRACING PAPER.—For Pedigrees.

Unprecedented Attraction.

"Mr. GEORGE RIGNOLD in Comedy ALONE."

So runs the commencement of a theatrical advertisement. What a great star Mr. GEORGE RIGNOLD must be! A whole dramatic company concentrated in the person of a single performer! Mr. G. RIGNOLD's must be, surely, the very essence of acting.

SOON CONSOLLED.

How fickle is man! At the Criterion Theatre you may be *Jilted* at eight, and yet find yourself perfectly happy with *Betsy* at 8'45.



YOUNG HOPEFUL.

"PLEASE, DEAR HOPE, DO TELL ME A FLATTERING TALE!"

THE RAVEN

A New Version, respectfully dedicated to the Duke of Somerset.



ATE, upon a mid-
night dreary, as
I pondered, chill
but cheery,
Over certain prosy
volumes of Con-
temporary lore—
Midst prophetic
pages prowling,
suddenly I heard
a growling,
As of something
faintly howling,
howling at my
chamber door.
"Tis some poor
stray tyke," I
muttered, "howl-
ing at my cham-
ber door;
Only that, and
nothing more."
Eugh! distinctly I
remember it was
in the cold De-
cember,
And my fire to its
last ember burn-
ed, while outer
blasts did roar.
Fearfully I funk'd
the morrow, vain-
ly I had sought
to borrow
From my friends, or,
to my sorrow, add
to my coal-mer-
chant's score—
To that swollen,
heavy-laden thing
poor devils call a
"score"—
To be settled—
nevermore.

And the windy, wild, uncertain flapping of my window curtain
Filled me, thrilled me with fantastic fancies never known before;
So that, now, to check the cheating of my mind I stood repeating,
"Tis that JONES's pug entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Bibulous JONES's pug entreating entrance at my chamber door,—
Only that, and nothing more."

Presently the sound grew stronger. Hesitating then no longer,
"Tyke," said I, "low mongrel, truly this intrusion is a bore;
"Where the deuce have you been prowling, that so late you come a
howling,
Keeping up this nasty growling, growling at my chamber door?
I was hardly sure I heard you." Here I open flung the door,—
Darkness there, and nothing more!

Back into my chamber turning, where my lamp was dimly burning,
Soon again I heard a growling, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely, that is something stirring at my lattice,
Let me see if ghost or cat 'tis, and this mystery explore.
Pooh! I have it, what a duffer, what a booby, to be sure!
'Tis the wind, and nothing more!

Open here I flung the casement, when, to my extreme amazement,
In there stepped a rusty Raven of the "glorious days of yore."
Not the least obeisance dropped he, not an instant stayed or stopped
he,
But, like ghoul who hopped and flopped, he perched above my
chamber door—
On a plaster bust of DIZZY standing o'er my chamber door—
Perched and sat, and—nothing more!

Then this seedy bird beguiling my chilled features into smiling,
By the grave lugubrious grimness of the solemn phiz he wore,
"Thou art welcome to this haven," said I, "foul, bedraggled,
shaven,
Hopeless-looking ancient Raven, croaking as of days of yore.
Tell me what thy lordly name is, is or was, in days of yore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marvelled this most sickly fowl to hear respond so quickly,
Though the *nomen* was a rum one, if a certain aptness bore,
As to those dull dupes of folly and foreboding melancholy,
Hopeful seldom, never jolly, doting on those days of yore,
Who esteem the present hopeless, utter failure or next door—
To be mended nevermore!

But the Raven, squatting lonely on the plaster bust spake only
That one word, as though his soul in doldrums he would thus outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered, though his spirit seemed sore
fluttered.
"Come!" I said, or rather muttered, "you're dyspeptic,—'tis a
bore,
But to-morrow you 'll be better, sleep will your lost tone restore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

Struck to find the silence broken by reply so patly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "this one word, now, is his only stock and
store,
Caught from pessimistic master, who in progress saw disaster,
Coming fast and coming faster, till his wails one burden bore,—
Till his sad vaticinations one unvarying burden bore,
This same Raven's "Nevermore!"

But the Raven still beguiling my amused soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled my easy chair in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then, upon the cushion sinking, thought to thought by fancy linking,
I employed my brains in thinking what this black and feathered bore,
Like all gaunt funereal vaunters of those precious days of yore,
Meant by croaking "Nevermore!"

Then methought the air grew denser, darkened as by cynic censor,
Some CASSANDRA whose forecastings are of evil days in store.
"Croak no more!" I cried. "Content thee with the gifts the gods
have sent thee!
Give us respite and nepenthe from sad dreams of days of yore!
Let us quaff hope's sweet nepenthe, and forget those days of yore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet," said I, "of things evil! 'Things are going to the devil,'
Is the formula of fogies, I have heard that bosh before;
Times look dark, but hearts undaunted find the future still
enchanted,
With fair visions such as haunted valiant souls in days of yore.
Can't you, can't you look less glum? Keep up your pecker, I
implore."
Quoth the Raven,— "Nevermore!"

"Prophet," said I, "of things evil, I don't wish to be uncivil,
But the heavens still bend above us, happy days are still in store;
All are not with megrims laden, still the future holds its Aidenn,
For brave youth and beauteous maiden; prophets *have* been wrong
before,
Generally *are*, in fact; why can't they learn and cease to bore?"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Then, look here! we'd best be parting, croaking fowl!" I cried,
upstarting,
You had better find your way to some Fools' Paradise's shore!
Leave no feather as a token of the rubbish you have spoken,
Leave my lonely rest unbroken, quit that bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my sight, and take thy blackness from my
door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

And the Raven still is squatting, my æsthetic paper blotting,
On the plaster bust of DIZZY, just above my chamber door,
With his wall-eyes dully gleaming 'neath the nightmare of his
dreaming,
And the gaslight o'er him streaming, casts his shadow on the floor;
But my soul in that black shadow that lies heavy on the floor,
Shall be shrouded—Nevermore!

Last Additions to our English Vocabulary.

(From recent Indian experience.)

"A *PANATIC*." One who is ready to kill and be killed in defence
of his country, like the Greeks at Thermopylæ, and the Dutch at
Leyden.

"*Scientific Frontier*." A position in an intensely hostile country
where three armies may be shut up close together, each unable to
help or communicate with the other.

"*An Independent, United, and Friendly Country*." One invaded
and occupied by three hostile armies which hold only the ground
they stand on; which every man, woman, and child are leagued to
destroy, and whose commanders are fain to hang every man who
resists them, to burn their villages, and to turn their women and
children out to starve.



BREAKING THE ICE.

Gallant Colonel (who has just been made a Grandfather, and can talk of nothing else). "DO YOU TAKE ANY INTEREST IN VERY YOUNG CHILDREN, MISS CRAUNOHER?"
Fair Authoress of "A Pair of Cavalry Mustaches," &c., &c., &c. "I LOATHE ALL CHILDREN!"

A MATCHLESS MONUMENT.

"It gives us great satisfaction to record that Mr. THEODORE H. BRYANT, of the firm of BRYANT AND MAY, has munificently offered to the Tower Hamlets a statue of Mr. GLADSTONE as a birthday tribute. The statue will, we believe, cost at least a thousand guineas. The sculptor who has been commissioned to execute the work is Mr. ALBERT BRUCE JOY, of Pembroke Gardens. Mr. Joy was a pupil of the late Mr. FOLEY, and has already established a reputation by his successful treatment of the LAIRD Memorial at Liverpool and Chief-Justice WHITESIDE Memorial in Dublin."—*Echo*.

"WARRANTED to light only on the Box"—
BRYANT AND MAY
Are Later Lucifers—a Box and Cox,
Twin match for day!

Why then hath MAY thus BRYANT left alone,
In his bright thought,
To set on high a marble-carv'd GLADSTONE,
By JOY ywrought?

Young Sculptor JOY into Art's seventh heaven
So to uplift,
And dull Tower Hamlets' frowny lump to leaven
With the rare gift?

Nay, like the year, the firm but for delight
MAY's name employ;
There's no MAY now, with BRYANT to unite
GLADSTONE, and JOY!

Cargoes and Quicksands.

MR. PLIMSOLL has announced to his constituents that he meditates an effort in the approaching Session to put an end to the loading of grain in bulk on board ship. From this practice results the shifting of cargoes, and often the loss of ships. It is, no doubt, somewhat cheaper to ship grain in bulk than in bags, so as to prevent its shifting. Possibly, that consideration may be some reason why shipowners persist in loading vessels with shifting cargoes. If the vessels so laden are sufficiently well insured, it is no loss to those gentlemen when they go to the bottom, crews and all. Shifting cargoes appear to be no less destructive than shifting sands. The Goodwin Sands cannot be helped; but there is some hope that Mr. PLIMSOLL may accomplish his design of doing away with shifting cargoes and the evil winnings of their over-insured shipper.

A SEASONABLE MISTAKE.

OUR Oxford Correspondent telegraphs to us to contradict the report that at the dinner of the Druids, on New Year's Day, SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT wore a wreath of mistletoe, and was, on the plea of it, repeatedly kissed by the wives and daughters of leading Druids during the evening.

VERSES BY ALEXANDER
SELKIRK, ESQ., D.L.,
J.P., BALLY-MA-CRUSOE.

(From his Abode in the Island of
Ireland.)

I AM owner of all I survey,
I can hunt, I can fish, I can shoot,
But I cannot my mortgagees pay,
And their claims don't admit of
dispute.

Oh, property! where are the charms,
So many have found in thy face?
Here I live in the midst of alarms,
Yet with fourteen Police in my
place!

I am out of humanity's reach,
If not, I'd best out of it run—
While Anti-rent orators teach
That the tenant's best friend is a
gun.

The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see,
Not so the bold tenants too fain
To take a pot-shot at poor me!

Law or justice, hard bargain, or fact,
Religion, morality, fear,—
We haven't a Landlord-Right Act,
So it's useless to talk of them here:
Oh! had I the wings of a dove,
Or the money to take me away,
I'd flee from the place that I love,
And let who will my mortgagees pay!

But I cannot. I'm tied to a land
Where the tenants refuse to pay
rent,
And the natives have taken a stand
For "free soil," and "a Home
Parliament,"

It's no use for the Saxon to try
To these people the truth to unfold,
That the first they're unable to buy,
And the second they cheerfully
sold.

In America, England, and France,
As in Canada, Russia, and Spain,
I have friends, but I see little chance
That I ever shall see them again.
The land that they own is their
own—

They haven't a Tenant-Right Act—
Agitators must let them alone,
And the law says they shan't be
attacked.

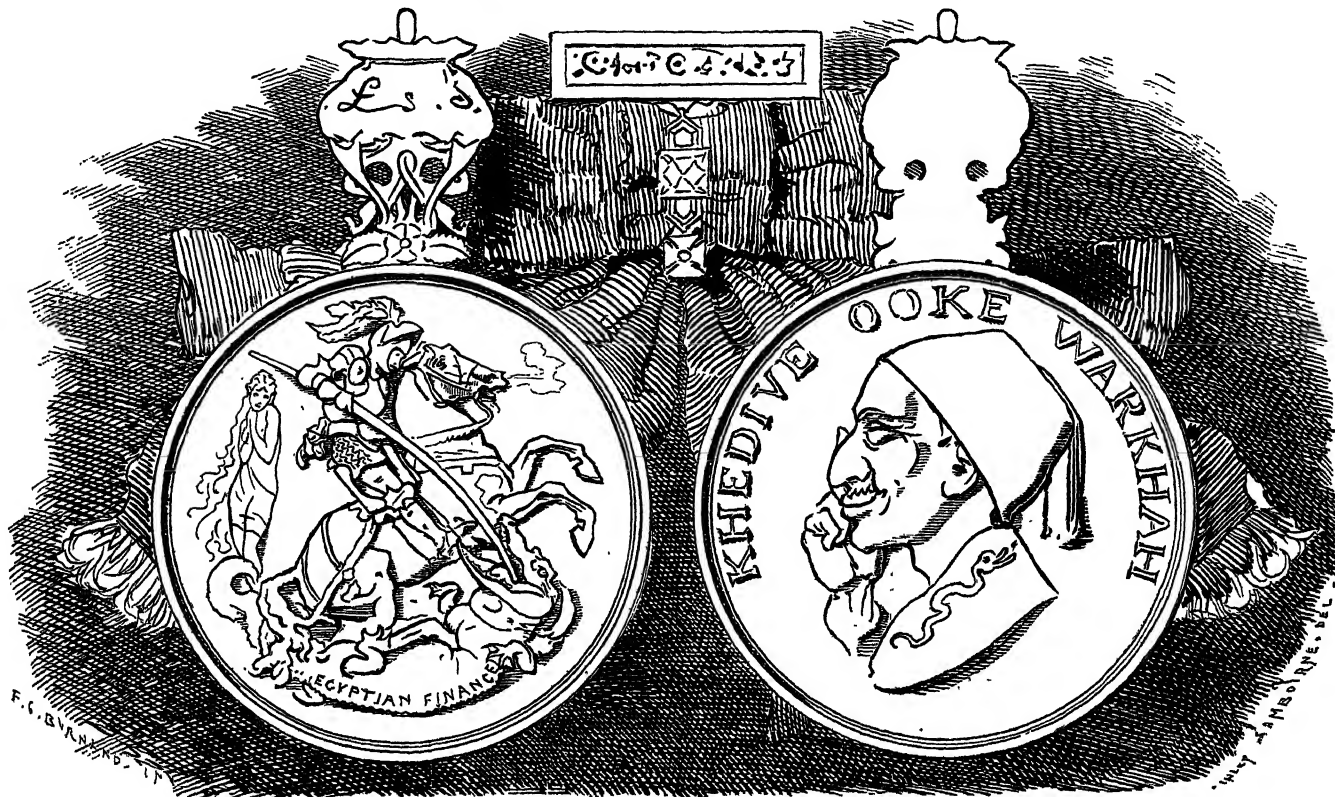
It is useless to envy their lot;—
But I hear my brave peasantry's
roars,
So, as I don't want to be shot,
I had better be getting indoors.
My grandfather was not content
In his island of Law and of Peace,
How would he have enjoyed a life
spent
Where troubles seem never to
cease?

How'd have he liked to wake in a
fright,
In doubt if his doors were secured?
I ask myself, "Can it be right
That this state of things is not
cured?
That my capital, land-locked, is gone,
And my land safe to pay but its
shot,
Bring no profit, when profit is won,
And bear all the loss, when it's
not?"

CONSOLATION FOR THE CZAR.—
What is Nihilism? Nothing, when
you are used to it.

THE NEW KNIGHT.

THE design for a Medal to be struck in honour of the new Knight, Sir CHARLES RIVERS WILSON, G.C., of the Order of SS. Michael and George, must represent Sir RIVERS mounted, and in full armour, slaying the Dragon of Egyptian Finance, and rescuing the fair Princess Londonina-Parisina from her Egyptian Bondage. What's on the Reverse of the Medal?



We hope not; but if this is struck for the Egyptian Mint, it will be like the KHEDIVE's Egyptian Mint Sauce, that's all.

A RUDE AWAKENING.

(From a Romance of the Scientific Stone Age.)

"Some day, as Professor MASKELYNE leads us to expect, we shall probably turn carbon into diamonds as readily as we now turn iron into steel, . . . and the diamond, like many of its predecessors, may be dethroned from its pre-eminence among precious stones."—*Daily Paper*.

"VERY well, Madam," said the Duke, his voice trembling with high-bred emotion, "the bill for this last batch of old China shall be paid—no matter at what sacrifice!"

The Duchess laughed a silvery little laugh, as she daintily dusted a choice Kylin of old Nankin—with the classic four marks!

Already the Duke was whirling in the family barouche towards a back street in Piccadilly.

He carried a large brown-paper parcel on his lap. Heavy beads of perspiration rolled down his wrinkled but still noble brow. His one thought was that the bill for the China must be met, and, like his great ancestor at Agincourt, though his nerves might tremble, his soul was calm.

The carriage drew up at the entrance to a side alley. A few doors down it was a secluded entrance, surmounted by the familiar arms of Lombardic device, if they be not, indeed, the *palle* of the Florentine merchant adventurer. Within the passage opened a row of dark and ominous-looking doors. The Duke dashed desperately at the first. It yielded, and gave him access to a boarded compartment like the dock of a criminal court. Flinging his brown-paper parcel with *hauteur* on the section of counter that stretched before him, "I shall want £3,000," he said. "Let the duplicate be made out in the name of WILSON—Bayswater."

The Clerk eyed him narrowly. Then he undid the parcel slowly. It contained all the family jewels of a great Dukedom. The dingy counter scintillated under their sparkling splendour. A gleam of pride shot from the haughty old noble's eye.

"Come," he said, persuasively, as he surveyed the glittering trinkets with a regretful gaze, "you can make it £500 more. There's not a set to match them in the Peerage!"

It was the Clerk's turn to speak now.

"Five hundred more!" he repeated, with semi-sarcastic, semi-serious surprise, "why the whole lot wouldn't be worth five bob to us now."

He pushed back the brown-paper parcel as he spoke, and turned to glance indifferently through the window at a passing cab.

The Duke was breathing heavily. It was clear that the shock had gone deep and gone home. He could hardly master his feelings.

"Five shillings!" he muttered hysterically. "Not worth five shillings? What do you mean?"

The man looked sadly at the tottering aristocrat, as half contemptuously, half compassionately, he broke to him the terrible truth,—

"This lot, your Grace, is all old-fashioned Brazil and Indian stuff. We only do business in the St. Rollox Stones—the scientific article!"

Cool Hands.

To Exeter's Licensed Victuallers,
When NORTHCOTE temperance preaches,
One asks, admiringly, how far
Official cheek now reaches.

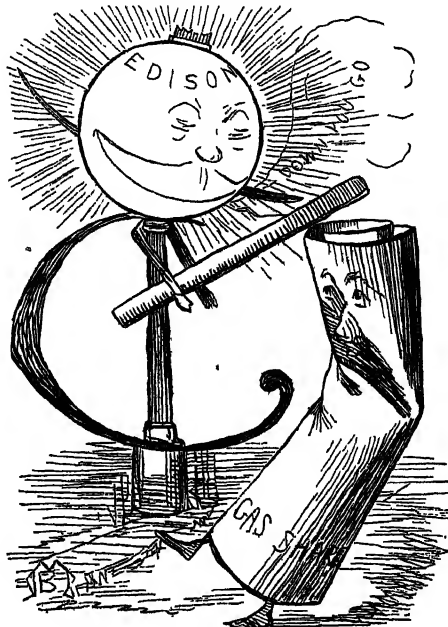
Sole parallel to NORTHCOTE's work,
Is when, through Europe's storm,
SALISBURY and LAYARD to the Turk
Find cheek to preach Reform!

"ON, STANLEY—"

CLERGYMEN in the Church of England work for their bread and butter. After his sermon in Westminster Abbey on Christmas Day, Dean STANLEY may be said to be working in the Establishment for his bread and *Buddha*.

FEMALE CANDIDATES FOR SEATS.—The poor girls behind the Linendrapers' counters.

TRANSATLANTIC MARVELS.



AKEN all aback by the last extraordinary Edison electric light invention, *Mr. Punch* would be glad if he could announce as confidently as he is assured by knowing parties in the Share Market that he ought to do, that he has satisfied himself as to the merits of the following wonderful inventions, to be shortly launched from America:—

The Two-hundred-Miles-an-Hour Travelling Car.—This marvellous vehicle is in part explained by its name. Not only will it travel at the above tremendous rate, but it will also be found one of the most comfortable of conveyances. The motive power is ob-

tained from an entirely new and original source. It is calculated that the cost of manufacture for a car capable of holding one hundred people, will be considerably less than that of a London four-wheeled cab. As it is self-working, there will be no expenditure needed for fuel, &c. (This great and glorious invention ought to send down Railway Shares considerably.)

The Anti-Aquatic Ship.—As its name implies, this extraordinary vessel will be perfectly independent of water. It is built on a new principle. By an invention (which will be explained so soon as it shall have been patented), it is able to dispense with sails, engines, or crew. It can easily be worked by a child of six years old, and needs no steering. As it is made of a material considerably cheaper than paper, the cost of manufacture will be unimportant. (It may naturally be expected that this great and glorious invention will seriously depreciate Steamboat Shares.)

Staff of Life Essence.—This wonderful drink is warranted to supply sufficient nourishment for man and beast from year's end to year's end. The marvellous liquid was discovered by accident. It is not intoxicating, and has all the properties of bread and water combined. It occurs in nature in even greater abundance than the latter all-pervading fluid. It can be made out of anything for absolutely nothing. This great and glorious invention may be expected materially to affect Water-work Shares.)

The Coming Secret.—This crowning wonder in the way of invention is so marvellous that it is impossible to describe it. Suffice it to say that it will do away with the British Constitution, Free Trade, the National Debt, Joint Stock Banks, Foreign Bonds, and Commerce generally. (This great and glorious invention may be fairly expected to send down everything and everybody.)

Two Notable Advertisements.

TAFFY in orders evidently bears in mind the old rhyme, and thinks that other clerical TAFFIES, especially of the inferior orders, require a sharp eye kept on them. Thus we find in the *Guardian*, December 24, this significant demand from Monmouth:—

WANTED, a WOMAN and her DAUGHTER, to live in the Vicarage, wash for the family who reside elsewhere, and look after the Curate. Address, &c.

It is not generally the old women who look after the Curate. So, perhaps, it was as well to couple, as is done in this advertisement, an elder woman and her daughter for this eminently feminine occupation.

Here is a good opportunity for anyone wishing to commence as a Lady Help:—

WANTED, a useful, decided Christian HELPER, in an institution near London, to ground the Girls in English and help domestically. Salary £10 per annum to begin.

A Governess and a Housemaid in one for £10 a year! The Christian Principal of the Institution is evidently up to strictly Commercial principles as well!

EDUCATION AND AÉRATION.

A "DISAPPOINTED MOTHER," through the *Times*, tells us that, under the will of her late husband, her two sons were to be sent to a public school. Meanwhile—

"For several years they were in a Private Boarding School, and both passed at an early age the Junior Oxford Local Examination."

Her boys were then examined for entrance to "one of the so-called great schools," and passed, but, there being no immediate vacancy in the school, she placed them for one year with a clergyman, to have them coached. The year of private coaching cost her three times the money she had previously paid for their schooling, whereas, had their coach been paid for results, it would have cost her *nil*, for her "boys had not added one particle to their stock of knowledge." However, at length they passed into the public school.

"With what result? The elder left two years ago, and is now entering into his twenty-second year; the younger left last July, and is now nineteen and a half. Their present condition is such that, ever since they have left school, they have been under a gentleman, who is teaching them what they well knew when they passed the Oxford Local Examination."

Hence a justly "DISAPPOINTED MOTHER" naturally enough concludes that "Our great schools want inspection sadly." Experience has certainly given her some cause to compare them unfavourably with private schools: although as to the latter she generalises rather widely in saying that they "must teach, or close." Too many of them do neither.

Her boys, at any rate, both of them learned at a Private Boarding School enough to enable them to pass the Junior Oxford Local Examination at an early age. Unquestionably they were taught so much; but then how were they taught it? In such a style that they have now, at an adult age, to be taught it over again.

So it seems that a "DISAPPOINTED MOTHER's" two sons were educated at the Private Boarding School as the bottles are aërated in a soda-water manufactory. Information must have been forced into the former as carbonic acid gas is pumped into the latter. The gas is retained in the bottles whilst corked down, but escapes on the removal of pressure; so, if the boyish minds are left open, their school-learning, set free from forcible compression, goes off in youthful effervescence. Admirable system, by which our youth at an early age are enabled to pass the examinations, for which at maturer years they have to be crammed all over again!

A QUESTION.

If the Parnellites insist on shooting all rent-payers, what is to become of the Pig, who has always been known in Ireland as "the Gentleman who pays the rent?" Is it to be a case of pig-shooting, or pig-sticking, all over the country?

TARGETS AND TRAITORS.

Who are the principal men of mark in Europe? BISMARCK, of course, for one. Amongst others might be mentioned Continental Sovereigns, the mark of bad subjects who, happily, miss the mark they shoot at, as well as their aim at notoriety.

A CHIEF AND A CHIEF.

THE Ute Indians in Colorado are reported to have been giving trouble to their civilised neighbours. The Head Chief of these aboriginals bears the name of OURAY. Their war-cry is naturally, "OURAY for our Leader!"

PRACTISING WHAT YOU PREAM.

SIR WALTER TREVELYAN's cellar appears to be rather an embarrassing bequest to DR. RICHARDSON. Why did he not have recourse to "local option," and decline it?

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON (*altered to suit the Times*).—"A Muddy Christmas and a Sloppy New Year!"

AFTER MATRIMONY.—A couple in a United State can always sign themselves U S.

A WINDFALL, TO THE CALEDONIAN.—The Tay Bridge Disaster.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL DIFFICULTY.—Dyspepsia.

NEW LEAVES.



THE annual ceremony of Turning Over a New Leaf on the commencement of a new year took place on Twelfth Night, with the customary solemnities.

The scene was simple, but impressive. The Great Book of 1880, sumptuously bound and emblazoned, was borne in on the shoulders of the oldest inhabitants, and its pages, vast, white, and immaculate, opened on the outstretched wings of a resplendent golden eagle, supported on either side by BRITANNIA and a Yeoman of the Guard.

A flourish of trumpets sounded as each member of the noble company rose from his seat, advanced to the Eagles, and, with grave deliberation, turned over a leaf, and inscribed thereon, one, two, or three promises and engagements for the current year. The number is thus limited that the burden of responsibility may not be insupportable. We can only select a few examples of the new leaves turned over in the Book of 1880.

The Sultan.—"I will reform, and be a better Sovereign. I will do all Sir HENRY LAYARD tells me. I will never again put the British Fleet to the inconvenience of steaming up the Dardanelles."

Emperor of Russia.—"I will not be embarrassed and impoverished by more wars, conquests, or armed expeditions. I will try the experiment of a Representative Government. I will shut up Siberia."

The Three Emperors.—"We will keep up very small armies, just sufficient for garrison duties. We will form a Holy Alliance of Peace with one another, and of good-will towards all Sovereigns and peoples."

France.—"We will be a moderate, patient, and, in fact, model Republic."

Egypt.—"We will pay our debts. If our new KHEDIWE is not strong enough, we will put GORDON PASHA in his place."

United States.—"We will go for Free Trade. We will send Mr. PARNELL about his business. We will be better friends with John Bull than ever."

South African Colonists.—"We will pay the Zulu bill."

Earl of Beaconsfield.—"I will not devise so much employment for Her Imperial Majesty's land forces. As an agreeable variation, I will attend to domestic legislation—though, as one seriously meditating speedy dissolution, I can't be expected to attend much to such a trifling matter."

Chancellor of the Exchequer.—"I will bring forward an early Budget. I will not leave heavy bills for my successor to pay. I will do my best not to increase the Income-tax."

Mr. Gladstone.—"I will contract my correspondence. I will shorten my speeches. I will take office with Lord GRANVILLE and Lord HARTINGTON, if needful."

Mr. Mackonochie and other Ritualists.—"We will remember that we are Ministers of the Reformed Church of England. We will obey the law. We will not tout for Popery."

Home-Rule M.P.'s.—"We will do all we can to stop agitation, and prevent lawlessness in Ireland. We will be good boys next Session."

The City Companies.—"We will not have more than four great dinners a year. We will spend a million of money on Technical Education. We will unite with the Corporation of London in soliciting a Royal Commission of Inquiry."

Proctors for Convocation.—"We will talk less. We will do more. Better, perhaps, than either—we will not meet at all."

George Eliot.—"I will write another novel like *The Mill on the Floss*."

Mr. Punch (doubtful whether it is not all a dream).—"I can't be better, but I'll try to be as good as ever."

ODE TO A SKYLARK.

(From a Modern Point of View.)

"As for larks, they are evidently a doomed race. There are, it appears, some thousands of people in this Metropolis, who, when other birds fail, or simply as a change, think nothing of putting a dozen larks in a dish. It is almost as bad as the five thousand nightingales' tongues served up on the table of the Roman Emperor."—*Times*.

HAIL to thee, plump beauty!
Meant thou never wert
Just to sing; thy duty
Is to glad the heart
Of gourmand and gourmet, and well thou play'st thy part.

Higher still, and higher
Taste thy value raiseth;
Bon vivant high-flyer
Nought thy price amazeth;
Praising he pays for thee, and paying for thee praiseth.

What thou art who knows not?
What is like to thee?
From ruff and ree there flows not
Gout more sweet to me.
Snipe, ortolan? Pooh-pooh! Woodcock? Oh! fiddle-
dedee!

Like ambrosial viand,
For immortals fit!
Thee 'tis sweet to buy and
O'er thee gloating sit,
With keenest yearning faint for thee, thou sweet tit-bit!

Sound of knife and fork,
Or the chinking glass,
Molars hard at work,
All that ever was
Melodious to mine ears, thy singing doth surpass.

Not for that it tells
Of the standing corn,
Or the hyacinth bells;
But on it are borne
Delights of toothsome bards only hold in scorn.

Bards are most absurd,
Though esteemed divine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
So rapturous one-half as this my song on *thine*!

Chorus hymeneal
Or erotic chaunt
Matched with mine would be all
Humbug, empty vaunt—
Mere words in which the gourmet feels an aching want.

What objects are the theme
Of the delicious strain?
What dishes seen in dream
Of thee, or spiced or plain!
What savoury succulence! what yearning faint and faint!

Done o'er charcoal fire,
What more sweet can be?
Art, Song, Love may tire,
But my taste for thee,
Roast, or in crisp *crousture*, knows no satiety.

As to discontent
At thy being slain,—
'Tis sick sentiment
In fool's feeble brain.
Dying to be well dressed, who says thou diest in vain?

Bards know not what they're after;
They sing a deal of rot,
Theme for a gourmet's laughter,—
Hang the wrangling lot!
The sweetest songs are those that speak of *plat* or *pot*!

Better than all measures
Of mere tinkling sound,
Are the toothsome treasures
In thy substance found,
Thou bird of *fumet* fine, of body plump and round!

Sang I half the gladness
That thou mak'st me know,
Such gastronomic madness
From my lips should flow,
All mouths would water then as mine is watering now!



LORD DERBY ON "BRITISH COMMERCE."

PERFECTLY SOUND, BUT A LITTLE BIT OUT OF CONDITION.

A LESSON OUT OF THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL.

We often hear the Manchester School decried nowadays; but still it may sometimes read London a lesson.

Such a lesson Manchester has been reading London in the matter of the opening on Sundays of more innocent and profitable resorts, outside the pale of the Church, than the public-house.

Manchester has always shown the courage of her convictions. If some of them have been fairly chargeable with narrowness, others may, with at least equal reason, be praised for breadth.

To this latter class belongs the conviction of some of the Committee of the Royal Manchester Institution, that the best way of tapping the Public-house, would be to open the Picture Exhibition of the Institution on Sunday.

The point was mooted, contested—sharply and bitterly, probably, as such points are wont to be—but the Sunday-openers carried it, and proceeded forthwith to "draw off," not the Sunday beer-barrels, but their customers.

Punch is glad to note the result.

In the eleven Sundays on which the Gallery of the Institution has been open, 51,678 persons have visited it, most of them of the class

to whom the Public is the only available Sunday recreation between two and five, hours during which Public-houses are open, and Churches closed.

The Institution was careful, by its choice of hours, to proclaim itself the rival of the places of tipple, not the places of worship.

This great crowd has poured into and through the Institution Galleries, without let or hindrance. A few volunteers have attended to assist in marshalling the multitude, and showing them the order of their going from room to room. But there has been no erection of barriers or reeving of ropes for the protection of the pictures. The marshals have encountered no incivility; the pictures and frames have sustained no damage. Two enthusiasts have paid for the printing of some thousand extra catalogues, to be lent to these Sunday-Gallery visitors, and returned by them on leaving the Institution. Scarcely a catalogue has been lost or detained.

In a word, the experiment has been a conspicuous success. For the first time, we believe, a Picture-Gallery in a great densely-peopled manufacturing borough has been opened to "the masses," without payment, tickets, or any other restriction or condition, more freely, in short, than the Public-house, into which none may enter impecunious.



“DE PROFUNDIS.”

Pat (after a sip). “AN’ WHICH DID YE PUT IN FIRST—THE WHISKY OR THE WATHER?”

Domestic. “THE WHISKY, AY COORSE.”

Pat. “AH THIN MAYBE I’LL BE COMING TO’T BYE-’N-BYE!”

Those who opposed the experiment have been, if not silenced, confuted. Those who proposed and advocated it have been borne out by the event. Many thousands from whom nature is shut out by their conditions of life and labour for all but an infinitesimal portion of their existence—against whom the picture-gallery is barred on week days by payment, or more formidable still, by the thin and chilling presence of the highly-select, well-dressed, but not dense respectability that pays—have had, at least, the opportunity of catching some glimpse of the beautiful, real or ideal—of being stirred and cheered a moment by visions of bright sunlight and blue skies, of growing trees and grassy meadows, of golden corn-fields and rolling seas, if only on canvas—of being admitted to momentary communion with some life other than their own toilsome and unlovely one, some brief glance into the historic past, or interesting or touching present reflected in the magic mirror of the Artist’s imagination.

Who can say what seed may thus be sown? At least, and lowest, there has been some momentary glamour thrown over surrounding ugliness and griminess. It may well be called a Sunday opening—an opening upon a lovelier and brighter world than that of Manchester streets and mills. If this Sunday opening had done no more, it would deserve to be blessed instead of banned.

But we are bound to take into account not only the good the experiment may have brought about, but the mischief it may have prevented in the way of drinking and waste, of idle or foul gossip and profitless or degrading gregariousness.

Fastidious folk may well have found this Sunday public little to their taste. New “*couches sociales*” are not always pleasant to over-fine fingers and over-nice senses. The highly proper and highly cultivated may even have nosed in this Sunday “herd” something metaphorically, or even sensibly, disagreeable “between the wind and their nobility.” But it was to catch the coming fish that the proposers and promoters of this experiment cast their net. They at least, do not quarrel with their take.

When will London go a fishing of a Sunday with the same net in the same waters?

Does the Great Metropolis mean to wait till Liverpool and Birmingham, Leeds and Bradford, Burslem and Nottingham, Sheffield and Bristol, Kingston-on-Hull and Newcastle-upon-Tyne have followed the lead of Manchester, and so to land last instead of first, in the Sunday race between Public-house and Picture-gallery?

A JOB LOT.

Jobs are always ugly—but not always—injurious, except indirectly, to the public service. But this cannot be said of the job just perpetrated in filling up the office of Registrar-General. The post has been given to a person who happens to be private secretary of one Member of the Government and brother-in-law, as we are told, of another, but who is perfectly innocent of all practical knowledge of the very peculiar skilled work of the office he has been pitchforked into. A valuable servant of long standing, who has borne for many years the responsibility and principal labour in connection with that office’s most useful functions—those relating to the public health—and whose reputation in Hygiene and vital statistics is European—has been passed over for the well-connected private secretary with the silver spoon in his mouth.

The Government, having the right man under their hand in Dr. FARR, has gone farther and fared worse.

The public has been wronged in the wrong done to Dr. FARR, as well as the profession to which he belongs.

We are glad to see that the Council of the Poor Law Medical Officers’ Association have spoken out. *Punch* echoes their remonstrance.

ARTHUR HELPS used to say he had never come across a job in all his long public service. What a pity he did not survive to these days. He might have come across not only the jobs, but their makers, and watched them at the process.

Why not write up “Job-Master,” in plain characters, in large letters, along the front of the Treasury Buildings, or over the official head-quarters in Downing Street?

HINTS FOR A NEW AND ORIGINAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

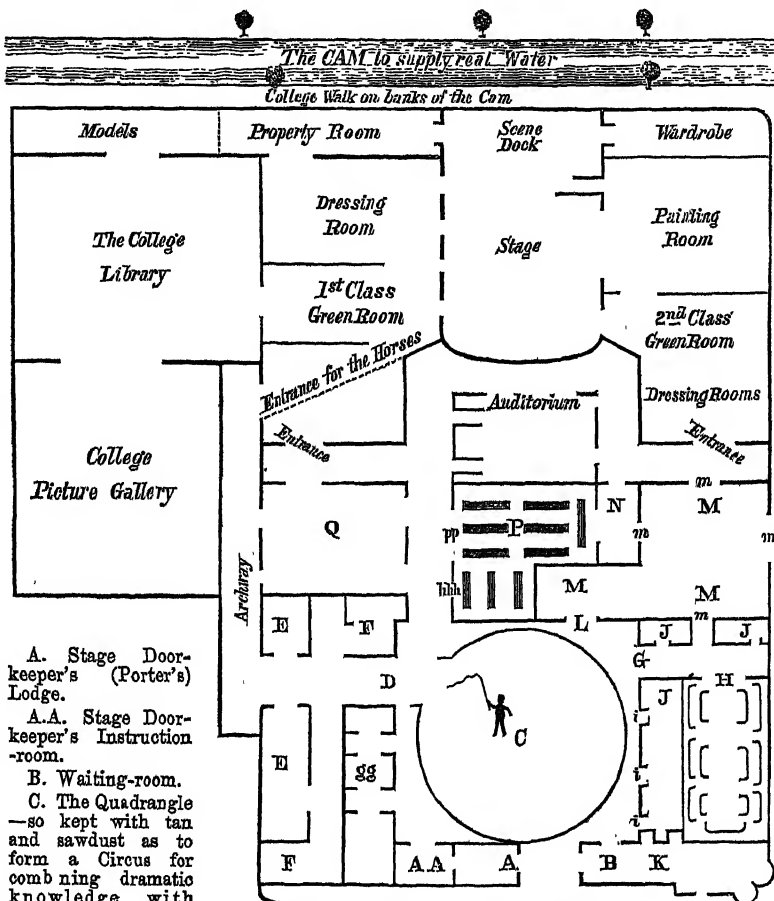
CHAPTER III.

A Plan—A Note—Residence—Supers—Accommodation—A Master—Question—No Answer—Suggestion—Portrait—Officers—Staff—Illustrations—Curriculum—Note—Lectures—Divisions—Hours—Further Suggestions.

HAVING considered some of the benefits which would most possibly accrue to the University from the introduction into its midst of a Genuine Dramatic College, it will be advisable to devote our entire attention to the component parts of the College itself, understanding at the same time that some such establishment as Girton College is annexed to this new Academical body.*

First, the plan of the buildings.

GROUND PLAN SUGGESTED FOR THE GENUINE DRAMATIC COLLEGE.



as every branch of the profession should be taught within the walls of the Genuine Dramatic College.

- D. Archway and Entrance into the Stables.
- E. Stables.
- F. Chariot-houses for antique vehicles, such as triumphal cars, &c.
- G. Archway leading to Chapel Entrance.
- gg. Lecture-rooms.
- H. Chapel.
- i.i.i. Entrance to College staircases.
- J. College rooms. Each window being well in a recess and curtained, can be used as a private box front, on the occasion of any College festivity, when Scenes in the Circus would take place out of doors.
- K. Senior Tutor's rooms with bay windows. First Floor.
- L. Entrance to the Master of Thespian's Lodge.
- M.M.M. The Master's Residence.
- m.m.m.m. Private doors. The Master's house occupies three floors: no other residents.
- N. Staircase up to common room.
- O. Fellows' Entrance into Hall.
- P. The College Hall.
- pp. Entrance into Hall.
- ppp. Second Entrance to Supers' Table.
- Q. Kitchens, butteries, cellars, &c.

This is, of course, merely a ground-plan.

All the basements would be used for ordinary lectures, and special lectures would be given in the Model School, Property and Painting Rooms, Library, Picture Gallery (under the superintendence of Mr. GERMAN REED, as a Gallery of Illustration), Machinery (below), and Wardrobe departments.

The upper floors in the Quadrangle, the rooms beneath the Library, and in various other parts of the building, would afford accommodation for five hundred residents, including Master, Fellows, Students, Supers, and College servants.

* Professor MORLEY's scheme, I see, commences with an idea of a building for his National Dramatic School. If there is any castle in the air at present vacant, the Professor may as well take it and furnish it himself. In the meantime, the amiable Professor will do well to consider the plan put forward in these few chapters.

The "Supers" would have comfortable rooms over and about the stable portion of the building, their education and board being given them gratis, on condition of their serving in hall, assisting in all circus and stage work, and signing a contract to send a certain per-centage of their annual earnings, in whatever engagements the Master of Thespian might make for them, during the first three years after their quitting the College.

The great difficulty will be to name the first Master of Thespian. To start with, for the benefit of Art, and without obtrusive self-assertion, I should certainly propose— But no; on second thoughts, I will allow my readers to guess who it could possibly be.

Shall it be a Crown appointment?

However, a Master there must be of Thespian College, and, mind you, the Master of Thespian is a fine sounding title. Here is the portrait as intended for the Hall of the future College.



THE FIRST MASTER OF THESPIAN.*

Presented to the College by the Fellows and Students.

Now for the Officers of the College and the Tutorial staff. There must be two Tragedy Tutors, senior and junior. Also two Comedy Tutors. The senior Tragedy



THE HIGH TRAGEDY TUTOR
Instructing in "Hamlet."

* This is not a likeness of Professor MORLEY. If the Professor started a building, would he call it Morley's Hotel for Dramatic Purposes? I confess that I am at present antagonistic

Tutor will take High Tragedy for his department; the junior will take Low Tragedy. The first begins with Shakspeare, and stops at Melodrama; the second takes Melodrama, and the tragedy of the Domestic Drama.



THE LOW TRAGEDY TUTOR

In his Lecture Room, giving Illustrations of what he means.

Each Lecture Room will be supplied with a small platform, a proscenium, with practicable curtain, a table, a chair, a piano, some lay-figures, a dressing-closet, and the "super" in attendance will see that all the properties necessary for the Lecture, whatever it may be, are there to the moment.

Every Lecture will be thus announced:—

Lecture-room door open at 10. Lecture to commence at 10.30 precisely. No half-price. The Lecturer particularly requests that you will be seated before he begins, and not leave until he has quite finished, as the interest of the Lecture commences with the first words, and lasts right up to the end. No fees.



Private View of High-Tragedy Lecturer Preparing to give Instruction to the Students.

In the course of an hour's lecture, taking into consideration the incidental music on a mechanical piano fitted for the purpose [unless a player of the instrument be present], and whatever change of scene may be requisite, there would be only time for a lecturer to

to what seems to be Professor MORLEY's opposition scheme, but, at the same time, I say to the Professor, as the "pugs" used to say to one another, just to show there was no ill-will, before they squared up for fighting, "Tip us your marrow."

give three or four illustrations at most in character, besides calling upon some of his class for a recitation.

The curriculum* would take something of this form:—

Lectures to commence at 10 punctually. Doors open 9.30.

Lectures to continue at the convenience of the Professors until 1 p.m., when three hours' relaxation will be allowed till dinner at 4 p.m. precisely.

This hour for dining is to engender in the future professionals a habit of dining punctually at a convenient hour so as to enable them to feed well and rest well before entering on their labours. At 6.30, in accordance with this object, the evening classes will assemble, and what has been taught in the day will be practised.

From 6.30 to 7.30. Lectures in making-up. For example:—

In Lecture Room A. The students will make up for *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Shylock*, *Lear*, &c.

In Lecture Room B. They will make up for *Sir Edward Mortimer* in *The Iron Chest*, for *Grindoff* in *The Miller and His Men*, for *Black Will* in *The Smuggler*, &c., &c.

In Lecture Room C. The make-up will be for *Romeo*, *Hotspur*, *Ferdinand*, and *jeunes premiers* generally.

Thus, as will be seen at a glance, there are perpetually wheels within wheels, and each Lecture Room is a Theatre within a Theatre—a perfect little Gallery of Illustration within itself.

The Lecturers' costumes must be what are called "trick dresses," which means that by pulling a string, or undoing a hook in one place and a button in another, taking care that both are in the right place, the dress of the High Tragedy Tutor can be immediately changed from, say, *Macbeth* to *Hamlet*, or *Hamlet* to the *King*, or the *King* to *Horatio*, or *Horatio* to *Lear*, or any of them to *Shylock*, as necessity may require.†

In Lecture Room D. For Shakspearian and other Comedy characters; and

In Lecture Room E. For Modern Comedy.

Lecture Room F. For Farce only. Here the Professor will watch the youthful aspirants for comic laurels making up for *Box* or *Cox*, and for *Spriggins* in *Ici on parle Français*. He will instruct them in their various lines.

Lecture Room G. For Burlesque making up, and Caricature.

From 7.30 to 9. Performances by the Students in the Lecture Rooms. At the end of this, the Professors will give out what has to be specially prepared for the next morning's class, and the College gates will be closed at 10 p.m. to a minute.

In my next I will attempt to show how some model Lectures would probably be conducted.

In the meantime, some reverend member of the Church and Stage Guild—so many of whom appear, by their own account, to be so enchanted with ballet dancing, and to feel themselves so morally improved by assisting at a Terpsichorean show—may be employed in teaching the *Coryphées* at Curtain College.



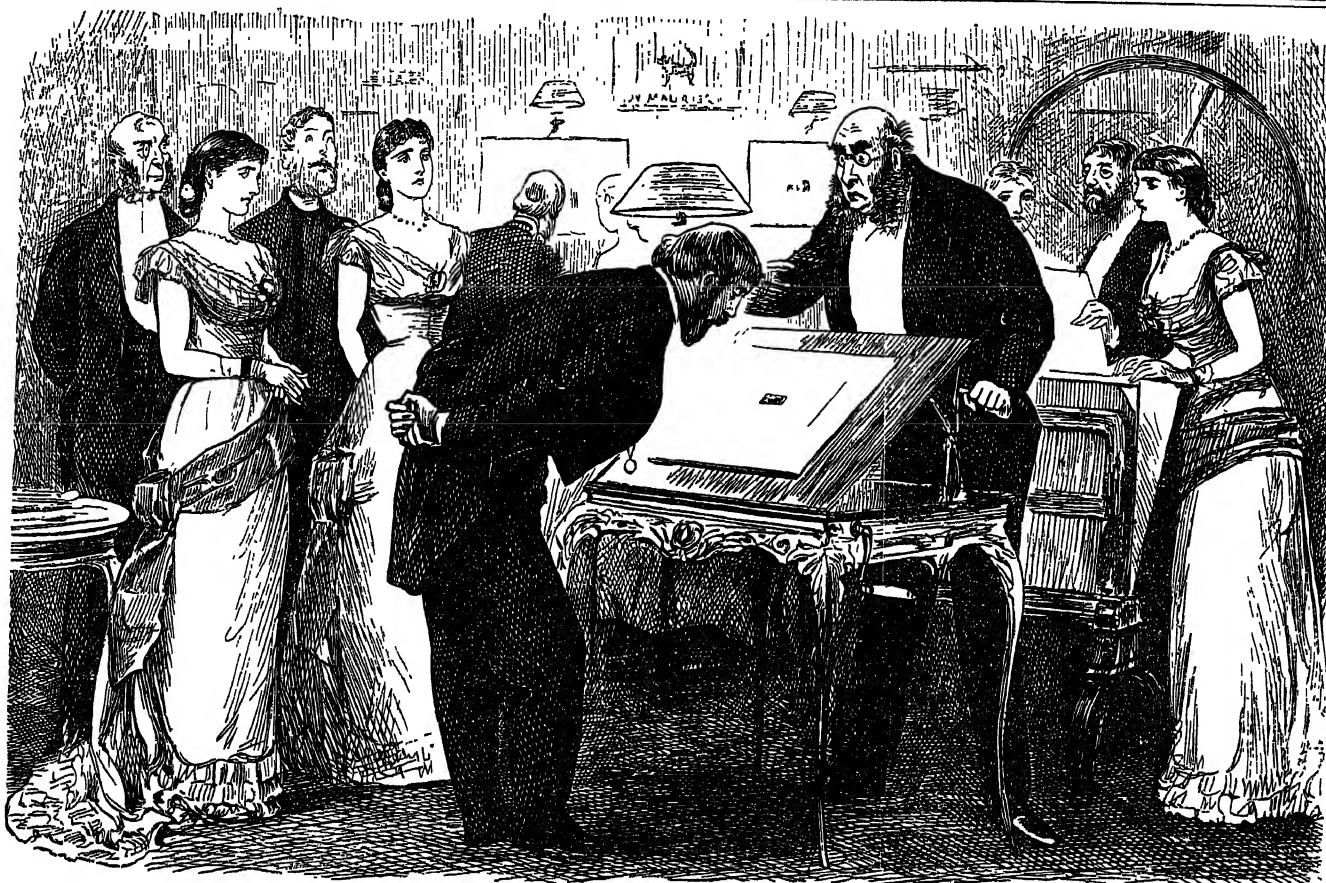
THE BISHOP AND THE BALLET.

An Evening at Home at Curtain College.

* In anticipation of inquiries from Messrs. SANGER and HENGLER, "curriculum" does include Circus business.

† Really good Dramatic "Entertainers," with a thorough knowledge of the stage, and an extensive acquaintance with costume, would be invaluable as Lecturers. A Ventriloquist should be a permanent appointment, as evidently he could give a better idea of a Scene played by half a dozen characters, on at the same moment, than any ordinary or even extraordinary actor. Of course the Ventriloquist Professor would have to take a solemn oath to the highest authorities, and in the presence of the Vice-Chancellor, not to play any practical jokes.

FORTHCOMING FUN.—A Collection of Scottish Proverbs. By SAW-NEY.



"DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS."—I. THE ETCHER.

(Who thinks the Royal Academy ought to let him have a Room all to himself.)

Distinguished Amateur (commendable for his Dinners, his Pretty Daughters, and his exquisitely-appointed Studio). "THERE! IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO DRAW, MY FRIEND! I ETCHED THAT STUDY IN FIVE MINUTES!—BUT THE 'BITING-IN' HAS TAKEN ME TWO YEARS! THAT'S THE SEVENTEENTH STATE OF THE PLATE!"

Our Artist (naturally anxious to make himself agreeable). "EXCELLENT! AWFULLY GOOD! THAT BLACK KITTEN PAWING THE AIR IN FRONT OF THE PARLOUR GRATE IS MOST LIFE-LIKE, AND THE TEXTURE OF YOUR PERSIAN HEARTHTRUG IS SIMPLY ADMIRABLE!—I SHOULD KNOW IT ANYWHERE!"

Distinguished Amateur. "HEARTHTRUG! GRATE!! KITTEN!!! WHY, THAT'S A WINDMILL ON A HEATH, MAN—AGAINST AN EVENING SKY!"

[Collapse of Our Artist; collapse of Pretty Daughters; collapse of everybody except Distinguished Amateur.]

JUSTICE TO IRELAND!

STILL Sisters—though one rich, one poor;
One warmly-housed, one at the door;
Hostile in seeming, at the core
Sisters still!

Let agitation, for its needs,
Feed fat the hate on which it feeds;
It leaves us, spite of clashing creeds,
Sisters still!

Let demagogues, secure from harm,
Urge with their trumpets fools to arm,
We'll rest, through lie and false alarm,
Sisters still!

We hear no lawless clamourers loud,
But Famine's victims, pale and bowed,
Crying, from 'neath the Western cloud,
"Sisters still!"

We from our poor will spare for thine,
Nor sift desert through sieve too fine;
Let haters howl and bigots whine—
Sisters still!

NEW SETTING OF AN OLD SAW (by a Newly-married Man).—An Englishman's house is his wife's castle!

TERRORS OF THE THAMES.

The Wash, Long Reach.

LOOK here, *Mr. Punch*, I am only a plain rowing-man myself, and I don't know anything about the "Man of the Caverns" or the other chap of the "river drift" that Professor DAWKINS has been lecturing about at the London Institution; but I'll tell you what I do know, and that's this—"Countless ages" or not, the Thames isn't changed. Not a bit, Sir. Look here. This is what the Professor says:—

"In the rivers were otters and beavers; and the explorer would be startled by the snort of the hippopotamus in the reaches of the Thames near Brentford."

The snort of the hippopotamus, indeed, in the reaches near Brentford! I should like to know whether that can touch another snort—one that's to be heard not only at Brentford, but wherever a blessed reach of any kind is to be found on the river! What I mean, *Mr. Punch*, is the snort of those beastly steam-launches. And as soon as the boating begins, they'll begin too.

Talk to me of the "Cave Man" and the primæval snorters! What are they to the modern ones that worry and swamp the man who may swear, but

HAS TO CAVE IN,

English Opera and Opera in English.

THE one thing we shall not see at *Mr. CARL ROSA's English Opera House* is English Opera. The enterprise, like its *Rosa*, by any other name would smell as sweet. At the same time, *Punch* wishes all success to *Mr. ROSA's Operas* in English. May our *Rosa* know no thorns the whole season through.



JUSTICE TO IRELAND!

BRITANNIA (to HIBERNIA). "YOU'VE TROUBLES ENOUGH, MY POOR SISTER, WITHOUT STARVATION. THAT I CAN, AND WILL, HELP."

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

On Covent Garden Pantomime—The Grecian—Sadler's Wells—
And the Prince of Wales's.

CLOAK ROOM



FOR good old-fashioned Pantomime masks, for effective and brilliant costumes, for gorgeous spectacle, for rapidly varying Transformations, graceful forms, pretty faces, and well-arranged music, commend me to the Covent Garden Pantomime of *Sindbad the Sailor*. Thank goodness, it commences with a Dark Scene. Here are spiders, and beetles, and crawling things, governed by some Spirit of Evil. The Prince of Darkness is a Gentleman; but this one is a Lady, Miss ANNIE STUART, and a decidedly handsome Lady, too, who for some reason has a spite against *Sindbad*, and gives her orders for his destruction—at least, so I believe, from what I could gather of her imperiously quick delivery; and, if I am mistaken, I humbly beg that Spirit of Evil's pardon. *Sindbad*, however, finds a protector—at least I think so—but again I may be wrong; for it doesn't seem a bit like the story of *Sindbad*, with which I was familiar long, long ago—*mais nous avons changé tout cela*—in the person of *Cupid*, the God of Love, who suddenly appears out of a most ingeniously-contrived bed of roses. Now if *Cupid*, or any other heathen deity, ever had anything whatever to do with the *Sindbad* of our childhood, may I be ridden to the death by Old Men of the Sea, and taken up in the air by the Great Roc! Miss MARIE WILLIAMS, whose destiny at present seems to be to play *Cupid*—for she commenced in this character at the Royalty—capers, and sings as the God of Love, with any amount of life and “go.”

Sindbad and others start off by boat, which being struck by lightning, goes to the bottom.

En passant, the masks made by, I suppose, Messrs. LABHART and BURDETT, for Wind, Thunder, and Lightning, are capital,—and indeed this remark applies to all the masks in the Pantomime. And what is a Pantomime without masks, and the good old stolid, goggle-eyed big heads? so patient, so philosophic, so uncomplaining in the most trying circumstances! We can better spare slim legs than big heads in a Pantomime. *A bas les Lions Comiques! A bas les Chansons des Salles Musicales! Mais vivent les Têtes gigantesques et grotesques!* This should be the cry of the Salvation Pantomime Army—that is, if Pantomime is to be saved:—

And shall old Pant'mime die?
And shall old Pant'mime die?
Then fifteen thousand Big Head Men
Will know the reason why!

What an awful force for the storming of Drury Lane and Covent Garden! What a sight from the *Era* office at the corner of Wellington Street! How telegrams would be despatched from the scene of war to the Garrick Club every two minutes! and with what nervous anxiety would the members of that establishment await the arrival of the messengers!

Where are we now? At the bottom of the sea, where the fish are beautiful, specially the starfish. Here, the victims are brought to life again by *Cupid*—(hang *Cupid* as having anything to do with *Sindbad*!)—and, to the disgust of the Wicked Spirit, are all sent up again in a diving-bell. In this Scene the ballet is very pretty. Then there is a fair comic business scene between two of the comic singers, Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS and Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL, and a first-rate monkey, convulsively played by Master C. LAURI. Mr. MACDERMOTT, the well-known music-hall comic vocalist, sang “a new patriotic song,” but his one catch line, “Do you know I could summons you for that?” rather palled on me after the fifteenth repetition.

Miss ANNIE ROSE, as *Zelika*, does very little, but does it remarkably well, and has the cleverness to look as though she could do a great deal more. Miss FANNIE LESLIE as *Sindbad* is to be congratulated on the marvellous ability she possesses of stamping out, or dancing down, the depressing effect of a song with the burden—and a heavy burden too—of “*My Lady Fair*.” By the way, the boys' chorus (words by CLEMENT SCOTT, music by W. C. LEVEY), “*Golden Corn*,” goes capitally, as does also “*Love's Garden*,” by the same librettist and composer.

As *Hafiz*, Miss EMILY DUNCAN—“Hear it not, DUNCAN, for 'tis—” no compliment, but the truth—looked as handsome as—as usual, and *Ali* and *Abed* (good names these) looked and danced charmingly. But O Mr. HARRIS (CHARLES of that family)! O Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON! O AUGUSTE & Co.! O Messrs. GATTI! O ye Illuminators, DEFRIES & Co., of Houndsditch! O ye Jewellers of Paris, LEBLANC AND GRANGER, and CHARLES PHILLIPS, Jeweller of England!—what shall I say of the Diamond Valley? Bring me my dictionaries, bring me epithets of praise, bring me descriptions of the most brilliant spectacles, bring me several gross of superlative superlatives, and then, if I pile 'em all up, amid a trumpet-flourish of the loudest notes of admiration, I cannot do more than crown the edifice of Scene 8 with a banner bearing the words *Succès Magnifique, Colossal, Pyramidal!*

And now for the Comic Scenes. Mr. HARRY PAYNE is, as far as I have yet seen, the only Clown we've got with real fun in him. And however realistic we may become on the stage, there is one real thing wanting in all our Pantomimes, and that is real fun. Mr. PAYNE has used his intelligence, and the result is some genuine clowning,—some hearty, sly, wicked, humorous, sausage-filching, authority-defying, pantaloon-deceiving clowning. And there are tricks; not stupid, dull, meaningless affairs that never come to anything, except as advertisements, and induce yawning, but tricks which are in themselves examples of simple mechanism applied to practical jokes.

Willingly would most of us spare some of the earlier portion of our now tediously spun-out Pantomimes for the sake of a few really good, genuinely funny and novel scenes between *Clown*, *Pantaloone*, *Harlequin*, and *Columbine*, and such necessary extras as the Policeman, the Swell, and the Little Boy (he's a good little chap, at Covent Garden), who takes in *Mr. Clown*. Surely, surely during the year before the end of August Mr. PAYNE can have strung together a series of Scenes, not lasting more than a quarter of an hour, each full of practical jokes, and mechanical tricks, always performed (as he contrives now) by the aid of *Harlequin's* wand, all done in the course of the legitimate story of the Loves of *Harlequin* and *Columbine* during the time of probation on this wicked Pantomime Earth.

If the opening be some old familiar fairy tale, let it be clearly told. Then, after a brilliant Transformation Scene, let the characters of the opening change their costumes, as they used to do, and actually become the four principals of the Harlequinade. By the way, at Covent Garden, thank goodness, there is not a double set of Pantomimists, but, for all that, *Harlequin* is represented as an unprincipled bigamist, with two *Columbines*.

The most grotesque and amusing of all the Pantomimes I have yet seen is *Rokoko*, at the Royal Grecian. Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST is marvellous as the *Rock Fiend*, funny as *King Turnip*, and more marvellous than ever as the weird and gnarled old Tree. The scene where he and his son pursue the flying Fairy is watched with breathless interest, and the trio are recalled by the heartiest applause, and greeted with cheers when they reappear, fagged and tired by their work but none the worse for wear. So much for the wonders of *Rokoko*. The dramatic interest is kept up by Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST as the Magician, in a thoroughly Robsonian-Yellow-Dwarfish spirit, while the burlesque acting of Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS, Mr. HARRY MONKHOUSE, and Mr. HENRY PARKER, is, in a broadly humorous way, as good as anything I've seen in this particular line for some considerable time. The topical duett between Messrs. NICHOLLS and MONKHOUSE tells immensely, and their scene where they burlesque the “D. T.” situation in *Drink* is first-rate. Miss MARIE LOFTUS is a showy *Prince*, Miss LILLIAN ADAIR a nice little *Princess*, and Miss MINNIE SUCH a sprightly *King Moth*. Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST is to be congratulated on his Pantomime,—or, rather, on his Burlesque-Extravaganza, and its admirable exponents.

At Sadler's Wells Mrs. BATEMAN gives us *The Forty Thieves*, and the Harlequinade having received the attention of Mr. GEORGE BENHAM—styled in the bill “The Modern Grimaldi”—is exceptionally amusing, particularly the third scene, “The Shadow Pantomime,” which will delight crowds of youngsters, for whose special behoof there is a morning performance every Wednesday and Saturday until further notice.

I cannot well imagine a better performance on any stage than that of the Second Act of *Ours* at the Prince of Wales's. I cannot see a fault in it as far as the actors are concerned; though how such a forced and awkward contrivance as that of making *Hugh Chalcot* throw open the folding-doors for no ostensible pur-



THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

Young Farmer. "NICE WARM RAIN—BRING THINGS OUT O' THE GROUND, WON'T IT?"

Reprehensible Old Widower. "DON'T MENTION IT! I'VE GOT TWO WIVES THERE ALREADY!"

ONLY A PENNY A-PIECE!

MR. PUNCH is writing on the Fortieth Anniversary of the introduction of Penny Postage.

"In the year which immediately preceded its introduction, the total number of postal deliveries in the United Kingdom was 82,563,000. Last year the number reached the vast total of 1,536,790,000, or an increase of about eighteenfold."

Let our readers consider all that this implies—of transactions facilitated, business quickened, anxieties lightened, ideas exchanged, cords of love drawn closer, all over the world.

ROWLAND HILL never had his official due, though the respect and reverence of his countrymen shed on his latter days the light which official prejudice and narrowness did all they could to exclude from his earlier years.

Subscriptions are now being raised for a Memorial to the man to whom England owes this great boon.

Sir F. W. TRUSCOTT, Lord Mayor, as active promoter of this Memorial, writes to urge the appeal, and *Punch* is glad to echo his urging,—

"Sir ROWLAND HILL has recently died, and a grateful nation has accorded him burial in its greatest historical shrine—Westminster Abbey. But such gratitude, it has been thought, should not stop here, and some lasting Memorial in a beneficent shape should, it is considered, mark the public sense of Sir ROWLAND's vast work. The Mansion House Committee, in whose name and at whose request I am writing, feel that this object can most usefully be achieved by the foundation of a Benevolent Fund for the succour of aged and distressed Post Office *employees* throughout the Kingdom and their widows and orphans. In proof of the necessity of such a fund, I may mention a few facts which may not be generally known."

Only let the recognition of ROWLAND HILL's good work be as wide as its benefit; only let everyone in the kingdom lay his one stamp on the grave of him to whom they owe that stamp and all its conveniences, and the LORD MAYOR tells us £130,000 would be realised for an object, good in itself, and a tribute to the good work of a good man.

It will be sad, as strange, if such an appeal do not receive an answer as world-wide as the blessing of ROWLAND HILL's own fruitful and beneficent reform.

THE FUTURE OF ITALY.—In assuming the denomination of *Italia Irredenta*, the Italian Nationalists enable their clerical adversaries to ask:—Where does unredeemed Italy expect to go to?

pose except to show a sort of theatrical wax-work *tableau* of *Angus MacAlister* listening to *Blanche Haye's* performance on the piano—to which she must literally have rushed after her farewell with *Sir Alexander* on the landing—could have been allowed to stand the test of Bancroftian rehearsals, surpasses my generally gigantic comprehension. But *Ours* was produced before the days of scientific rehearsal, and TOM ROBERTSON was bold in actors' expedients, and knew how to carry his audience with a *coup de théâtre*, which would serve the purpose for the moment, but would not bear reflection. However, he gained his effect, and this is all he wanted.

Excepting this Second Act, which is admirably dramatic—though so much being left to the Actors, what would be its fate in second-rate hands?—the piece, as a whole, is ill-constructed, the situations forced and unnatural, the quartettes of dialogue strained, and much that with further consideration might have been elevated into the region of pure comedy, has been brought down to the level of mere farce.

On retiring from the Prince of Wales's, and becoming lessees of the Haymarket, it is proposed to present the BANCROFTS with a public testimonial.

The best public testimonial to Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT, on becoming lessees of the Haymarket, will be a continuation, in their new establishment, of the appreciative patronage bestowed upon them in their old one. Testimonials in this electro-plated and gushing age are too common to be of much value. The proceeds of the first night's performance at the Haymarket are to be given to the widow of the late Mr. BUCKSTONE. That the name of the Bulwer-Lyttonian Comedy *Money*, which inaugurates their new management may be a fair omen of future prosperity is the honest wish of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—In my notice of the Alhambra last week I find I attributed to Signor BUGALOSKI much that should have been set down to M. JACOBI, who has composed the music of the three ballets for *Rothomago*.

SABBATARIAN SAVAGES AT "THEIR CUSTOMS."

A DEPLORABLE want of breadth and strength in the construction of Tay Bridge seems, in the best of judgments yet expressed, likely to be found at the bottom of the terrible calamity that has so lately turned all English eyes and hearts sadly and sympathetically towards Dundee and its shattered viaduct. But of the material aspect of the disaster *Mr. Punch* has nothing to say. That is for scientific and practical experts, official or non-official.

What *Mr. Punch* has to say concerns not the want of breadth or solidity in the piers of the Tay Bridge, but the narrowness and weakness of the bigotry with which the disaster has been "improved," on the ground that the train it befel was travelling on a Sunday. Such comments, happily, have been confined, it is to be hoped, to a very small section of the Kirk, Established or Free. One of these self-sufficient judges of judgments, and complacent dealers out of denunciations, converting the awful catastrophe triumphantly to the account of his own black and bitter creed—in which the Almighty figures as a sort of Ashantee Fetish, to be propitiated by death and destruction—has no hesitation in putting his finger on its immediate cause. Referring to the imprisoned passengers—men, women, and little children—many of them known to have been on their way to or from errands of friendship, mercy, and family affection—he asks whether it was not "awful to think" that—

"They had been carried away when many of them must have known that they were transgressing the law of God."

It might do this gentleman some good to reflect that it is possible to be "carried away" in another fashion, and to transgress a great law of God—"Judge not that, ye be not judged" in a more questionable manner. To see the professing minister of a religion, of whose virtues one of its leading Apostles has declared charity the greatest, swept off his narrow line of literal sectarianism in a hurricane of bitter bigotry, is suggestive of reflections which, if not exactly "awful," are neither agreeable nor edifying.



THE SNUB LEONINE.

(At Mrs. Lyon Hunter's.)

Lion No. 1 (timidly). "I—A—THINK I HAD THE PLEASURE OF MEETING YOU AT SIR GORGIOUS MIDAS'S, AT DINNER, LAST WEEK?"

Lion No. 2. "AH—I DESSAY. I'M VERY BAD AT RECOLLECTING FACES."

Lion No. 1 (with pardonable pride). "MY NAME IS RANDOLPH BONAMY WILKINS!"

Lion No. 2. "AH—INDEED! I'VE A WRETCHED MEMORY FOR NAMES!"

[N.B.—*Lion No. 2* is no less a person than J. Robinson, who is said to have penetrated twenty-three miles further into the interior of Australia than any other man, and has got to believe that he is the Original Discoverer of that Continent.

Disgust and lack of space combine to cut short *Punch's* comment on this, the saddest sequel of a most sad catastrophe. He will only quote one last lurid flash of presumption from a Dundee pulpit:—

"If there was one voice louder than others in this terrible event it was that of God, determined to guard his Sabbath with jealous care."

Mr. Punch can scarcely call attention with patience to profanity like this.

To say nothing of the fact that the Sabbath is an exclusively Jewish institution, as different in date as in spirit from the Christian's first day of the week, the spirit of this sentence is as savagely Jewish as the name it misapplies.

When Scotch or English begin to take in the fact, that the stern and sour sanctity of the day they have been wont to hear so miscalled by the free school of denunciatory divines, needs a "jealous guardianship" by such means as this, its days are surely numbered. *Mr. Punch* need hardly say that he, for one, will be happy to count them; feeling convinced that the time when such a "Sabbath" as this is known no more among men will be a good time for Christian charity as for the happiness of human-kind.

Martyrs and Others.

A PETITION is said to have been lately presented to the POPE by the "Catholic Union of Great Britain," praying for the "canonisation of the English Martyrs," in the reign of HENRY THE EIGHTH and one hundred and fifty years after. What will His Holiness say to this? *Lumen in Cælo*, as an enlightened Pontiff, could of course distinguish Sir THOMAS MORE from GUY FAWKES, but might hesitate in some less well-marked cases to draw the line between sufferers for conscience sake, and for politics. Perhaps, therefore, the best reply of His Holiness to the request of his petitioners will be *Non possumus*.

THE PLAGUE OF PARROTS.

(Being a Protest from a Plain Person against the Abuse of Epigram.)

YOUR epigram, doubtless, is all very fine,
But I fancy 'tis often more dazzle than shine;
And to boobies who flounder in Sophistry's bog,
A Will o' the Wisp may prove worse than a fog.
Yet let Wit have its due; close-packed truth plus a point

Makes a finger-post fair for a world out of joint;
And portable wisdom like pemmican food
Is remarkably handy—so long as it's good.
But, alas! for Wit's work, when its cunningest phrases
Are caught by the Parrots! Of all modern crazes
The craze for mere catchwords is sure the most teasing;
When, dinned in our ears with persistence unpleasing,
They fall on the soul with as ghastly a shock,
As the ten-thousandth grinding of "*Grandfather's Clock*."

A plague on all Parrots! With DICKENS I'd say,
They're more mischievous fowls than your right birds of prey;

The latter, perhaps, one may hope to escape,
But your genuine Parrot wears Protean shape,
Whose ubiquitous presence no man may avoid.
Mr. Punch, for long months I've been irked and annoyed

By a vile piece of parrottry, scarce food for laughter—
"An Englishman first, and a Party-man after!"

I declare, Sir, that phrase, none too sage at the best,
Has ruffled my temper and broken my rest,
Till, like some absurd piece of *Pinafore* patter,
The sound of it drives me as mad as a hatter.

'Tis a vile phrase-of-all-work to cover gross greeds,
To excuse sheer assumptions and mask dirty deeds—

'Tis a jibe ever handy to hurl at the wretch
Who's unable the big name of "Briton" to stretch
Till it's found co-extensive with ethios' whole code—
Which, if I can manage, dear *Punch*, I'll be blowed.

An Englishman *First*,—that's the *sine quâ non*
That the Parrots ne'er tire of insisting upon.

An Englishman first,—when the name, in their mouth,
Means as selfish a dog as east, west, north, or south,
You are likely to find—which, 'tis bluntly avowed
Is a thought to make all true-blue patriots proud.

An Englishman first,—after which,—if you can,—
You may be just and honest—in fact be a man;
Nay, you're free e'en to yield an allegiance hearty
To conscience-held claims though they're ticketed "party."

Now I'm blunt, my dear *Punch*, and make bold to proclaim,
That I don't care one snap for "An Englishman's" name,—

Nay, hold it the veriest badge of disgrace,—
When it covers injustice and false pride of race.

I will also avow, though wild patriots shriek,
That the ends which by means of my "party" I seek,
Are the ends I hold English and honest, and therefore
Those alone I—as Briton or party-man—care for.

For me, who'd stand square, fair, to neither term leaning,
The hackneyed antithesis scarce has a meaning:

The phrase has its uses, but parrot-dom's glosses
Have made it a pest. Wit an epigram tosses
From the tongue, which the sinister sophist will snap,
And use as his cunningest species of trap.

For me, if the formula must be maintained,
And if aught by its shape antithetical's gained,
I would boldly proclaim—spite of lash or of laughter,—
I'm honest man first and an Englishman after!

Making One's Mouth Water.

THE *Times* has been publishing some interesting statistics by Dr. REYER, in an Australian mining journal, on the subject of "Straits tin," which has its deposit in the Banca Islands. All this is very interesting. JOHN BULL knows little of tin in the Straits, but he knows a great deal too much of straits in the Tin. If he could have information how to get out of the Straits and into the Tin he would be much obliged to Dr. REYER. How he would enjoy a run on the Banca Islands, with liberty unlimited to draw on their deposits!

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.



A NARROW, red-covered dispatch-box, lettered "*H. M. Treasury—Confidential*," has lately been left at 85, Fleet Street, Mr. Punch presumes, by mistake, containing the following correspondence, which he publishes. Names and addresses are suppressed, for obvious reasons, as the writers may wish to reclaim their letters; and this is his only way of communication with them:—

I.

MY DEAR EARL OF BEACONSFIELD,

You may remember that at our last meeting, when you were kind enough to address us collectively and separately, you said you would be happy to receive our suggestions for the Royal speech. It may be that you did not address your remarks personally to me; but that there may not be the shadow of an excuse for a mistake, allow me to remind you of the agreement made

between us upon my accepting the F. O. You have, I presume, requested Lord CRANBROOK to submit any Indian paragraphs he may think of suggesting to me for revision, as per agreement.

With kind regards to Mr. CORY, I remain,

Yours, most sincerely,
(Signed)

II.

DEAR LORD BEACONSFIELD,

Of course I would only be too happy to obey a Chief to whom I owe so much. As I have already told you, I like the House of Lords very much. The occasions for effective speaking are not frequent, it is true; but the position is dignified, and its repose agreeable. I wish I could say as much of the Office. But really the Marquis is so very arbitrary. Besides, I cannot sit down for five minutes of quiet work, but I am sure to be interrupted by some suggestion, hastily knocked off, and telegraphed to me by that self-satisfied bore LYXON. Excuse me if the word is not Parliamentary. I have always felt that poets are not the stuff out of which to make Vice-roys. However, I wish to do my best.

Gratefully yours,
(Signed)

P.S.—The Marquis has just sent round to say that it is your wish that I should submit to him any Indian paragraph I may suggest! I should be glad to know in plain terms—have I succeeded that noble Lord at the India Office or have I not? Extremely sorry to have to put such a question to one to whom I owe so much, but there are cases in which even a worm will turn.

III.

MY DEAR LORD,

I SHALL be most happy to attend to your esteemed favour. I think my paragraph will be something about the Royal Marine Artillery, and the new breach-loading arrangements. I have given my undivided attention to this important subject for the last six months.

I really don't think the *Pall Mall* articles worth answering. They are always grumbling at something, and I fancy they have been suffering in their circulation. If so, it may account for their bad temper.

With the kindest remembrances from all the other Lords,
Believe my dear Lord, yours most respectfully,

(Signed)

P.S.—I should like to have made a sarcastic allusion to Dr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Sir JOSEPH PORTER, and *H. M. S. Pinafore*; but some of the sea Lords think that such a course would be undignified. As they know a great deal more about the feeling of the Service than I can be expected to do, I have no doubt they are right, and so have avoided any such reference of the kind, though I think I could have given it to those impertinent Gaiety fellows hot and strong.

IV.

MY DEAR LORD BEACONSFIELD,

I AM doing my utmost to carry out your suggestion. I imagine my paragraph will have the effect of a complimentary allusion to the London School Board. I am afraid DILLWYN has spoilt that notion about the Lunacy Laws. *Ridiculum acri Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res!* Yours most truly,
(Signed)

P.S.—I have sent to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, but in a letter signed "JACK," he tells me "he has no time to attend to private business!" So like him!

V.

MY DEAR LORD BEACONSFIELD,

I HAVE spoken to the Duke, and he is under the impression that a neatly-turned paragraph, to the effect that "The British Army can, might, would, should, and ought to go anywhere and to do everything," is the sort of article you want from Pall Mall.

Cedant arma togæ! As I am more up *Marti quam Mercurio*, pray put it in your own words. If my brother were here, I have no doubt he would wish to be remembered to you.

Yours truly,
(Signed)

P.S.—I did think of saying something about "the Army Reserve Officers," but since the scheme has been pigeonholed most of the candidates for commissions have grown too old to qualify. By the way, must Sir GARNET be sent to India? Our fellows don't like it a bit! These "bucksticks" are really coming it too strong!

VI.

MY VERY DEAR LORD BEACONSFIELD,

Ever since my little speech about the Licensed Victuallers at Exeter, and my Penny Readings at Pynes, I have been hard at work upon the Budget. It is really no joke this time. I am afraid, unless I stick to it night and day, and allow nothing to distract me, I shall not be able to make even a decent job of it by Easter.

On the whole, I think the less said in the Speech about Finance the better.

Yours, in great haste,
(Signed)

P.S.—We really can't go on letting deficits accumulate *ad infinitum*; and I am afraid the people out-of-doors are getting tired of the "dot and carry one" system.

By the way, don't you think it might be well to have, say, half a million copies of my refutation of GLADSTONE'S figures printed by the Queen's Printers, and circulated gratis among our own people? Would this be a fair appropriation of the S. S. M.?

Schools and School-Masters.

"Professor MORLEY and his friends have determined to make a practical start of a Dramatic School. Premises have been engaged in Regent Street, and Mr. CHARLES HARCOURT appointed Secretary."—*News of the Day*.

START a Dramatic School? 'Tis well.

We've waited for it a long spell—

Feros mollire mores.

Then, MORLEY, think not *Punch* is rude,

If one grave question he intrude,—

"Docebit quis Doctores?"

Following Suit.

It is announced that "the Bishop of LONDON has signed letters of request to the Dean of Arches Court of Canterbury, in a fresh suit against the Rev. A. H. MACKONOCHE, Incumbent of St. Alban's, Holborn." Mr. MACKONOCHE, on the one hand, persists in the wearing forbidden vestments, and the Bishop of LONDON, on the other, orders another suit. When will the suits finally prevail over the vestments?

Malleus Malefactorum.

(On the appointment of J. S. MAULE, Q.C., as Director of Public Prosecutions.)

LORD CAIRNS decrees that Q.C. MAULE,

Our crime to Themis' Bar shall haul,

And smite it hip and thigh;

Go on, my MAULE, deserve thy name,

"Hammer and tongs" on felons' game

Come down, till crushed it lie!

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, in his speech at Birmingham the other day, compared the Ministerial misfortunes to the numbers of serial stories, each of which ends always—"to be continued in our next"! Let us hope the Ministry may not be like its misfortunes—"continued in our next"—i.e., in 1881.



AN AGGRAVATING TEUTON.

O'Reilly (*in the heat of a political discussion*). "THE FACT IS, SORR, ALL YOU GERMANS ARE PRIGS, REGULAR PRIGS!"

Herr Müller. "JA WOHL! ALL YE CHERMANS ARE BRICKS, REGULAR BRICKS!"

O'Reilly. "I SAID PRIGS, SORR—NOT BRICKS!"

Herr Müller. "I HAF EARS, MY VRIENT! YOU SAID BRICKS, OF COURSE—NOT PRIGS."

O'Reilly. "PRIGS, SORR! PIG-HEADED, COULD-HEARTED PRIGS!"

Herr Müller. "JA WOHL! BIG-HEADED, GOLD-HEARTED BRICKS!"

O'Reilly. "AH! GET OUT WID YE! YE'RE PAST PRAYING FOR!"

Herr Müller. "ZEN VY DO YOU GO ON BRAYING, MY VRIENT?"

[Exit O'Reilly foaming at the mouth. Herr Müller chuckles for the rest of the day.]

OUT OF THE LION'S MOUTH.

FRIEND PUNCH,

We are told about three hundred times a year that we occupy the centre of the finest site in Europe. This may or may not be. As our look-out is bounded by the National Gallery on the north, Northumberland Avenue on the south, MORLEY'S Hotel on the east, and the Union Club on the west, and we cannot change our point of view, we have no sufficient means of verifying this very current, but not self-evident, statement. But one thing we do know. The finest site in Europe, as far as we can see it, is one of the dirtiest and dreariest sights in London. Strings of omnibuses, east and west, north and south, halt within earshot of us, to take up and set down. I wish you could only hear them taking up the subject and setting down Trafalgar Square!

Please, *Punch*, do us poor Lions one more good turn. You have got us a few trees planted, though, it must be owned, that like the workhouse girl's baby, "they are very little ones." Some day you may get our street-names painted on the street-lamps. But as we don't go out to dinner, that won't be so much a comfort to us as to more moveable feasters. But we Lions have big appetites; acknowledging all we owe you, like *Oliver Twist*, we venture to ask for more.

Can't you do anything for our fountains? You used to peg away at them in the old days, and I daresay flattered yourself you had purified as well as increased their water supply, while blackening their jets week after week. Not a bit of it. There may be an Artesian well still in tap, but I believe the underground connection with the Saint Martin's wash-houses is as active as ever. Analyse our waters—for quantity and quality—by your own observation, Sir—; more trustworthy than any chemical analysis by a long chalk. What do you find? First—for colour. How do you account for the bilious greenish hue

observable in the water, except on the theory of too close a connection with the yellow soap of Saint Martin's?

Then look at the steam that hangs over those basins in wet weather. What does that suggest so obviously as the laundry?

Again, there are the statues—our noble selves always excepted—including the Admiral, whom we can still look up to, because the more we look up the more we can't see him. You may say the statues are an old story. So they are, Sir, but are they any the better for that? Look at George the Third's wig, by way of a sop to the realists; and of George the Fourth's toga, by way of a concession to the idealists, and who shall decide which is the ugliest? As absurdity is worse than ugliness, we strike the balance against George the Fourth—that balance which he looks as if he could not strike for himself in stone after death, any more than he could in flesh and blood during life. There he stands, lopsided, in one corner of the finest site, calling in vain on St. Martin to divide his cloak with him—poor beggar! and so hide the nakedness of his legs.

Then there are Havelock and Napier, two British Lions on two legs, as dark and dingy as we twice as many British Lions recumbent on four. And there's Charles the First, with the sparrows taking cavalier liberties with his love-locks, calling in vain for that cleaning up which has been lately vouchsafed to much blacker sovereigns. Why isn't Mr. FAIRBANKS set to work on him, instead of the Cape Colonies, We'll be bound he would make a better job of it. Perhaps, in spite of his native brass, the martyr-monarch is afraid of attracting to himself more of the flattering attention of that great dramatic re-writer of history, W. G. WILLS.

Then look at the pavement! It is simply disgraceful. In wet weather we sit in a sea of slop, altogether out of keeping with leonine constitutions; in dry, we are smothered in a mixture of granite and coal-dust, blacker and more biting than that of the Sahara. Why should we not be blessed with flower-beds under our noses, like our living congeners at the Zoo? Why not get the Office of Works to adopt our Places, as we do our Plays, from the French, and make the stony squares of London—not the West-End oases—as bright and blooming as the open spaces of Paris, East and West?

Nelson, I am sure, would be as ready to take French hints on this point from his present elevation at the mast-head, as to take French ships from his life's post on the quarter-deck.

But I must bring my growl to a halt, for here comes a foul and frowsy mob of ragamuffins, headed by its cracked orators, and preceded by its equally cracked brass band, to spout about us, and, worse indignity still, to sit upon our backs, and dishonour our bronze with expectoration and orange-peel. It's too bad that Nelson should be forced to look down on such desecration of the flags of Trafalgar (Square).

While you are putting down nuisances, suppose you put down that!

With best wishes for the New Year,
Believe me, dear *Punch*, always yours (whatever the *Pall Mall* may say),

THE BRITISH LION.
(For self and partners.)

From our pedestals round the Nelson Column,
Jan., 1880.

A Civic Curiosity.

We extract this remarkable advertisement from that respectable local print the *Hackney and Kingsland Gazette*:—

FURNISHED APARTMENTS.—Suitable for a City Gentleman with folding doors.—Address, &c.

We have many of us seen or read of the Siamese Twins, and the Two-headed Nightingale, and heard of, if not seen, the still earlier and more interesting case of the Canadian with a hole in his stomach, through which the processes of digestion could be observed and experimented on; we all of us probably have heard portly persons described as Gents with "Bow Windows"—but "a City Gent with folding doors" is a phenomenon as yet unrecorded. One finds oneself wondering how the apartments can be furnished so as to be suitable to such a *usus nature*.



LINLEY SAMBOURNE INV. DEL.

"PEGGING AWAY."

BUT A HARD HUSK TO GET THROUGH.

SIR ROWLAND HILL AND HIS MEMORIAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I AM so fond of opening an envelope that I hail a receipt with joy, and almost prefer a bill to the absence of the postman's knock. Under these circumstances what do I not owe to the great Sir ROWLAND! But I am waiting to lay my postage-stamp on his grave, till I hear what is to be done with the Fund. If it is to be spent according to time-honoured British custom, nearly 40 per cent. will be taken up with managing the remainder. The residue will be spent partly on a big house wherein the widows of post-office officials shall lead weary, if genteel, lives apart from their relations, and under sundry restrictions, probably rather trying to those who have been used to their own way; and the rest of the money will go to support another big establishment to which orphan children will be sent.

Now, dear Mr. Punch, I cannot feel certain that it is *always* a

comfort to a woman who has lost her husband to part with her children also, and if you could persuade the official managers of the fund to avoid bricks and mortar, and to spend it on pensions to widows, allowing them to keep their children at home and educate them as they like, it would, I think, commend itself to more givers.

Yours, dear Mr. Punch, most respectfully,

AN ADMIRER OF SIR ROWLAND HILL.

[Punch quite agrees with his correspondent. He has received several letters asking how the payment of a stamp-a-piece is to be made. At every Post-office let a box be put up for the purpose, into which stamps may be paid; let the box be cleared once a week, and the amount remitted to the LORD MAYOR.]

FROM THE GAZETTE (*New Appointment*).—Common Sense *v.* War Correspondents' Rules superseded.



GRAMMAR!

Invalid. "I'VE HAD A WRETCHED NIGHT, MRS. WOBBLES."

Nurse. "DEAR, DEAR ME, SIR! I THOUGHT YOU SLEP' MOST COMFORTABLE!"

Invalid (with a groan). "OH, MRS. WOBBLES, DO USE THE ADVERB!"

Nurse. "YES, SIR, I'LL SEE ABOUT IT DIRECTLY, SIR,—BUT"—(*puzzled*)—"I REELY DON'T THINK THERE'S ONE IN THE 'OUSE, SIR!!"

A BISHOP FORGETTING HIMSELF.

TO MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I HAVE long felt that Dr. FRASER, the Bishop of Manchester, was a highly dangerous person. He is always forgetting his position, and doing or saying something of a levelling and eccentric, if not an indecorous and even dangerous kind. One is constantly reading in the papers of his attending meetings at theatres, and club-rooms, and Mechanics' Institutes, and other haunts of the lower orders of an equally unconsecrated character, and making himself hail-fellow-well-met with the working men and other low persons whom he encounters at such places.

Of course, one understands at once that a Bishop of Manchester is in a difficult position. He *must* associate with manufacturers and mill-owners, and even tradesmen, and can hardly be expected in such company to keep up a proper sense of what belongs to his position.

Still, I did not think that this degradation would have reached Dr. FRASER's domestic and family arrangements. I supposed that the man *must* behave like a Bishop at home, however he might comport himself in public. I grieve to find that I have been mistaken. Anything more indecent, for a Bishop, than his marriage as described in the papers I never heard of.

In the first place, instead of Westminster Abbey, or St. Martin's, or St. George's, Hanover Square, at least—or some other of what may be called the *comme-il-faut* marriage-churches, his marriage came off at a common-place little district church in Onslow Gardens, that nobody ever heard of. The ceremony seems to have been sneaked through, as if everybody was ashamed of what was going on, or rather, coming off.

"The church at which the ceremony was to take place was unknown to all but the Bishop's most intimate friends until a few hours before the time for which it was fixed, and the friends of the bride and bridegroom who were present numbered not more than a dozen."

Did you ever hear of such doings? It is true there *was* a Dean to read the marriage-service, but then it was Dean STANLEY—so Broad and Low Church that it might almost as well have been Mr. SPURGEON, or Dr. JABEZ INWARDS. The clergy who assisted him were worthy of such a principal. They were actually a couple of Curates! I must say I call such behaviour in a Bishop absolutely indecent! And the rest was of a piece.

There was no musical service. The Bride was in plain silver-grey satin—just like a Quakeress—and seems to have had only one Bridesmaid, if any.

After the "ceremony"—ceremony, indeed!—the Dean "substituted for the exhortation a private address to the Bishop and his Bride" of the most latitudinarian character.

"He felicitated them on their position as parties to a happy Christian marriage, spoke of the day as a long-expected one which had come at last, and congratulated them on the fact that from many hearts of absent friends prayers were being offered for their future happiness."

Did you ever read anything so loose and broad? And from a Dean to a Bishop! It more than makes one blush. It is enough to make one shudder.

And this precious wedding-party seem to have ended the ceremony as they began it—going back to a plain breakfast at the house of some nobody or other, and starting for Torquay by the afternoon train. I shouldn't wonder if they took a cab from where they breakfasted to the railway.

In fact, there does not seem to have been a person of family or position mixed up in the affair from first to last. Of course we can't so much wonder at that, considering the sad way the Bishop has mixed himself up with the lower orders. But still he is a Bishop, and one must grieve when a person of his class and calling, though only in a manufacturing district, can so lamentably forget himself.

I remain, Sir, your humble servant,

ONE WHO NEVER FORGETS HERSELF.

HINTS FOR A NEW AND ORIGINAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

CHAPTER IV.

Further Suggestions—Lay Figures—Characters—Expression—Explanation—Lecturer—Illustrator—Scene—Question—Reply—Example—Theory—Practice—Barnesian Lecture—General Notes—Position—Study—Small Part—Importance—Conscientiousness—Considerations—Model Examination Paper.

THERE are various ways of giving a Dramatic Lecture. The following illustrations will save detailed description.



The Shakespearean Lecturer addressing his Class:—"I will now appear before you as Hamlet."
The Lecturer disappearing as himself, previous to reappearing as Hamlet. Plan showing elevation of Platform, steps of descent, dressing-table, &c.

quist Professor, who could give scenes between three or more characters, whose costume and action could be shown by "practicable" lay-figures. The only objection to a "Lay-figure" would come from some clerical member of the Church and Stage Guild.



Lectures illustrated by Working Models (or Lay Figures)—Lady Macbeth and Macbeth.

This is simply an adaptation of the plan pursued in our Art schools before the pupils are sufficiently advanced to be permitted to study from the Living Model.

A Lecture on the Living Model would, of course, be highly interesting.

Take, for example, Mr. IRVING as *Mathias* in the *Bells*, or as *Duboscq* in the *Courier of Lyons*.

This eminent actor would go through an entire scene in company with other less eminent actors.

Then one method would be, for any student, at any part of the performance, to jump up, stop the tragedian, and referring to some particular action, ask,—"Please, Sir, why did you do that?"

Say, for example, that it is when *Duboscq* is on the ground, in the

last act, kicking up his heels in the air. The student would inquire the meaning of such an action, and then Mr. IRVING, as practical lecturer, would give him a careful analysis of *Duboscq's* character, showing how, for such a person in such a situation, kicking up behind and before would be the most natural thing in the world.

Or, for example, when as *Louis XI.*, he makes hideous grimaces at the little figures in his hat, a student would naturally stop him to inquire the exact meaning of each of these facial contortions, and the explanation of them all collectively. This would draw from the eminent artist a clear, concise, yet eloquent statement concerning the kind of facial contortions, physiognomical expressions, as distinct from what is technically termed "mugging," which would come natural to such a character as *Louis XI.*, in such a situation, with such a hat.

Another mode of lecturing would be for a Heaven-born lecturer like Mr. PAULTON to stand at the side, while Mr. IRVING, as illustrator, was performing, and answer all inquiries. In such a case no appeal would be allowed from the lecturer to the illustrator.

For instance, in the scene with his mother, when the Lyceum *Hamlet* used to point at nothing in the air and say, "Look at this picture and on this." An interruption could naturally occur, thus:—

Student (in the body of the room seated on the fifth form, suddenly rising and extending his hand). Please, Sir — (To Mr. PAULTON, the Lecturer). Please, Sir —

Mr. Paulton (to Mr. IRVING). Have the goodness to stop one minute, a student wishes to ask a question. (To student.) Now, Sir!

Student. Please, Sir, why does Hamlet stretch out his arms like that, Sir, and point to nothing.

Mr. Paulton. Your question is a very natural one, and I had anticipated this inquiry. You must understand that every room has at least four walls. Now three walls being represented by the "flats" and the "wings," the third is supposed to be down, or else how could the audience see what is going on in the palace? (Applause. Hamlet is about to resume, but is stopped by Lecturer.) One moment. Now on this other wall may well be supposed to hang the two portraits to which the Prince wishes to direct his mother's attention.

Thoughtful Student. But Sir —

Mr. Paulton. Yes, Sir.

Thoughtful Student. If the wall is down, and if the pictures are on it, then the pictures are down too, and neither Hamlet nor his mother could see them.

Mr. Paulton. Your objection, Sir, is a very natural one. You must further suppose that these pictures hang one on each side of a window in the wall, a large open window with the blind up, through which the audience are able to see what is going on within the palace. The Dramatic Student must always remember that, as an actor, he is "observed" but at the same time he must play as our eminent illustrator is now doing, just as though the wall were there and not the audience. (Great applause. To Mr. IRVING.) You may now, Sir, continue your illustration.

In another room I will suppose that a Lecture on General Dramatic Study is being delivered. It would be invidious, perhaps, to say by whom, as all the Professors will have their turn. It might be Professor TERRY's turn, or Professor WARNER's, or Dr. ROYCE's, or the Rev. Mr. MACLEAN's, or the Right Honourable DAVID JAMES's, or Dean THORNE's. Though, perhaps, to each of these would probably be allotted special subjects.

We will suppose the platform occupied by the learned Professor BARNES, now playing *Barnesian* at the Lyceum, who has to deliver a lecture on the General Study of the Drama. After bowing to the reception, which he will receive from the students, he may be supposed to address them thus:—

GENTLEMEN,—The Stage requires men of commanding presence.

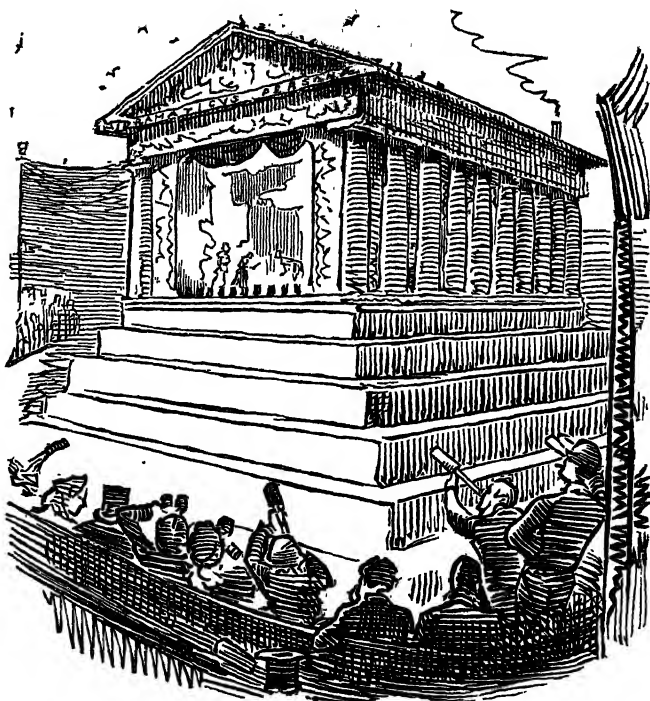


Professor Barnes on the Platform.

The man who can look well, speak well, and measure fifty-eight inches round—ahem—the chest—is one who has been qualified by nature for “the Lead” in every line of the Drama. In fact he can have every line to himself, and no line without a palpable point in it.

SHAKESPEARE, the inspired WILLIAM, who was not for an age, but for every evening till further notice from eight till eleven, and doors open at seven—SHAKESPEARE, I say, set his face against a lean man. His heroes were stout, that is, I mean were fine men, men in proportion to the plays they appeared in, which were eminently big. I will not now detain you on this subject, for that all the SHAKESPEAREAN heroes were physically fine men is now pretty generally admitted—and that *Hamlet* was even a trifle inclined to obesity only elevates his poetic temperament in our eyes—but I will simply point out to you that it is your duty to cultivate appearance for the sake of appearances, and to compel admiration even before you gain your applause. *The less you have to say, the bigger you must look*, and the true art of the actor is shown more in doing something when he has to do nothing, than in doing something when everything has been given him to do. Some men are born with silver spoons in their mouths. But an actor should not envy such a man unless there were a “bit of fat” in the spoon; for in that case the infant actor could have swallowed it, while in any other case his nurse or his parents would have collared the spoon.

Such might be the commencement of the *Barnesian* Professor's lecture. The remarks which follow, on account of their wisdom and their general application, it would be invidious to place in the mouth of any one individual Dramatic Professor. The subject selected is one very dear to theorists who wish to “elevate the stage,” viz., “the position of the actor.”



HOW TO ELEVATE THE STAGE.

Round About Collars.

SIR HENRY he collared HAFIZ PASHA for having collared KOELLER :
And on the SULTAN's dismissing him insisted in his choler.
The SULTAN he collared HAFIZ PASHA, when not following LAYARD's
lead he
Bestowed on HAFIZ the cordon of the Order of Mejdide !

AN ITEM FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

In charge of the Indo-Afghan Transport arrangements—General Block.

A COMMON LESSON (to Actors and War-Administrators à propos of the cancelled Rules and Regulations for War-Correspondents).—No good was ever got by “gagging.”

A WORD WITH A FOOLISH OLD WOMAN ;

OR, A SHORT WAY WITH INTERNATIONAL MORALITY.

“The theory of international relations which has been adopted by the leaders of the Radical Party was expressly stated by Mr. GLADSTONE on his journey homewards, and amounts to the old doctrine of the scarcely surviving Peace Party, that Governments are bound to follow among themselves the rules of morality. This is just one of those propositions which cannot be absolutely denied without incurring discredit, but which, on the other hand, cannot be accepted by anybody who lays claim to the smallest accuracy of ideas. . . . There is overwhelming evidence that the moral code which Radical orators declare to have been shamefully violated, has collapsed in all the greatest States of the civilised world.”—*The Pall Mall Gazette* on “*International Morality, Old and New.*”

No—Morality, Ma'am, you're a worthy old soul,

But your sphere is the home where your welcome is hearty ;

Like a youth, rather soft, though correct on the whole,

You're a very nice guest for a very small party.

But poking your nose in Imperial affairs,

And laying down hard-and-fast rules international !

In statecraft assuming *de-haut-en-bas* airs !

Pooh ! it really *won't* do ; it's profoundly irrational !

You're a failure, dear Goody ; your fine golden rule

Is as useless as poor Mother Partington's mop.

You're like some ancient female,—kind, fussy old fool,—

Who, beholding boys fighting, conjures them to stop.

You think to rule Nations by Nursery laws,

With a sweet baby-savour of pap, bibs, and corals ?

In the race for first place we ignore holy saws,

And cannot afford to be hampered with morals.

You've been prosing and glozing absurdly of late ;

It is time that cool sense just arose and demolished you.

In practice you know that each civilised State

Has pooh-poohed your pet code, and as good as abolished you.

True GLADSTONE still backs you, but he doesn't count ;

He's a frump like yourself, and as mad as a hatter.

Could a BISMARCK make way, or a BEACONSFIELD mount,

Did he take, dear Dame Durden, *your* view of the matter ?

No, Pike Country choice—that's to shoot or be shot—

Is the only alternative now between Nations ;

And getting first fire, whether fairly or not,

Is the aim of each Statesman's profound cogitations.

Telling lies may look wrong, but 'tis venial quite ;

If a country has foes it must *be done* or do 'em,

A necessity quite beyond strict rules of right,

And punctilious notions of *meum* and *tuum*.

Since Empire's a huge game of grab, he must win

Who can snatch most adroitly, bamboozle and blind most ;

Proceedings that doubtless to you appear sin

Are laws of the game, which is “*deuce take the hindmost,*”

In sermons and speeches they sound vastly fine,

Your doctrinaire maxims and dim generalities,

But England would soon see her Empire decline

If restrained in her ways by such baby banalities.

Strong enough to be just ? Safe enough to be ruled

By an earnest desire, at the least, to act rightly ?

Pure bosh ! We should simply be hoodwinked and fooled,

Bowed out of our hard-won possessions politely ;

Other nations are all such dashed robbers—at least,

If where morals don't hold one may talk about robbery—

Just apply your fine rule to affairs in the East,

And imagine the end of that blessed old bobbery !

On the old Savage law as between man and man,

We've improved ; but as Nations we still are barbarians,

Rob ROX our exemplar whose excellent plan

Holds good, in despite of the humanitarians :

High Culture confirms it, the *Pall Mall* poop-poohs

The attempt by religion or justice to better it ;

Holding e'en British Strength in the end sure to lose,

If we let mere morality hamper and fetter it.

So, Madam, pray have the good sense to get out,

The kindness to hold yourself silenced and sat on ;

There's a limited realm you may rule in, no doubt ;

But your regimen's not one that *nations* grow fat on.

“Do as we'd be done by,” means really, “Be done

By those we won't do,” out of poor Scrupulosity ;

Of such one-sided virtue BULL can't see the fun :

When the game's grab all round, he prefers reciprocity !

SUGGESTED NEW NAME FOR A DESTRUCTIVE SEDATIVE.—More fear !



MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKINS'S "DAY AT HOME."

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkins. "SO GOOD OF YOU TO TAKE PITY ON US, DUCHESS! AND YOU TOO, DEAR LADY ADELINÉ! WE WERE REALLY FEELING QUITE DESERTED, AND——"

Footman. "MRS. MACHALLISTER!"

Mrs. MacAlister (an Aunt of Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkins's—quite unexpected, and by no means a person of fashion). "HECH! YE DIDNA THINK TO SET EYES ON ME THE DAY, MY BONNIE BAIRNIE! AND HOO'S A' WI' YE AND THE GUIDMAN, LIASSIE?"

[Sits down, and makes herself quite at home.]

Stunned by the awful apparition, Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkins mentally ejaculates, "OH HEAVENS! WHAT WILL THE DUCHESS THINK?" and loses all presence of mind.

What the Duchess said to Lady Adeline, driving home:—"NICE MOTHERLY PERSON THAT MRS. MACALISTER! SHE'S THE WIFE OF LORD FINSBURY'S SCOTCH BAILIFF, IT SEEMS. I'D NO IDEA MRS. TOMKINS HAD SUCH RESPECTABLE CONNECTIONS!"

WOMAN'S NEW WALK.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

YOUR sympathetic imagination may possibly enable you to conceive the intense pain I experienced on perusing those exposures which lately appeared in the *Times* of the imposture unmasked by Sir T. STURWELL and HERR VON BUSCH, at the National Association of Spiritualists, in "Catching a Spirit"—"materialised" in a fraudulent Medium.

Oh, how distressing and humiliating it is to think that one belongs to the same sex with such a person!

Oh, to think that she should have palmed herself off as a being of the Spirit World on a professor of no less eminence in the world of science than Mr. CROOKES, the distinguished Chemist!

But only consider, to have succeeded in taking in an experimentalist so careful, so sharp, and so practised, as Mr. CROOKES is known to be, what an extremely clever as well as deceitful a thing that dishonest Medium must have been!

It seems that she is not the only one so clever and so deceitful. Several others have been likewise found out, but they had gone on a long time first. And, it seems, from what a member of the Spiritual Association says, that there are Mediums who, though to all appearance inextricably tied, contrive to undo the most intricate fastenings in the dark, nobody knows how.

If the abilities they thus abuse had been applied to the acquirement of dexterity in legerdemain, these Mediums might now be getting an honest living by sleight of hand.

Isn't it remarkable that although many, if not most, Mediums are women, never—or hardly ever—has any member of our sex yet

appeared in public as a performer in the conjuring line? Why should men continue to monopolise that employment, when our erring sisters, the Mediums, able, as they have often shown themselves, to impose on philosophers, must be so highly qualified for it?

A female conjuror would certainly be a novelty, and ought to be sure, with the abilities of a Medium, to command success. There, now, is a capacity in which Woman is both adapted and at liberty to compete with Man. Why shouldn't there be "Witches" as well as "Wizards" of the North, South, East, or West? If the Medium who has so cleverly hoaxed the Association of Spiritualists and Mr. CROOKES, seeing the errors of her ways, would only come out as a rival to Dr. LYNN, she might yet redeem her reputation, and refute the cynical saying of satirical men that Women are no Conjurors. Why not feminine, equal to MASKELYNE and COOKE?

Believe me ever, dear *Mr. Punch*, your affectionate

SOROR.

P.S.—Or, perhaps, the Medium who has been detected would, for a reasonable remuneration, be willing to explain the way she unties herself. Society, I dare say, would give something to know "how it is done."

A New Year's Cracker.

SIR VERNON HARCOURT speaking, at Oxford, on the Turkish policy, protested he was "no friend to Islam." Naturally not. Two of a trade never agree, and Sir VERNON has occasionally shown himself a False Prophet. How about his latest "tip" for the "first day of next Session being the last of the BRACONSFIELD Administration"? *Nous verrons.*



UNEASY BEDFELLOWS.

(SCENE FROM THE GREAT EUROPEAN PANTOMIME.)

DRAMATIC INFANT-SCHOOLS.



THERE is much talking and writing about Dramatic Schools just now; but Professors, if not Professionals, seem to forget the admirable Infant-Schools already open in the Christmas Theatres.

Punch knows no prettier or more pathetic sight than that presented by most of our Pantomime stages, when filled, like the boxes, with little ones. Gardens—true Kindergarten—all blossoming with flowers of childhood—babyhood almost—real and sweet flowers, though often grown among the soot and smoke of the slums, and the filth and foulness of the gutter. The magic of the flowers transmutes foulness to fragrance.

At these times, Pantomime is not only the scene of Big-heads, but the school of Big-hearts, for they must be big, to take in all these little ones as they do; everyone in the theatre, from Stage-manager and Ballet-master downwards, having a kind way and a kind word in dealing with these mites.

Punch has produced his Pantomime, and he knows there is no happier season than Pantomime time for the children lucky enough to be engaged for Birds or Bees, Spiders or Sprites, Fiends or Fairies, Farm Labourers or Small Soldiers. The run of the Pantomime means the grandest holiday entertainment for them, something beyond all conceivable feasts and summer outings; warmth and brightness, splendour and sparkle, frolic and fun, dressing up and dancing, romping and making a row for two or three hours in the afternoon or at night, and five, or even seven, shillings to carry home to mother at the week's end!

And if this Child's Paradise has to be reached through a few weeks' drilling and dressing, shouting and scolding, what's that to the restraint and stern discipline of the Board-School, or the ups and downs of the battle of life in court or gutter?

And even for teaching, *Punch* is open to back the Theatre, while it lasts, against the Board-School any day. Its teaching is pre-eminently proved by results. Everything taught is tested by public examination. If we don't hear quite so much of the Three R.'s or the Standards, cleanliness, attention, punctuality, and prompt obedience are not bad practical lessons, any more than dancing and deportment, and the conveying of a meaning by look or gesture. What the children get in the theatre, in fact, is school, drill, and dancing-lesson rolled into one.

If *Punch's* readers want to see this Dramatic Infant-School in full swing, let them go to the Opéra Comique, and enjoy *The Children's Pinafore*. They will find the music, duly transposed to the small pipes, as well given in most cases, and the parts as well played, by the children, as by their big brothers and sisters, their cousins and their uncles and their aunts, in the evening.

There is a *Sir Joseph Porter*, whose official solemnity is in the inverse ratio of his size, and who comports himself with as portentous a gravity as if he carried not only the "Queen's Navée," but the Queen's Army, and Civil Service, and the Bench of Bishops, and the Judges of all the Law Courts—nay, the whole weight of Church and State on his small shoulders. There is a *Captain Corcoran*, at once a pink of politeness and a Tartar of tautness, who never "forgets himself," his note, or his word, and looks like a model Captain seen through the small end of a telescope. There is a midshipmite of the mite-iest dimensions, and most deedy determination. There is a bluff Boatswain, a tender and touching *Ralph Rackstraw*, with a sweet, mellow, and well-trained pipe, a pretty and graceful *Josephine*, an ideal and idyllic *Little Buttercup* and a blithe and buxom *coryphée* of the "cousins and the aunts," and, above all, there is a *Dick Deadeye* who is a *Rosson* in miniature. *Punch* does not remember to have seen any actor since that genius in the *Yellow Dwarf* at once so weird and so funny.

In short, every part is capitally filled, and the *Children's Pinafore* must be pronounced a model piece of as clean, neat, and tasteful getting up, as *Punch* would wish to see in his own laundry.

In *Little Boy Blue*, at the Aquarium, besides a smart and

sprightly *Blue Boy*, and a pretty *Red Riding Hood*, a real cow, and turkeys, and pigeons, and cocks and hens, there are the humours of Master *LIONEL BROUGH* as a big little-boy, and a Board-School, conducted on strictly Pantomime principles, with Mr. *BANNISTER* for Mistress, and Mr. *PAULO* for Inspector. The teaching and its results, in these competent hands, may be imagined. Lord *SANDON* and Sir *FRANCIS SANDFORD* should visit this model school, so conveniently near Whitehall.

But what *Punch* wants to talk about just now, is a trio of the sweetest little tots who sing nursery songs in chorus, with a glee and gusto that seems to shine out of their bright black eyes and to break in smiles on their rosy lips, particularly those of a small person of three or four, who, in smock-frock and leggings, and carter's-whip in hand, sings the praises of John Barleycorn behind a brown jug almost as big as herself.

A prettier and more pleasing sight than this childish glee-party *Punch* has not found in the whole realm of Pantomime this year. And why, though she has grown from pretty child to graceful girl, should he not make his old-fashioned *congé* to Miss *HARRIET LAURIE*, the *Columbine* in *Little Boy Blue*, who—but he despairs of doing her justice in prose—"Facit admiratio versum."

Who, for archest expression and daintiest grace,
Sports a linked chain of charms from her foot to her face;
Who keeps up her *entrechats*, *battues*, *poussettes*,
Her languishing *poses* and her light *piroettes*,
And trips it from opening to close of the sets,
And her *Columbine-rôle* ne'er forsakes nor forgets,
And is, altogether, the prettiest of pets!
And in her black tarlatan more heart-hauls gets
Than were e'er caught in thinnest and whitest *tulle* nets,
Worn by less winning fishers, less charming coquettes.

Punch, you see, can't pass over her charmingly eccentric dress. She is the only *Columbine* he ever saw in black, and she makes it look the prettiest and most becoming costume for the part—which it isn't.

This *Columbine* of *Columbines*, *Punch* is glad to say, pervades the Comic Scenes of the Aquarium Pantomime in company with Mr. D. *KITCHEN*—an Artist far more suggestive of drawing-room than kitchen—a *Harlequin* for sprightliness and agility not unworthy of such a *Columbine*.

It is the first time, for long, that *Punch* has seen a *Harlequin* and *Columbine* able, as well as willing, to get out of their spangles and stripes all that feminine grace and masculine activity can find in them. Then Miss *ALICE HOLT* and Miss *PERCEVAL*—*blondine* and *brunette*—are two charming *premières danseuses*. Mr. *PAULO* is a very good *Clown* indeed, and has true humour, though, like most clever *Clowns* nowadays, he takes out in talk what he should put into Pantomime.

Passing from Stage to Platform, but still keeping to Children, *Punch* must say a word on the performance of the Sisters *WEBBING*. He loves young ability and its natural flowers as much as he hates precocity and its forced fruits. These three sisters, the eldest (*JOSEPHINE*) not yet out of her teens, the youngest (*PEGGY*) not yet into them, have none of the objectionable quality of the Juvenile Prodigy or the repulsiveness of the Infant Phenomenon.

Touching and true as may be the pathos of *JOSEPHINE*, *Punch*, as is natural, warms more to the fun of *PEGGY*, which is quite out of the common, and seems to give promise of a future. Only don't let those who have charge of these clever children spoil them with stove-heat and *soirée*-forcing. Let their intelligence be carefully developed and trained, and leave their cleverness to look after itself. *Punch* could not help thinking as he watched their performance, "What a trio of foundation-scholars for his own Dramatic College, or Professor *MORLEY'S* Dramatic School—whichever of them is first opened!"

"Your Surplus to its Right Use."

MIXED Irish ex-incumbents want the Irish Church Surplus employed to eke out the scanty ex-Irish-Church surplice, and fit it better to cover their nakedness. But, ill-fed and ill-clad as the poorer among the Irish Protestant Clergy may be, Government seems disposed to think that the Church Surplus may be better employed in feeding the still hungrier, and clothing the still nakeder, surplus population. At any rate; if it will feed nothing else, it will feed their popularity, at this moment rather in a state of inanition.

Tight v. Loose.

THE quarrel between the *Tight Habit-ans* and *Loose Habit-ans* promises to become as fierce and as prolific of paper, if not party, warfare, as that of the Big Endians and Little Endians in Lilliput.

Without stepping, where all but angels should fear to tread, on the Ladies' riding skirts, *Punch* may venture one remark, that Ladies who are inclined to be fast goers, are likelier to be safe with tight habits than loose ones.



SUPPORT.

Vicar. "SORRY I NEVER SEE YOU AT CHURCH, SQUIRE. AS A LEADING MAN IN THE PARISH, YOU OUGHT TO BE ONE OF THE PILLARS—"

Squire. "WELL, AT ALL EVENTS, IF I'M NOT A PILLAR, I'M ONE O' THE BUTTRESSES—ALWAYS TO BE FOUND OUTSIDE, YOU KNOW!!"

HIS BEST FRIENDS.

"MR. GLADSTONE'S best friends must regret that he should— (do or say anything he may happen to have said or done.)"—*Parrot Phrase of the Period.*

- Best Friend No. 1.* Now really, you know, this is getting too dreadful!
Great genius, of course; but I fear he's gone mad.
- Ditto No. 2.* Of what trait'rous trash is his foolish old head full?
I'm quite of your mind; and it's shockingly sad!
- Ditto No. 3.* He was a great Statesman; but e'en in the City
We fear all his gumption has gone by the board.
- Ditto No. 4.* Ah! if only to figures he'd stick! What a pity!
No chance, I suppose, of his being restored?
- Ditto No. 5.* At seventy? No! Since those wretched atrocities,
He hasn't been sane for an hour, so I hear.
- Ditto No. 6.* Ah! you see he's a slave to such vile animosities,
Much as I still admire him, I think that is clear.
- Ditto No. 7.* Yes, wholly unscrupulous. Splendid old fellow,
Of course! But he does make himself such an ass!
- Ditto No. 8.* As jealous of rivals as any *Othello*,
Although at finance he, of course, is first class!
- Ditto No. 9.* Humph! Y—e—s; though in matters of simple addition
He makes most preposterous blunders, you know.
- Ditto No. 10.* Oh! that's simply done to drive BEN to perdition,
By bursting up NORTHCOOTE'S finance at a blow.
- Ditto No. 11.* Now if I had his ear, I should just recommend him
In friendship's pure spirit to—hold his dashed row!
- Ditto No. 12.* Ah! If I had my way, I to Bedlam would send him,
In kindness—the only fit place for him now!
- Ditto No. 13.* The *Pall Mall* turns him up and has taken to slate him
In true cross-knee style, as you towel a child.
- Ditto No. 14.* Then the Moderate Liberals,—lord! how they hate him!
His power with the People does make them so wild.
- Ditto No. 15.* Ah! panders to popular feeling atrociously,
Although he must know the whole country's with BEN.
- Ditto No. 16.* Nine-tenths of the nation he hates most ferociously,
And savagely slangs them with tongue and with pen.

Best Friend No. 17. He has grown quite a demagogue,
—sorry to say so.
Respect him profoundly, of course,
and all that.

Ditto No. 18. Sentimental old donkey! why, why
will he bray so?
His dull pamphlets fail, his long
speeches fall flat.

Ditto No. 19. Yes, and stir up poor fanatic fools
into madness,
The mischief they cause there's
no mortal may sum.

Ditto No. 20. Alas! Such a spectacle fills one
with sadness.
Would merciful Heaven but
strike the man dumb!

Ditto No. 21. I'm sure enough mud is flung at
him to choke him,
The deuce of it is, though so little
will stick.

Ditto No. 22. Even BOURKE'S handful missed.
Could one only provoke him
To something,—well dirty, the
wind-bag 'twould prick.

Ditto No. 23. No such luck, I'm afraid, that is,
hum, ha—oh! hang him!
He'll come, I feel sure, to the
saddest of ends.

Ditto No. 24. Meanwhile 'tis our duty to pelt him
and slang him
To prove, don't you see, that 'tis
we're his best friends!

POISONING BY PATENT.

(A Little Tragedy of the Statute Book.)

SCENE.—A Chemist's Shop—Legally Disposed Proprietor and three suffering Customers discovered discussing the "Sale of Poisonous Drugs Act."

Legally Disposed Proprietor. Well, you can't have it. There!

First Suffering Customer. There—indeed! Why the child has kept me up, without a blessed wink of sleep, these five nights! You might make us up a 'aporth of laudanum? Come, now.

Legally Disposed Proprietor. Can't do it, my good Lady. Law is law.

Second Suffering Customer. Just so. But my case is very different. I want something just to quiet this neuralgia. Now, I'm told that a little opium—

Legally-disposed Proprietor. No use, Sir; we daren't let you have it. Get a Doctor's order.

Third Suffering Customer. But, really, it is preposterous. Here, I come for something to allay violent symptoms of incipient coma, and do you mean to tell me you can give me nothing calming of any kind?

Legally-disposed Proprietor. Oh, yes, I can do something for you in the patent way. Have you ever tried Deadman's Somnolent Elixir?

Suffering Customers (all together). No! Is it strong?

Legally-disposed Proprietor. Strong? Why, it would send an elephant off like a top (*produces it*), and it's only One-and-Three-ha'pence. We sell a good deal of it.

First Suffering Customer. Give me a bottle.

Second Suffering Customer. Here, I'll have one.

Third Suffering Customer. So will I.

Legally-disposed Proprietor. That is the article (*hands small packet bearing Government Label to each*). But mind the directions, because it is strong. (*Smiling.*) It is what we call a powerful narcotic.

[*Exeunt three Suffering Customers, with three bottles of powerful narcotic, to make arrangements for three Coroner's inquests, as Curtain falls.*]

SHADE OF SWIFT!

"AN OLD LAPUTAN" writes to express his surprise and disappointment at not finding, in some "Statistics of Sunshine" lately published, any mention of the sun-beams extracted out of cucumbers. Perhaps the Royal Society will answer him.



HAPPY THOUGHT FOR THE NEXT LONDON SEASON—FOOTWOMEN.

TWICE AS ORNAMENTAL AS MALE FLUNKYS, WITHOUT BEING A BIT MORE USELESS OR CONORITED.

SACRIFICE TO MORPHEUS.

PUBLIC attention has been lately called to the abuse of opiates, alleged to have become prevalent. If this is so, it may be desirable to know whether the practice of taking narcotic medicines has not coincided, proportionally, with the spread of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors.

A man who, having been long in the habit of going to bed with a "nightcap" of whiskey-and-water, has discontinued it, and is therefore sleepless, may naturally enough endeavour to procure rest by means of morphia or chloral.

Instead, however, of resorting to soporific medicines, too often apt to prove more deleterious than even ardent spirits, would not the sufferer from sleeplessness for temperance sake do wisely to try the effect of somniferous literature? Let him court repose for example, by reading any speech of even moderate length—if he can find one—in "Parliament, Out of Session," the last thing before going to bed, or a typical leading article on the subject of Education and the School-Board. A dissertation upon Indian Finance would perhaps prove equally efficacious; much more so indeed than poppy or mandragora, and all the drowsy syrups of the East, with their vegetable alkaloids and active principles, and the whole of the stupefactive compounds of modern chemistry.

Diamonds in the Distance.

CARBON to crystallise in vain
MACTEAR has taxed his skill;
The Diamond he can't obtain,
So carat *carot* still.
But Chemic Art, he reckons, must
Breed brilliants by-and-by;
Meanwhile, he will make Diamond-dust,
So MACTEAR dries his eye.

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM.—Our Epicure thinks this is especially true of Turkeys.

SOME SIGNS OF THE REVIVAL OF THE DRAMA.

Sign 1.—That Mr. HARE has a Picture Gallery in the St. James's.

Sign 2.—That Mr. BANCROFT is renovating the Haymarket.

Sign 3.—That Professor MORLEY has lectured.

Sign 4.—That Mr. H. J. BYRON has written to say how much he approves of the Professor's Lecture.

Sign 5.—That Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, Poet and Politician, wrote a fortnight since to the *Standard*, informing us how in a "state of passive pessimism" (where had he been dining?) he visited a Theatre "punctually at eight" (notice "*punctually at eight*"—this sounds like an "order"—"not admitted after eight"—eh?), and was "distressed" to find the house comparatively empty. Of course had he announced his intention of honouring the Theatre with his distinguished presence, the management would have issued other orders accordingly, and would have received him with wax candles, and the red baize down. But that the eminent Poet-Politician should go to the Theatre at all, is really a matter of congratulation to those interested in the revival of the Drama, seeing that he takes the greatest care to disclaim, as a matter of course, all knowledge of persons so much beneath his own intellectual level, as "the Authors, Actors or Manager." "I need scarcely say," wrote this gifted Visitor, "that I know nothing whatever about the Authors, Actors, or Manager, concerned in the Court Theatre." Well, as to the Authors, Actors, and Manager, "their state is the more gracious."

Sign 6.—That the Acting Manager of the Court Theatre showed in his immediate reply to the Poet-Politician's letter how utterly ignorant he (the Acting Manager) was of the great importance to the Drama of the existence of the Gentleman whom he mentioned as "Your Correspondent, 'ALFRED AUSTIN.'" This is a sign of the elevation of the Drama. Bravo, Acting Manager of the Court!

Sign 7.—That ALFRED AUSTIN—ALFRED the Less—congratulates ALFRED TENNYSON—ALFRED the Great—on having "added his name to the list of British playwrights."

Sign 8.—That ALFRED the Less declares in this same letter that he is "not a Dramatic Critic." Whoever said, or thought, he was?

Sign 9.—That ALFRED the Less is well aware his opinion is not worth much, and so makes a handsome present of it to the *Standard*.

Sign 10.—That ALFRED the Less "will not dissemble."

Sign 11.—That he is pleased with the popularity of a little work, by one SHAKESPEARE, at the Lyceum.

Sign 12.—That he considers the appearance of Mr. BANCROFT, at the Haymarket Theatre, a sign that the English Stage is capable of something more than Farces, and indecent Burlesques.

Sign 13.—After this expression of opinion, it is highly probable that Mr. IRVING, Mr. BANCROFT, and Mr. HARE will receive MSS. of something more than Farces and indecent Burlesques—perhaps a dramatic version of that devout and chastened work *The Season, a Satire*, by ALFRED AUSTIN, specially dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT, or an arrangement for the Stage of that exquisitely pure composition *The Human Tragedy*.

Sign 14.—That Mr. VAL PRINSEP has been implored by several admiring friends to write another little "trifle light as HARE," for the St. James's.

Sign 15.—That a Magic Lantern is used at the Alhambra.

Sign 16.—That Mr. FRENCH, the American Publisher, and Mr. BANCROFT, have paid Mr. SARDOU £2,000 for a piece before it is written. From which it may be deduced that VICTORIEN SARDOU knows a version of the "Confidence Trick."

Sign 17.—That the *Falcon*, at the St. James's, is a real live bird.

Sign 18.—That Mr. W. S. GILBERT meditates becoming an American Citizen, and stopping there.

Sign 19.—That Mr. CHARLES WARNER, after another success, will receive several testimonials, and retire.

Sign 20.—That Mr. RUSKIN lately appeared at the Lyceum, and that Mr. IRVING was intensely delighted.

Sign 21.—That several young Noblemen are engaged to "come on" in the Club Scene of *Money*, at the Haymarket. If this doesn't

do much for the principle, it at least adds to the interest—of *Money*.

But perhaps the best sign of all is that there are more Theatres open now than ever there were, receiving better support than ever they did—more careful performance all round than ever there was; and, with all these advantages, that the state of the Drama is much about the same as ever it was, while there are just about the same number of folks to thrust themselves forward, and talk loudly about what they don't understand, the real practical professional men remaining silent, as deeming it a wiser course to let well alone, and allow the Stage, which is "a self-educating profession," to educate itself. *Ecce Signa!*

ARCTIC AËRONAUTICS.



"THE PROPOSED NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—A Deputation from the London Central Arctic Committee has had an interview with the LORD MAYOR, with the view of laying before him the scheme of a proposed new Expedition to the North Pole. Mr. PULESTON, M.P., introduced the Deputation; and amongst the other members of it were Captain BEDFORD PIM, R.N., Commander CHEYNE, R.N., Mr. CHARLEY, M.P., Mr. H. COXWELL, the aeronaut, and Mr. ANNAND, the Canadian Government Agent."—*Daily News*.

"It must be done; and England shall do it," says the old Pilot in Mr. MILLAIS'S Picture—meaning that the Union Jack must be hoisted on the North Pole, and that JACK'S the lad to hoist it. According to the new scheme, the speech should have come, not from a Pilot, but a Pilot Balloon. Mr. MILLAIS'S Picture was painted before the failure of the last Arctic attempt of the *Alert* and *Discovery*. JACK BULL may be the lad to do it, but hardly the LORD MAYOR, even with the aid of Mr. COXWELL, Commander CHEYNE, Captain BEDFORD PIM, and Dr. KINNS, particularly when their plan of Polar attack is literally *en l'air*, being principally based on ballooning, while their sinews of war are to be contributions to be raised throughout the English Counties by Local Arctic Committees. If these Polar promoters succeed in raising the wind by such means, *Punch* is prepared to allow that they may not only reach, but carry off, the North Pole in a Balloon.

Punch hates to throw cold water on anything that aims at serving

science, and finds a field for pluck, and cold water seems the last thing to fling on a North Polar adventure; but the line must be drawn somewhere. There are limits to Quixotism, even of the scientific or heroic kind; and if they are fixed at latitude 82° north, *Punch* does not see who would be the worse for such fixing.

A chain is only as strong as its weakest point, and a Cheyne is no stronger.

The employment of balloons to give the discoverers a bird's-eye view of the Pole deserves at least the credit of originality. But will it wash? Though Mr. COXWELL is, naturally, most at home in the air, and thinks that as he has gone up at 43° below freezing-point here there can't be much difficulty in starting at the same temperature in the Arctic, *Punch* must protest against these preparations for a costly performance of Balloonacy in the theatre of everlasting ice and eternal snow.

Considering that balloons defy steerage, and that every hundred yards they go up the temperature goes down, while there will be no hard hauling and continuous movement, as with sledging-parties, to keep the blood in circulation, we don't envy the Arctic aeronauts. Mr. COXWELL thinks a Captive Balloon had better be tried first, "to get a view of the icebergs ahead." *Punch* entirely agrees with him, though he can see icebergs enough ahead without any balloons. At any rate, if a Captive Balloon is to be used, don't let it be anchored by a Cheyne. Iron, we know, is apt to snap under sudden changes of temperature, and is always dangerous to handle in high latitudes.

The LORD MAYOR was very polite, and full of good wishes. Of course he knew nothing about the Arctic, and nothing about ballooning, but he was always glad to receive deputations of eminent and scientific men, and he would be delighted to lend the Mansion House for a public meeting. "No one could object to the project being thoroughly thrashed out." No one—except Captain CHEYNE, who wants the project "warmly taken up"—not thoroughly "thrashed out," as we fancy it is pretty certain to be by any jury of scientific citizens.

"No doubt," added the LORD MAYOR, "if Commander CHEYNE'S plans met with approval, he would soon receive the means of carrying them out." "Great virtue in an 'if,'" says *Touchstone*. The only way in which *Punch* could wish to see this wild scheme "carried out," for the sake of Commander CHEYNE himself, and all who may be supposed capable of linking on to him, would be by its being, once for all, carried out of the pale of serious discussion, and decently buried among other fantastic projects, in the Limbo-land of Laputa.

That is its ultimate destiny. Better it should be reached without previous loss of valuable life and waste of valuable money.

Learning and Letters.

"X. Y. Z." tells the *Times*, in a letter,
How spelling might simplified be:
Very good, but perhaps it were better
On that point to consult A. B. C.

Turned t'other Way (by a Tory).

"Great and sacred words that symbolise noble and illustrious thoughts, but no man living has done so much as the Author of the quotation to turn them both topsy-turvy."—*Sir W. Harcourt at Oxford*.

IMPERIUM et Libertas.—"Office and the Liberal Party."

Ejaculation of an Old Toper.

(In one of Dr. Cameron's Retreats.)

"WATER, water everywhere,
But not 'a drop to drink.'"

MANNERS MAKE THE MAN.

(On the recent appointment of Lord J. M.'s Brother-in-Law to the Registrar Generalship.)

"LET Hygiène, Vital Statistics die,
But leave us still our old job-o-gracy!"

A BASE, BRUTAL, AND BLOODY-MINDED SAXON'S REASON.

WHY are outside Jaunting Cars peculiar to the Irish?
Because you cannot put the members of a family face to face, even going to Church, without a Row.

THE PRESS AND THE "PALLADIUM OF LIBERTY."

FOR libel when a Blackguard's action's tried,
Juries lean mostly to the Plaintiff's side.



OUT OF SIGHT, NOT OUT OF MIND.

Stout Gentleman (whistling). "PHEW—PHEW—LION!—LION!—WHERE THE DEVIL HAS THAT LITTLE BEAST GOT TO! PHEW!—PHEW!"

JEMIMER JANE ON JIMCRACKS.

DEAR 'LIZER,

Yes, it's all too true; I've bin and lost my situation, Wus luck, in winter time and all! Life's jest a round of botheration. The nob's as all the plums, my dear, they leaves us 'ardly a Sultaney. I left quite sudden, all along o'—what d'yer think?—a bit o' chaney.

Drat crockery, I sez, and most pertikler drat them there blue-and-white Chineses. Why did they go inventing stuff as is the 'ousemaid's wust o' teases? 'Twas bad enough when crockery's right place was the kitchen dresser; But now it's all the go upstairs it's wus. I pities my successor!

I saw her 'LIZER, sech red hands, and nubbly-like about the knuckles, Same as my own. I know the sort, and—praps 'twas wicked, dear—I chuckles; Thinks I, "them fingers will go blue and slippy, 'tain't no use *their* trying To holt on jimcracks, when they're cold, and won't there soon be Bob's-a-dying?"

Fingers is curious; mine 'll holt a broom with any gal in Brixton, But when it comes to knicknacks, lor! you think yer grip is firmly fixed on, When slips they goes, and there you are, at about the least o' warnings, Which fingers will go perished in cold water o' winter mornings.

In course, there's no allowance made, and wot's the use o' glycerining, Or warming o' 'em at the gas? Corns, and the cold and constant cleaning, Would spile the lily 'ands o' them as treats thein in a different manner, With fluff-lined gloves and Kallydore, and twiddling on a grand peyanner.

It's chaney, chaney, everywhere, a source o' constant shines and rackets, They 'angs it all about the walls, and perches of it up on brackets, Till if you moves your elbers sharp, or whisks your skirt, down flops a something, Which this new iad for crockery is what I calls a downright rum thing.

Nasty ill-shapen smudged old pots, cracked saucers, cups at about no 'andles, Jugs as won't hold, and candlesticks in which they never sticks no candles, Goggle-eyed Hidols, ogious things, as seems to me a sin to store 'em, But bless yer! toffs bid 'igh for 'em, and swell young ladies jest adore 'em.

To see 'em patting o' 'em soft like baby's cheeks, is quite disgusting,— Why that there hidjus little god I went and smashed as I was dusting

They reglar *kissed*; and when I told Miss CYNTHY as I'd gone and dropped it, The scolding, blubbering scene there was! I thought they never would a stopped it.

They called me, oh! the frightful names, a Bohea-Moth, and a Philistian!

At last I ups, and sez, sez I, "This ain't no way to treat a Christian.

It may have b'longed to POMPEY DOOR, and bin uneek, scoopreme, and so on:

Yet 'tis but clay, which flesh and blood can't stand the way you Ladies go on.

"Orkurd," sez I, "I may be, which I'm sorry for, but more by token,

If folks with jimcracks go and stuff the blessed place, some must get broken:

'Ousemaids ain't got no call in a curocity shop jammed hup with crockery.

Dustpan and broom in this 'ere room, I sez, is reglar right down mockery!"

That settled *me*; but there, I couldn't a 'elped it if they'd 'ung me for it;

And so you see poor 'ousemaids now is wictimised by one more worrit,

Just 'as if caps, No followers, and beetles wot you squash in vain.

Wosn't enough! Well, sech is life!

Yours, out of place,

JEMIMER JANE.

A WORD FOR THE WIVES.

MR. JUSTICE BRETT has been speaking his mind from the Bench on the decay of the rude chivalry of fair-play in England since fighting with fists went out, and kicking and knifing came in.

The learned, and athletic judge—in his time, like *Punch's* excellent friend, Mr. Justice DENMAN, he pulled a good oar at his 'Varsity—declared his intention of dealing mercifully with death or damage brought about in fair fight.

This seems to indicate that he holds in some degree with the opinion that the Prize-Ring tended to inculcate the unmanliness of hitting below the belt, or striking a man when he was down. Perhaps these rules came less from the Prize-Ring than from the Saxon blood, in which the spirit of such rules, as well as the noble art of self-defence, was bred.

At all events, Englishmen both practised and insisted on the laws of fair fighting before there was a P. R., and when cudgel play and quarter-staff were the rustic forms of the *duello* instead of fisticuffs. The P. R., it is to be feared, was the growth of a brutal time, and the concomitant of coarse and dissolute manners, as its decline and fall have kept pace with an improvement in general decency, education, and refinement.

All the same, whether fisticuffs brought the love of fair play, or faith in fair play engendered fisticuffs, Justice BRETT is right in denouncing the brutality of foul hitting, and, above all, of kicking. Fists are—if not refined—at least manly weapons. Not so feet—especially feet with boots on. But most brutal of booted feet are those used to kick not only men but women, and not women only, but wives!

When are we to see our Judges making up a common mind to punish wife-kicking as it deserves, and no longer to allow the murder of a wife by sheer brutality to be the form of homicide which a man may commit with the surest prospect of a light punishment?

Not Quite Such A False Prophet, Perhaps.

WHAT Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT did prophesy—and whether the prediction prove false or true, he finds a great many ready to back it—was that the first day, not of the next Session, but of the next Parliament, would be the last of the present Government. May that last arrive, and may *Punch* be there to see it.

SUMMARY OF PRESENT ENTERTAINMENT AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.—*Righton and Brighton.*

THE HIGH-CHURCH JACKDAW.



GOOD VINCENT BOURNE'S audacious Daw,
Perched high upon a steeple,
With constant note would caw and caw,
In cool contempt of Church and Law,
And peaceful people.

Like, yet unlike, that cynic bird,
This pest of peaceful Churches
With borrowed plumes that look absurd,
And mimic croak too loudly heard,
Stubbornly perches.

A Jackdaw pert that none may scare,
A foolish fowl but noisy,
That sticks to his Established perch,
Nor seeks a nest outside the Church,
Like honest VOYSEY.

Midstrangerites and strange clothes at home,
And self-reliant,
This Daw, in feathers filched from Rome,
Flaunts underneath St. Alban's dome,
Of Law defiant.

Sense sickens of his unctuous caw,¹
To Judge and Bishop hateful;
Could scare-crow, or of Church or Law,
But put to flight this daring Daw,
The world were grateful!

YOUTH has to learn the three R's. Old
Age has learned the three V's—Vanity!
Vanity! Vanity!

"Chitty! Chitty! Piano! Piano!"

MR. CHITTY, Q.C., who is going in as Sir VERNON HARCOURT'S colleague at Oxford, is taking upon himself a weighty responsibility. Before he jogs on any further on the Parliamentary hobby, let him remember that

"Post Equity sedet atra cura."

A WORD ON THE WEATHER.

"ZERO" presents his compliments to the Geological Society; and begs to be informed whether they do not think it probable that this country has arrived at the commencement of another "Glacial Period."

MOTTO FOR EVERY WELL-ORDERED DINNER-TABLE.—"No Larks!"



"WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?"

HARD LINES!

HERE is a specimen of the truths which Mr. PARNELL is flinging broadcast in the States. The following gems are from his speech at Newark, a flourishing manufacturing town of New Jersey, a few miles from New York:—

"Last evening the cable told us that the British Government, unable to sweep back the movement, had resorted to massacre. In Galway County the police had fired upon the people. Such occurrences show us how terrible is the condition of things in Ireland. It is part of the policy of the landlords to use the armed force as part of their method of eviction, and picture if you can what an eviction is! The house is broken into, the furniture broken by sledge-hammers. No respect is paid to age or sex, or even to death. Although I am no advocate of force, yet, at the same time, such deeds as we have heard of are enough to stir the hearts of the most patient people to use force. (*Applause.*) The English Press tell you of cattle disabled and landlords shot, but they never specify any case, and now, after all the forbearance of the people, the Government were the first to shed blood. I say those people were murdered, and I say it fearlessly, and I shall repeat it in the House of Commons when I get there. (*Applause.*) That was noble conduct on the part of the people when they, with their brothers and sisters shot down beside them, still forebore from violence. It will hardly be believed, but it was a fact in our last famine, that when corn was seized by the landlords for rent it was burnt by them in the sight of the starving people. We desire to make the tenant-farmers the owners—that is our policy. (*Applause.*) We think the system which puts middlemen between those who own and those who work the land is an artificial system. You had landlords in this State once, but in your rough and ready method you abolished them. In France they had landlords, but in the Revolution they were hung to the lamp-posts. In Prussia they divided the land and gave the landlords a third in small fragments. I am afraid it will be with our efforts as it was with the books of the Sibyl. She offered all her books for a price, and on a refusal went off and burnt one and came back and offered the rest, and so on until the price was paid for the one book that was left. The Irish landlords will refuse our offer, and we shall offer less and less until we get what we want, and we shall surely get it."

And yet in answer to these heart-rending appeals, these revolting cases of tyranny, oppression and outrage, Uncle SAM cruelly and cold-heartedly buttons up his pockets. When in spite of PARNELL, he sends relief to the starving and suffering Irish in the South and West, left destitute by the cruelty of the season, not of their landlords, he prefers to do it through the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH,

or, if Roman Catholic, the clergy of the party he desires to help, instead of Messrs. PARNELL and DILLON.

This is too cruel—neither trust their oratory for truth, nor their agency for relief! What does Uncle SAM take them for?

For firebrands, perhaps, bent on spreading hate and lawlessness, anarchy and ruin, in the hopes of picking popularity and influence out of the mess. Or, perhaps, for agitators blinded by prejudice, giddy with the fumes of mob incense, and drunk with the wine of hate for the Saxon and unreasoning plaudits of the Celt. For anything, in short, but for faithful describers of facts, or trustworthy channels of alms. Such is Uncle SAM's ridiculous prejudice—much as he knows from experience of Irish nature and Irish agitation.

COOL, IF NOT CHILLY.

THE following letter has found its way to 85, Fleet Street. From internal evidence *Mr. Punch* imagines it must have been intended for one of his daily contemporaries:—

SIR,

January 26, 1880.

I HAVE read with the greatest possible pleasure the communications evidently emanating from the purest of philanthropists which you have from time to time published in your valuable columns concerning the war between Chili and Peru. A great opportunity of practical benevolence offers itself at the present moment to the former country. Peru is beaten, hopelessly beaten; and now is the hour for Chili to set an example to the whole world moderation, kindness, and generosity. It is, indeed, a grand thought! The Chilians are a noble people, and they should be worthy of their reputation! But, after all, human nature is human nature; and should "the English of South America" show any hesitation in pursuing the path I am about to point out to them, it is my firm opinion that the Great Powers of Europe should employ their Moral Force in compelling them into it. If Moral Force fails, why then the most peaceable amongst us may discover the real use of those "bloated armaments" which have caused so much vague and wide-spread apprehension. In a word, a "Menace to the Peace of Europe," might be turned into a "Source of the Prosperity of South America." It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the horrors of war. To every

one with the least imagination the words call up visions of desolate homes, weeping widows, ruined industries, and starving orphans! So terrible a scourge is war, that although Chili may have been thoroughly in the right, although treaties may have been broken, and defiance hurled by Peru, still it is her duty to make peace on any terms—I repeat, on any terms.

At the same time, “any terms,” is rather a large phrase, and so that there may be no mistake, I jot down the basis of an agreement which I would suggest should be signed immediately.

1. Peace to be made between Chili and Peru at once.
2. Chili being the conqueror, to consent to all the demands of Peru. *Noblesse oblige.*
3. Chili to undertake never to go to war again.
4. Chili to increase her taxes and reduce her expenditure.
5. Both countries to disarm, and the Chilean Fleet to be sold for the benefit of the world.
6. (And most important of all). Chili to become directly responsible for debts owing to foreigners by Peru.

This, Sir, I submit would be a satisfactory conclusion to the heart-rending war now ravaging the most productive portion of South America!

As an earnest of the thorough disinterestedness of my advice, I beg to sign myself,
Yours respectfully,

A PERUVIAN BONDHOLDER.

Reynard's Retreat, Slyfoxbury.

A SONG OF ST. ALBAN'S.



GOOD people, friends,
and fellows of sym-
pathetic soul,
Take pity on the sorrows
of a Bishop in the hole.
A Schismatic to plighted
vows unfaithful and
untrue
Defies and disobeys me—
and I know not what
to do.

A Clerk in Holy Orders,
with a craze for Romish
rites,
Persists in burning in-
cense, lighting up for-
bidden lights,
Striking attitudes illegal,
wearing vestments con-
traband,
Flying in Lord PENZANCE'S
face, and the teeth of my
command.

The Arehes' Court admonished him—he didn't care a straw,
And now he stands suspended, but he still contemns the law.
Continuing to play the Priest, in pseudo-popish trim.
Though he commit contempt of Court, the Court commits not him.

Because one fool makes many—fools are constituted so—
And of all fools, fools made martyrs in their wake make others go,
If I wished our mimic Mass-Priests with the Public to prevail,
I'd say—“Send yonder simious sacerdotalist to gaol.”

To mandate of suspension I by force could make him bow.
But then, you see, I daren't do that for fear there'd be a row;
They want to start another suit; though, if condemned once more,
He'll treat Law's *brutum fulmen* as serenely as before.

The tinkle of that bell-wether misleading I must brook,
And let him with his errant flock elude the shepherd's crook;
Though a queer sheep's this, whose kicking against the pricks reveals
More of the long-eared animal that spurns rebuke with heels.

Or his emblem seeking rather in the sty than in the fold,
Best type of this obstructive in its pachyderm behold.
Pig-headed, he lacks logic, or persuasions pushing home,
He had gone the whole hog long ago from England's Church to Rome.

But now he is his private Pope; no Bishop he'll obey;
Non possumus he answers when bid put his pranks away;
No episcopal superior can make him turn a hair,
The more Law pegs away at him the more he doesn't care!

LATEST FROM BIRMINGHAM.—Our Reform Club has commenced.

MONOPOLY.

Government Drama, in Two Acts—not yet licensed.

ACT I.

“The telegraphs were given over to the Post-Office in February, 1870, not for the advantage of the department, but solely for the good of the community at large.”—*Daily Paper.*

SCENE—*The neighbourhood of a Public Department in 1870.*

Enter Unprotected Briton, pursued by Demons of Private Enterprise.

Unprotected Briton (flourishing a written dispatch). I tell you I want to send it to Slocum-in-the-Slush.

First Demon. Do you? Then you may take it there yourself.

Second Demon. Rather! How do you think we can afford to lay lines wherever you like 'em, eh? [*They dance round him.*]

Unprotected Briton. Nay, harass me not! I only know this is preposterous, and that I shall write to the *Times*. But, will no one help me?

Gong. The Spirit of Paternal Government appears in a blaze of limelight.

Spirit of Paternal Government. I will! [*The Demons cower.*] There is no limit either to my benevolence or to my banking account. See, you can now send your message to Slocum-in-the-Slush for the charge of one shilling!

[*Waves his wand. New lines ramify in all directions. The Unprotected Briton kneels in grateful wonder.*]

Demons of Private Enterprise. Ha! ha! But a day will come! [*Exeunt down traps in red fire.*]

Spirit of Paternal Government. Possibly. But for the moment there do not exist two more blithe and contented individuals than the Spirit of Paternal Government—

Unprotected Briton. And his new protégé, the Protected Briton!

Tableau. Act-drop.

ACT II.

“The present claim of the Post-Office is nothing less than an attempt to stand between the public and the full utilisation and enjoyment of a great scientific improvement.”—*Daily Paper.*

SCENE—*The Premises of a new Scientific Company, in 1880.*

Enter Protected Briton, pursued by the Demon of Paternal Government.

Protected Briton (seizing mouthpiece of ingenious apparatus). But I tell thee, persecuting Fiend, I will communicate with Wapping by this excellent arrangement! And not even thy grasping monopoly shall stay me. See, it leaves thy clumsy, old-fashioned, halting machinery nowhere!

[*Endeavours to conduct a conversation through it. Demon of Paternal Government (dragging him away).* Not a word, minion, shall you utter, except through me. Success has made me proud. Say that I take two hours to transmit your nine words to the other side of Billingsgate. What of that? You are my creature—my slave. Ha! ha! After Eight P.M., try to communicate with—even Chelsea, and see what comes of it!

Protected Briton. Mocking monster, thy rule is o'er! Behold,—these are my new friends; and they will help me!

The Scene opens and discloses the Angels of Private Enterprise descending in a silvery shower of Prospectuses.

First Angel of Private Enterprise. Certainly, and we hope to make a good thing of this. The divine light of science can never be quenched for mere fiscal considerations.

Second Angel of Private Enterprise. Never! especially when a great public interest is to be considered, and a handsome dividend expected.

Protected Briton. Benevolent beings, charge me, ultimately, what you will! To-day, at least, I am yours.

Demon of Paternal Government (seizing him). Never! Ten years ago you signed this irrefragable compact with me [*produces Act of Parliament*]. Come. You are mine!

Angels of Private Enterprise. Walker! Compel him, if you can.
Demon of Paternal Government. I will, with this! [*Waves hand. An Attorney-General springs up through a Vampire-trap.*] See, my attendant spirit is about to wage an appeal for an interim injunction in the Exchequer Division. Ha! ha! And now,—do your worst!

[*Tableau. Angels of Private Enterprise consulting a Solicitor. Protected Briton writing to the Times. Curtain.*]

“HAS NUGA SERIA DUOUNT IN MALA” (*freely translated by Our School-boy at home for the holidays.*)—“Castor oil follows Christmas trifle.”

QUESTIONS TO BE ASKED.

(On the Frontier—between Science and Misgiving.)



PUNCH's function is to see and present the humorous side of things. But he is quite aware that most things have a serious side, besides, and that very often nothing suggests the serious side so strongly as the view of the humorous one. And growing out of the serious side of things, are questions so serious that even *Punch*, with all his propensity to laugh, can't make fun, or make light of them. Thus, *buffo* as he is, and with the wholesome fear of the *Pall Mall* before his eyes, and the knowledge that if he asks himself and other people disagreeable questions, or dares to feel, or say he feels, uncomfortable about our doings in Afghanistan, he must make up his mind to be called an unpatriotic and disaffected wretch who gloats over national hitches,—he cannot help asking, *à propos* of our latest intelligence from that troublesome and tumultuous Afghanistan, which we are making "friendly, united, and independent," in such an original fashion,—

IS IT TRUE, that 25,000 Ghazis have collected fifty miles from Cabul, and intend advancing on the Capital?

IS IT TRUE, that large quantities of supplies are being collected for them in the Logar Valley?

IS IT TRUE, that MAHOMED JAN has written to the Chief of the Lughmanis, who has 20,000 followers ready to co-operate with him in an attack on the British?

IS IT TRUE, that on all sides there is every indication of preparations for a serious and well-organised rising?

IS IT TRUE, that General ROBERTS, in the midst of all this, has with him at Shirpur a force of only 3,000 effective European troops, and 4,800 natives?

IS IT TRUE, that in spite of the undesirable gravity of the situation, the Viceroy, and those who direct him, either can't, or won't say whether the country is to be evacuated, or annexed, and knows absolutely nothing of what will be done with it, if it is to be permanently held?

IS IT TRUE, that the Cabinet know no more, if possible, even less, than Lord LYTON?

IS IT TRUE, that Russia has succeeded in trailing a gigantic and costly red-herring across the scent for us, and may congratulate herself on seeing both the Jingo and Alarmist packs in full cry after it?

IS IT TRUE, that the present aspect of Asian and African affairs warrants Ministerial crowing?

AND IS IT TRUE, that the country finding itself involved in grave anxiety, and saddled with heavy expenditure, owing to the possession of a frontier, scientific or otherwise, and the tales that hang thereby, Lord BRACONSFIELD will require something stronger than a new phrase to satisfy us that a lime-light policy lends either dignity or security to a great Empire?

Phœbus and Cynthia.

A LECTURE is reported to have been lately delivered at the British Horological Institute, Northampton Square, by Mr. G. N. WHIPPLE, Chief of the Meteorological Department, Kew, "On Sunshine and the various modes of registering and observing it." For more than twelve months the opportunities presented for the investigation of sunshine have been exceedingly rare. But, in a world where deception and illusion ever abound, there are always abundant facilities for observing and registering moonshine.

CAB OWNERS ON CAB ACCIDENTS.

THIS island is one of the Society Islands—though a long way from the others. Great Britain is an island of societies, some reasonable, others ridiculous. Success to a Social Alliance with something like a sensible purpose—the Streets Accident Prevention Society. A meeting of the society above-named was waited upon a few days ago, at their offices in Bishopsgate, by a deputation representing the London Cab Proprietors. Precautions for the protection of life and limb must, of course, involve expense. For example, for it to compel cabs to carry lights at night would cost something.

Of course it was not the mere cost of providing lamps that the cab proprietors objected to. "The cab-interest," said a Mr. MERRY, "objected to cabs being selected above all other vehicles for the invidious distinction of being obliged to carry lights." This, however, he was told the Society did not press for. It desired lights to be obligatory on all vehicles at nights, "down to a costermonger's barrow." But the cab interest had further arguments to urge against cab-lights.

"Mr. KING, another cab proprietor, said it was a question whether lights on cabs at night did not actually cause accidents, as the 'hansoms,' which carried lights, caused more accidents than the four-wheelers, which did not as a rule carry lights."

Mr. KING did not argue that cab-lights attract silly people as candle-lights do moths, or assist perverse simpletons to get into the way of cabs on purpose. Waiving the connection of cab-lights with cab accidents in the way of cause and effect, he went on to plead that those accidents occurred from various causes—most of them the fault of those whom they befell. This part of the argument was illustrated by one more speaker in the cab interest, a Mr. CASE, in particular, putting the cabmen's case thus:—

"The fact was the public stood on the kerb of a road, and, instead of looking to the right for the coming traffic, dashed towards the road with their faces to the left, where the traffic was going, and so themselves caused accidents."

This is something new. Most people imagine that street traffic runs to and fro, from right to left and *vice versa*. But, assuming that everybody well knew it ran all one way, Mr. CASE continued:—

"Newspapers and the Magistrates sometimes held that the public had a right to the road; but the Superior Courts had ruled that the public had a right only to the pathway, and that the roadway was to be used by passengers with care and judgment. If a person crossed the road where there was no crossing, he was bound to use special care, while a driver had to use care at crossings."

In saying this Mr. CASE probably meant to say no more than he said. But perhaps what too many a cabman may imagine him to have meant is, that the driver is bound to drive carefully over crossings only, and that everywhere else in the open street it is solely the concern of the foot-passenger to look out for himself, and mind not to get driven over, care not to drive over him not being the cab-driver's business at all. To disabuse both cabmen and cab proprietors of this impression will, of course, be one of the first businesses of the Street Accident Prevention Society.

In the meanwhile the ideas of cabmen with regard to crossings may be a matter for the attention of Mr. CROSS. The Right Hon. Gentleman will, perhaps, also consider what it is that, whilst cabs are made to carry lights in all other European Capitals, renders it impossible to make them do so in the British Metropolis.

ASSIZE ECONOMY.

A GENTLEMAN of the Bar on Circuit at Carnarvon, informs a contemporary of the following facts:—

While Mr. Justice GROVE was trying prisoners in the Crown Court at that place, a single prisoner, awaiting his trial on the morrow at the Beaumaris Assizes for a trivial offence committed in the next County, Anglesey, lay confined a few yards off in Carnarvon Gaol.

This solitary captive would have to be conveyed to Beaumaris, there to take his trial before a Judge who, but for that single case on the Calendar, would be entitled to a pair of white kid gloves. As neither was there any civil cause to be tried, High Sheriff, Grand Jurors, County officials, and Common Jurors would all have to attend and meet Her Majesty's Judge, with nothing more to do among them all than try this accused unit.

But for "the inflexibility of existing arrangements," the prisoner could have walked over the way and had his case disposed of at Carnarvon.

As it was, Judge and Prisoner, in order that the former might try the latter, were required to travel some sixteen miles into the next county, perhaps by the same train.

Charged with but a trivial offence, the solitary prisoner, probably was not even handcuffed. If he was, would not the most appropriate material for his manacles have been red tape?



NATURE, LOVE, AND BILIOUSNESS.

MRS. FRANK JOLIBOIS, AS SHE APPEARS, MORE OR LESS, IN HER PHOTOGRAPHS AND TO THE WORLD IN GENERAL: AND A VERY CHARMING PERSON SHE IS WHEN ONCE YOU KNOW HER!

MRS. FRANK JOLIBOIS, AS SHE STILL APPEARS TO THAT BEST OF FELLOWS, HER HUSBAND, WHEN IN HIS NORMAL CONDITION; AND LONG MAY SHE CONTINUE TO DO SO!

MRS. FRANK JOLIBOIS, AS SHE APPEARS TO THE SAME, WHEN HE HAS BEEN SUPPING OVERNIGHT AT THE "GRIDIRON," WITH A LOT OF OTHER JOLLY BOYS, AS HE SOMETIMES WILL!

MORAL.—DON'T SUP AT THE GRIDIRON, OR ANY OTHER CLUB. IN POINT OF FACT, DON'T SUP AT ALL!

THE RISING BUFFO.

(Judged by the Setting One.)

Old Star loquibur—

"*LARGO al Factotum!*" Ah!
Feels the character, no doubt.
"Hailed as leading buffo!" Bah!
Older hands could bowl him out.
Of my quality a touch
Might perhaps his pride diminish.
Lots of "go"—maybe too much—
But no finish!

Bellows plenty, acting fair,
Phrasing sometimes really neat,

But he overmarks the air—
Surest proof of green conceit.
Needs no end of tact to tell
How to manage *florituri*—
Deals too much in trill and swell,
Flash and fury.

Toujours perdrix—rather say,
Dish that is *all Sauce piquante*,
Palls on palate. 'Twill not pay—
This crude vigour that you vaunt.
Forte and staccato tire;
Dolce does it very often.
Florid force and firework fire
Art should soften.
Clear *cantabile*, with swell
And *crescendo* now and then—

That's the sort of thing to tell,
With the general run of men.
Public has a taste for throats
That can run the scale—it fires
them;
But a song that's *all* top-notes
Quickly tires them.

Much to learn, my Buffo bold!—
Though your "means" are fairly
good—
Ere the house you fix and hold
As a leading Singer should.
Mellowness, restraint, and tone,
Taste of point and flash less greedy:
These are things to make your own—
Experto crede!

Bark and Bite.

MR. SMELFUNGUS writes to suggest that as Quinine is the known specific for Ague, and as sufferers in the cold fits of the shakes are Chilly 'uns, *par excellence*, no doubt the Chilians owe their recovery from their cold fits to having taken the Peruvian Bark, not, however—under its usual name of *Chinchona*, but *Huascar*.

MOST WELCOME.

THE House of Representatives of the United States have voted Mr. PARNELL a reception in their Chamber. Suppose they kept him there till they see how they like him as a Representative Man.

ABOARD THE *BACCHANTE*.—A False Alarm—the Royal Tattoo.

Disorganisation of Charity.

A BENEVOLENT man, named GARDNER, has left a sum of no less than £300,000 for the benefit of the blind. Let us hope that most of this money is not destined in the long run to be expended on bricks-and-mortar, and so prove less beneficial to the Blind than the Builder.

THE GRANUM SALIS.

ONE true thing PARNELL said in his Newark speech the other day—

"We in Ireland are not listened to in England."

Would we could add, "Nor in Ireland either."

MESSMATES.—Waders in the mud of the London streets after a thaw.



THE RISING "BUFFO."

BENDIZZY (*the Old Professional*). "H'M! PLENTY OF 'GO'—BUT NO FINISH!"



THE MODERN MAZEPPA.

TOUCHING THRIFT.

"*Magnum vectigal est parsimonia.*" says the copyhead—which the LORD MAYOR, following Lord DUNSTON'S lead, has been setting to his lieges of London, by presiding over a Conference of the Thrift Society, at the Mansion House, on the 27th ult.

What the Thrift Society may have done, or be doing, *Punch* is, he blushes to say, ignorant. All he knows is that like most societies, it has been asking for money—its list of Vice-Presidents being followed by a notice, to which he gladly gives his publicity:—

"That funds to carry on and develop the work of the National Thrift Society are much needed, and will be thankfully received by the Treasurer or Secretary, at the London Offices, 14, Finsbury Circus, E.C."

Any sowing of the seed of Thrift in the very nursery-ground of Mammon, which we take the City to be, ought to be of good omen. Thrift is an old-fashioned plant, which of late has not been supposed to flourish, as of old, along with London Pride.

Let us hope the two growths will henceforth blossom side by side. The Conference Programme included a paper, or speech—why not save pen and ink by the use of tongue?—by PROFESSOR LEONE LEVI ON, "the Margin for Saving." Suppose the Professor had followed it up by a song:—

ABC—"On the Margin of Zurich's fair waters."

On the margin for saving's my quarters,
In a garden with "thrift" planted gay,
Where my lectures will teach wives and daughters
To make their pounds go the most way.
The pence if they'll prudently spare,
The pounds of themselves will take care—
Oh, list to me, Ladies, I pray—
If a margin for saving you'd lay—
That's the way!

Then Mr. BLANCHARD JERROLD discoursed on "Thrift amongst the French Peasantry." Among our own clodhoppers, with 14s. a week to find husband, wife, and family in clothes and shelter, food and fire, there does not seem to be a wide margin for the cultivation of thrift, but something, no doubt, could be done, above all by more knowledge how to make money go farthest in food, for which England looks to South Kensington and Mr. BUCKMASTER. Why did not he figure among the "Thrift" Lecturers as the representative of the thrift of good cookery, by the side of Dr. RICHARDSON, as the teacher of thrift in drink. What branch of thrift Cardinal MANNING represented we know not. At all events, thrift deserves to be, if it is not, a cardinal virtue.

Instead of a contribution in cash, *Punch* offers the Society a few of his own ideas on the subject of Thrift.

Cash is the good fairy of the story of life; credit the ogre, the wicked giant that swallows up everybody and everything.

The guinea is a stupid anachronism.

NEW TITLES FOR MR. PUNCH'S DUMMY BOOK-SHELF.

The True Function of the Dura Mater. By Mrs. BYRCHIE RODD.

Flora of the Islands. By CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

On the Incubation of Rabbits. By an Inhabitant of Co'ny Hatch.

On the Preservation of Unstable Equilibrium. By Professor BLONDIN.

New Ethnographical Studies from Zululand. By Sir THOMAS WHETHAM. With Illustrations by Alderman NOTTAGE.

A Run on the High Sea. By Signor MARIO.

Mountain Gorges; or, My Pic-nics among the Alps. By an Alderman.

Analysis of English Metres. By the Chairman of the Chartered Gas Company.

How I Came to be Landed on the Nasal Promontory. By Commander BENDIGO.

"Alone upon the Watch." Dedicated to My Uncle. By ORFLEY HARDUP.

M.S. Opera, "The Watering Pot of Cast Iron." A Companion to "The Rose of Castile." By YAKOOB KHAN.

In the Right Place.

WITH CHARLES in the Chamber of Horrors,
AND TRACY'S wreath upon show,
Who dares say Peace with Honour
Is not found chez Madame TUSSAUD?

Of all modern discoveries the most valuable is the florin: it defies arithmetic, both mental and physical, to calculate the immense saving that has accrued from the substitution of this coin for the half-crown. The superiority of the threepenny over the fourpenny-piece must be obvious to the meanest capacity.

A penny saved (in a Penny Bank) is a penny gained.

When you come home from your office or counting-house or chambers, put on an old coat, and so be at once comfortable and thrifty.

Never call a cab if you can catch an omnibus; never ride in either if you can walk.

Neglect not the diurnal pin.

Emulate "paper-sparing" POPE: turn used envelopes inside out; tear off and turn to account blank pages of notes received.

Never be idle; even when you sit over the fire, employ yourself usefully in picking up the cinders.

One of our old poets speaks, deprecatingly, of "wasting in despair;" do not you waste in any mood or state of mind.

Take care of the pence, and the halfpence too.

Homage to the family joint!

Sternly discountenance all jeers and jibes at that excellent dish—cold mutton.

Familiarise your children early with such terms as: "ready money," "cash payments," "discount," "economy," "income," and "expenditure."

Read to them, as a great treat, narratives of poor boys coming to London with half-a-crown in their pocket and retiring from business worth half a million.

When you take your young folks out for a walk, let it have as its "objective," a Savings Bank, a Provident Institution, or a Self-Supporting Dispensary. Point these buildings out with the appropriate moral.

Think twice, say thrice, before you change a sovereign.

Do you wash at home? If you can answer "Yes," you may with propriety attend a "Thrift Conference." Are you bright, cheerful, and good-tempered on each recurrence of this fixture in the domestic calendar? Are you more than resigned to cold meat—do you like it? If so, you are *ex-officio* entitled to move a resolution.

Do not deny yourself rational amusement. Resort to the national museums and galleries on those days when they are open free, enjoy the public parks and monuments, gaze into the shop windows, and increase your acquaintance with the drama and music whenever you can get admissions for nothing.

Whether you vegetate on a pound a week or are burdened with fifty thousand a year, whether your garden is the size of a billiard-table, or as roomy as a small park—let your borders be set thick with Thrift—Thrift—nothing but Thrift.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S FANCY—"Peace with Honour." Mr. GLADSTONE'S—"Peace, with HOMER."



"OLD TIMES."

(To those who are Fond of them.)

NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO IN A BLACK FOG? WHY, TAKE A SEAT ON THE SPACE-COACH NOW RUNNING TO ST. ALBANS AND BACK, OF COURSE! THE STATE OF THE ATMOSPHERE WILL PREVENT YOU FROM SEEING THE RAILWAYS AND THE TELEGRAPH-POLES, AND ENABLE YOU TO "FORGET THE SPREADING OF THE HIDIOUS TOWN," AS MR. MORRIS HAS IT IN *THE EARTHLY PARADISE*—AND YOU CAN PLAY AT BEING YOUR GRANDFATHER OR YOUR GRAND-MOTHER, IF YOU LIKE, JUST AS COMFORTABLY AS IF YOU WERE AT HOME IN YOUR BEST CHIPPENDALE ARM-CHAIR, WITH YOUR FEET ON THE BRASS FENDER, IN THE WARM-GLOVED BLACK TAPESTRY OF THAT DEAR LITTLE RED-BRICK HOUSE OF YOURS, TAKING SNUFF, AND READING THE *GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE* FOR THE YEAR ONE BY THE LIGHT OF A TALLOW CANDLE! (N.B.—MR. PUNCH MEANS TO TRY IT HIMSELF.)



MATTER OF TASTE.

Conductor (putting his head inside). "ONLY ROOM FOR ONE, WHICH SHALL WE 'AVE?"

Stout Old Gentleman. "THE LITTLE ONE!"

Nice Young Gentleman. "THE PRETTY ONE!"

MORE CARDS ALREADY!

THE mighty MARCUS, scarcely breathed
From sleet of Christmas Card,
In card-house of St. Valentine
Holds us again at WARD!

With Hearts and Darts, and Loves and Doves,
And floating Fays and Flowers,
Weaving us, three weeks in advance,
The daintiest of bowers!

With too much of them thrust on us,
E'en soft sweet things seem hard.
Must *Punch*, must England, old and young,
Henceforth "live by the card"?

For ever on the watch for WARD,
Or rusing DE LA RUE,
Without whose cards in days of old
One wonders how time flew.

Those constant cards, that, weeks ahead,
Come knocking at our doors;
So pretty, we can't shut them out,
So thick, they pile our floors.

This card-play may be play to you,
In death to me may end,
Who have to fall in little loves
To whom *your* loves to send.

Forbear, O WARD, O DE LA RUE,
Draw your cards mild for me;
Sufficient, surely, for the day
The card thereof should be!

Spite of the food your card-play finds
For printers, artists, bards,
Would that the year, like Hymen's lists,
Could be inscribed "No Cards!"

"OUR OPENING DAY."

THAT Ministers may not be taken by surprise, *Mr. Punch* begs to publish a list of subjects, as to which information will probably have to be given before the close of the coming Session.

Lord Beaconsfield.—Exact definition required of a Scientific Frontier—(a) in North Western India; (b) in South Africa.

Lord Salisbury.—Further information desired relative to—(1) Asia Minor; (2) Cyprus; and (3) Egyptian Finance.

Lord Cranbrook.—Explanation expected with regard to "Rules to be observed by Special Correspondents attached to armies in the field." (1.) Why they were made. (2.) Why they were rescinded.

Lord John Manners.—More light to be thrown upon the relations of the Post-Office Authorities and the Telephone.

Mr. W. W. H. Smith.—Intelligence will oblige on the position of the Royal Marine Artillery, and the *Thunderer's* surviving gun.

Colonel Stanley.—Full explanation of the scheme for forming a corps of Army Reserve Officers, and an outline of the future of the Volunteers.

Mr. Cross.—Plea in confession and avoidance to charges of recent jobs, and observations invited on Railway negligence in general, and shunting accidents in particular.

First Commissioner of Public Works.—Production of any plans that the Office may be prepared to recommend or consider for the scavenging of streets, the planting and flowering of open spaces, and information as to any shovels that can be given to the rather slow movement for the inscribing of street-names on street-lamps, for the convenience of night-walkers or night-riders in London.

Secretary for Ireland.—Statement of measures in contemplation for relief of distressed districts.

And Chancellor of the Exchequer.—Any scheme he may be prepared with for improving the condition of the Government Writers, and any standing order in contemplation for getting Irish Obstruction out of the way.

SPELLING REFORM IN SPAIN.—A *pronunciamento*.

CHLORAL.

(In Two Lights—the Blue and the True.)



CHLORAL! of blue-blood the
bluest,
Alcohol's and Chloro-
rine's daughter,
Youth and beauty that
renewest,
Night's long watches
making shorter.
Blithely raise a pæan
choral
Round thy fount of
blessings, Chloral!

Toss no more in vigils
lengthy,
Sigh no more for day-
light's peeping;
Sweet and soft falls thy
nepenthe,
In its calm worn spirits
steeping.
Truly "Amor vincit om-
nia,"
Chloral's love can cure
Insomnia!

(P.T.O.)

CHLORAL! spawn of depths abysmal,
Spring of restlessness and raving,
Fancies sick and visions dismal—
Source of still insatiate craving.
When the once-blest light auroral
Breaks thy feverish spell, oh Chloral,
Comes Reaction's Nemesis,
And the soul in Tophet sinking,
Woos again thy fatal kiss—
Woos, and ends in endless drinking—
Till to bottomless abyss
Sink thy victims, Chloralism!

MIND YOU DON'T BURN YOUR FINGERS.

As the Metropolitan Fire Brigade is a deserving body, and as any Charity using its name, whether colourably or honestly, is very likely to be met with open hand and purse, it may be well for *Punch* to give the benefit of his publicity to a cautionary paper which has been put into his hands, warning the public against applications in a name that may easily be mistaken for that of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. The circular is pithily couched, thus:—

"LONDON AND SUBURBAN FIRE BRIGADE AND DISABLED FIREMEN'S RELIEF AND PENSION ASSOCIATION. Office: East Temple Chambers, Whitefriars, E.C.—It is not necessary to caution the Public against subscribing to the above, when they see the Working Committee, Secretary, Treasurer, Captain, Collector, List of Pensioners, &c., &c.; but they can see for themselves whether it is worthy of support. I will give you a list of the above:—*Secretary*—SAMUEL SIMSON SECCOMBE. *Treasurer*—SAMUEL SIMSON SECCOMBE. *Sole Committee*—SAMUEL SIMSON SECCOMBE. *Sole Pensioner* (s)—SAMUEL SIMSON SECCOMBE. *Captain of Brigade*—SAMUEL SIMSON SECCOMBE. *Collector*—SAMUEL SIMSON SECCOMBE. Private Address, 41, Hill Street, Peckham.—There is no such Fire Brigade in existence. There is no such Pension Association in existence. There is no such Committee, excepting S. S. SECCOMBE. There are no such Pensioners, excepting S. S. SECCOMBE. Two men have had three months' imprisonment for collecting for the above Shams.—For further particulars apply at any Metropolitan Fire Station, or any branch of the Charity Organisation Society."

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT OF SEEING HIM?

In the first rank of the Committee of Management of "The Householders' Pure Milk Supply" Association, stands the name of our old friend "SIMPSON!" SIMPSON, who has so often milked the cow with the iron tail, that in the language of the milk-walk he has become identified with the animal! SIMPSON = Pump!

A Householders' Pure Milk Supply Association, with "SIMPSON" in the forefront of it, reminds *Punch* of the old Scotch story—it is Scandinavian too—of the farmer and his family who were changing their abode to escape a "bogie"—"What, you're flitting?" asked a neighbour, meeting the cart, loaded with their "sticks." "Yes, we're flitting," answered the family ghost from inside the churn.

So "SIMPSON" seems to speak out of the pail of the "Householders' Pure Milk Supply Association." Let us hope the Association will not prove the old farce, "SIMPSON & Co." in another dress!

A NEW VIEW OF THE NEW REGISTRAR-GENERAL.

MR. PUNCH,

It has been said that the only qualification which Sir BRYDGES HENNIKER possesses for the post to which he has recently been appointed by the Prime Minister is that he is a well-connected baronet. This is one of those half truths which are often more misleading and more injurious to those whom they concern than deliberate misstatements. It is no doubt true—and you may make the most of it—that the Registrar-General comes of an old family, and that the Postmaster-General takes a fraternal interest in him. For the matter of that, you and I are of ancient lineage, and you, at any rate, excite more interest every week in the minds of Her Majesty's Ministers than any number of well-connected baronets can hope to do during their collective lifetimes. But Sir BRYDGES has claims on the Conservative Party such as you and I will never have.

Your memory is so retentive that it is hardly necessary that I should remind you of his connection with the Felstead affair. Mr. GRIGNON had for many years been notorious throughout the country, not merely as a Radical schoolmaster, but as what was far worse, a successful one. It is painful to think of the number of ingenious lads, many of them the sons of Conservative parents, whom he imbued in his time with revolutionary principles. You will remember the short work which was made of him by Sir BRYDGES sitting as Chairman with his compact little body of true-blue co-trustees. They did their duty thoroughly on that occasion; and no English Gentleman of proper feelings will grudge Sir BRYDGES his reward for the Spartan firmness with which then as now he disregarded the impotent outcry of his victim and his sympathisers, and the venomous abuse of the Radical Press. And do you think, Sir, that Lord Beaconsfield forgets these things?

Of all parts of the body-politic there is none in which the retention of a Conservative spirit is more absolutely necessary than in the Civil Service. Of late years, I regret to say, there have not been wanting symptoms that all is not as it should be in it. For some time past there have been mutterings, more or less indistinct, at the appointments more or less numerous of young gentlemen more or less well connected and deserving more or less light and lucrative non-competitive appointments in the majority of our public offices. This sort of thing, Sir, must be put down with a strong hand. Clerks must be taught to know their places, and to keep their mouths shut. And, trust me, the military training of Sir BRYDGES HENNIKER will stand him in good stead in dealing with this class of persons. I shall be much surprised if he does not very soon read one or two of them a lesson they will not readily forget, if they try to come any of Mr. GRIGNON's tricks over him.

You may depend upon it, that in putting him at the head of an important Government Department, those who are responsible for his appointment have for once got the right man in the right place. And so say his Sisters, and his Cousins, and his Aunts, as well as yours truly,

A THOROUGH-GOING AND WELL-CONNECTED TORY.

Extra-Parliamentary Utterances.

(And William's Light on them.)

"To see this age! . . . A sentence is but a cheveril of glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward."

Twelfth Night, Act III. s. 1.

"A LESSON OUT OF THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL."

[PUNCH has much pleasure in publishing this fair and temperate correction of an error into which he unwittingly fell.]

To the Editor of *Punch*.

SIR,—Although only a Publican, I feel certain that you will not refuse to read, if you do not insert, a word or two anent the above article. In it you say:—

"In the eleven Sundays on which the Gallery of the Institution has been open, 51,678 persons have visited it, most of them of the class to whom the Public is the only available Sunday recreation between two and five, hours during which Public-houses are open, and Churches closed."

Now, the latter part of this remark is not strictly correct. The Act obliges us to close at three o'clock, and re-open at six. There is but little difference in the Provinces in respect of these hours.

We are, Sir, a much-maligned class; but, at the same time, we know we have your countenance, if only we manage our houses in the way they should be managed.

To the movement itself—for the opening of Picture-Galleries on Sunday—I wish the utmost possible success. Yours,

A MANCHESTER PUBLICAN.



"TOO BAD!"

The New Cook. "WELL, I DECLARE! HERE I'VE BEEN AND GIVE' SIX GUINEAS FOR A NEW DRESS TO KEEP UP THE R'SPECTABILITY OF THE 'OUSE, AND HERE'S MISSIS, IN A DOWDY THIRTY SHILLIN' 'ULSTER,' A-COMIN' FROM THAT THERE 'LADIES' CO-OPERATIVE ECONOMICAL MILLINERY ASSOCIATION'!"

SAFEGUARDING THE EMPIRE.

(An Imperial Eclogue.)

INTERLOCUTORS—*Benjamin, an ancient Swain; Betsy Prig, an elderly Nymph.*

BETSY.

AH! go it, my BENJAMIN, go it! and don't you be dashed by them Rads, Which the old woman's reglar ashamed of, the paltry poor-sperited Cads! As would choke down Imperial Instinks, as Eving implants in our 'arts To teach us we're cocks of all walks, spite of 'umbugging low forren parts.

BENJAMIN.

Ah, BETSY, if all were like *you*, what a rare rosy time I should have In my efforts to counterwork GLADSTONE, and checkmate the insolent Slav! But, alas! BULL seems shifting his blinkers—ahem!—I mean dropping his pecker, His conscience is apt to grow tender in sight of an empty Exchequer.

BETSY.

Pooh, pooh! Peg away, my dear BEN. Afghanistan is ourn every hinch. Can't we do what we like with our own? *You*'ve a trick or two left, at a pinch. There's them Ingyan Princes, you know, they're all game for a nice bit of prig! Which 'twould bustle them Rooshians delightful, the imperdent Waggabones! Twig?

BENJAMIN.

You were meant for a Ruler of Men, with "a hand full of sceptres," dear BETSY, In place of your gingham, though *that* has much helped me, my old Petsy-Wetsy.

Only one little hint I must give, don't get too sublimely ecstastic, Or speak out too plainly, my PRIG, for you see that is scarce diplomatic.

BETSY.

Dipplymattie be—well, there, I won't—but it do rouge me up, that it do: My buzzum's abile when I thinks of that bloodthirsty Muskywhite crew, A pickin' and stealin' all round amidst England's peccoliar perks. Rights? No one's no right to no rights, 'cept ourselves and our pardners the Turks.

BENJAMIN.

Humph! perfectly sound, my sweet BETSY, in principle, perfectly so, But a leetle too nakedly put; apt to startle the weak-knee'd, you know. Neat phrases that cover no end without scaring the pious or finical, Give Imperial principles play, and yet save them from being dubbed "cynical."

BETSY.

The frontier you called scientific, they say's on the shift. Well, what then? 'Tisn't like the equator—a fixture. We'll shift it agen and agen. Like a pencil-line marked on a map, Ingy-rubber 'll soon wipe it out. Our frontier is jest where we want it, of that only fools 'ave a doubt.

BENJAMIN.

Good again, my dear BETSY! Our plan for safeguarding the Empire is plain: We will go wheresoever we wish, and wheresoever we choose will remain. But that's *entre nous*, my sweet PRIG, in acquainting JOHN BULL with our game, *Imperium atque libertas* sounds better—and means just the same! [Left chuckling.]

MILLENNIAL MAXIM.

Si vis pacem, para bellum. Is it a belief in this maxim that induces the Great Powers of Europe to go on arming each against each in a continually increasing ratio? If so, how extremely pacific their intentions must be!



"MALBROOK S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE!"

(See the Prince Chancellor's scheme for increase of the German Army.)

FAVOURITE LITTLE GAMES.

(Of States and Statesmen, Organs and Classes.)
 "Tell me what you play at and I'll tell you what you are."

Prince Bismarck—Beggars my neighbour.
 Lord Beaconsfield—Hazard and Blind man's buff.

Prince Gortschakoff—Brag.

M. Gambetta—The waiting game.

The Pope—Single wicket.

The Sultan—Blind Hockey.

Russia—Prisoners Base.

German Empire—Tug of War.

The French Republic—Outside Edge (Ice marked "Dangerous.")

Sir Henry Layard—Bull in the China-shop.

Lord Salisbury—Cross questions and Crooked answers.

Lord Lytton—Follow my Leader.

The Right Hon. Sir Stafford Northcote—Open your mouth and shut your eyes.

Mr. Parnell—Bull-baiting.

Mr. Biggar and the Irish Obstructionists—Bill-sticking.

Messrs. O'Connor Power, Davitt, Killen, Brennan & Co.—Pat-riotism.

The Right Hon. W. H. Smith and Col. Stanley—Ducks and Drakes.

Mr. Cross.—Paving (in a certain place).

Mr. Gladstone—Felling a tree and taking the stump afterwards.

Sir William Harcourt—Vivisection, and sticking things in Cabinets on points.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson—Bowls (flowing only with tea and coffee).

The Pall Mall Gazette—Bait the Bear.

The Times—Round about the gooseberry-bush.

The Daily Telegraph—Montagnes Russes.

The British Matron—Thimble-rig.

John Bull—Fog-signalling.

The Civil Service Commissioners—Paper Chace.

Mr. Punch.—Electric lighting and Heliography.

Irish Obstructives to Irish Aid.

UNCLE SAM is showing his sense by sending his liberal contributions in relief of Irish distress through all channels except the cruelly warped ones of Messrs. PARNELL and DILLON. The arch-agitator has the impudence to accuse the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH's and all other relief agencies, except his own, of political bias. This is the Gracchi complaining of sedition with a vengeance! Pigs, we know, cut their own throats in trying to keep their heads above water. This Irish Mis-leader seems involuntarily to be imitating the short-sighted Irish animal. If any man could have frozen the current of charity—in New World and Old—it would be such a bitter and malignant advocate of mutual hate, civil strife, anarchy, and insecurity of life and property, as CHARLES STUART PARNELL.

The Jolly Beggars!

In the Swiss Cantons bordering on Germany, we are told, there is much complaint of the influx of German beggars, who, even when conducted across the frontier, speedily return. Happy beggars, who can get away from Vaterland just now! Under the additional weight of military service, lately laid on German backs by the Great and Busy B., it is only the beggars who are able to be choosers—and seem to choose wisely—on the principle of any place rather than home, as BISMARCK and Militarism have made it.



IN POSSESSION.

Lady (who wants to sit down). "WILL YOU SIT IN MY LAP, DARLING?"
 Darling. "SANK YOU—I'VE DOT A CHAIR!"

HINTS FOR A NEW AND ORIGINAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

CHAPTER V.

Position—Society—One Remark—Rule—Example—Considerations—Conscientiousness—Theory—Lecture—Future—Examination.

POSITION, like possession, is nine points of the law.

The Position of the Actor depends upon character and situation. This is equally true whether on or off the stage. Every Actor resembles a servant out of place, inasmuch as he is always on the look-out for a first-rate situation. We will now consider his position on the stage—taking for granted that the stage is elevated to about its usual height above the level of the orchestra.

Now, Gentlemen, let us consider "position on the stage." Position on the stage is not a social question, it is simply artistic. What is to be his position off the stage depends entirely on himself. If he has had the advantages of a Public School and University Education, then he commences on an equal footing with most of the "aristocracy and gentry," and a considerable proportion of the so-called liberal professions. There are true Gentlemen in all grades of society, from the Courtier to the Costermonger; so the social question may be dismissed, once and for all, with this remark, that Actor or Artist, unless he has consorted as a boy on equal terms with the "Swells," who subsequently admit him within their charmed circle, is in danger of "kootooing" to such leaders of contemporary fashion as affect to patronise and charitably tolerate those, who, but for their success in their art, would be among the great unclassified; for though the Actor is a "Professional" Actor, and the Artist a "Professional" Artist, and the Author a "Professional Writer," yet neither Stage, nor Painting, nor Literature is ranked as a profession, to be recognised equally with the Church, the Law, the Army or Navy. So to resume.

The Actor is sufficiently accustomed to the inquiry, "What will he stand?" but he cannot always so readily reply to the question, "How he will stand, or where he will stand."

Let it be the purpose of this day's lecture to consider seriously the elementary rules of our noble dramatic art for the study of which this glorious College was founded.

Rule 1st.—Always take the centre of the stage. Should anybody else be there before you, get in front of him. Your object being to be heard and seen by the audience, it is your duty to place yourself in as prominent a position as possible.

This elementary principle is equally applicable to Supers who have a line to speak, as, for

instance—"My Lord, the carriage waits." Let us take this line as an example. What does the conscientious study of these words involve?

First—By whom are they uttered?

Secondly—To whom are they uttered?

Thirdly—The place where they are uttered.

Fourthly—The time when they are uttered.

Fifthly—The occasion of their utterance.

To begin with these considerations:—



First—They are uttered by a servant.

Secondly—To his master.

Thirdly—In the drawing-room.

Fourthly—Morning.

Fifthly—To lead to an effective exit.

Now observe, the Conscientious Artist, who happens to be cast for the part, will at once ask himself, "What sort of a servant am I to represent? Am I to be old or young, or middle-aged? Am I to increase my height? Am I to be an upright servant, or a humpbacked servant? Am I devoted to my master as my benefactor, or do I detest him as a purse-proud tyrant? or is his existence a matter of the most profound indifference to me?" All this is implied in the one word "study."

Supposing we adopt as a theory that this servant, whom our Conscientious Artist has to represent, is bound by ties of the strongest gratitude to his master. Then he will throw great

tenderness into his glance, and will deliver the line—

"My Lord, the carriage waits,"—with such intensity, such evidently suppressed emotion, and such affectionate fervour, as to bring tears to the eyes of the audience.

On the other hand, suppose the servant to be nourishing a secret hate of the nobleman whose livery he wears, how different will be his reading of the line! He will enter the room oppressed by a sense of slavery, he will glower round on all the signs of wealth and luxury which only serve to remind him of his servitude, and, as he calls to mind that the very announcement he has come to make does but recall to him that he perforce must walk while others ride, he will convey to the audience by one aside scowl, one short sharp clenching of his fist on the side away from his master, by the dilated nostril, and by his cutting tone, the depth of hate that underlies the words—"My Liege, the carriage waits."

Yet again. The Conscientious Artist must inquire at head quarters, that is, of the author, for all particulars, and if the author be unable to convey his own meaning, or, if he have no meaning to convey, then the actor must do the best he can, and create a character for himself.



He can, for example, be a faithful old domestic who weeps whenever he sees any of the family in whose service he has spent the best years of his life, in which case he will struggle in a broken voice through the words—

"My Liege—the carriage—waits!"—as though this came welling up from an overcharged heart, and then, when unobserved—for he would not distress the family or their visitors—he will sob in corners, hit his chest, shake his head spasmodically, gulp down his emotion, and finally, when dismissed by his master with the words—

"Tell them I come,"—he will burst into tears, silent unobtrusive tears, and exit.

If the servant belong to a gloomy household, let him be the only gay and cheerful being in it, and let him say, with a cheerful smile, and in a hearty voice,

"My Lord, the carriage waits!"—as though the vehicle were there to take his master out to a pie-nic, a dance, a dinner, a five o'clock tea, or a party of pleasure.

Such hints as the above will suggest many other questions, and go to show how much there is for "study," even in the very smallest, and apparently least important part.

The foregoing may be taken as a slight suggestion for the theme of an elementary lecture. We will return to the lectures in a future chapter.

At the Dramatic College there will be an examination for all the *dramatis personæ* in every piece, involving a knowledge of History, Geography, Music, Grammar, &c. &c.

For instance, take the model farce, *Box and Cox*. There are only three characters in it. The Examination-paper for the three people playing this would be something of this sort:—

1. Who was *Box*? Who was *Cox*? What data have you for their ages?

2. What was *Mrs. Bouncer's* ostensible employment? Would *Mrs. Siddons*, at any time of her career, have been justified in refusing this part? If so, state when, and give your reasons.

3. Is there any ground for the supposition that *Mrs. Bouncer* was a widow? If not, who was *Mr. Bouncer*?

4. What was *Penelope Anne's* married name?

5. State the peculiar relations existing between *Box*, *Cox*, *Penelope Anne*, and point out their bearing on the situations.

6. Sketch *Box's* costume, giving your reasons for so dressing him. Do the same for *Cox*. What should be *Box's* "make-up"? What *Cox's*? State your reasons.

7. What were the sleeping arrangements for *Box and Cox*, about which *Mrs. Bouncer* had to be so peculiarly careful?

8. Give a list of the properties, stage and personal, required for this Farce. Specify the eatables. Of what would they be composed?

9. Is "A Set" necessary? Or can *Box and Cox* be played with a "pair of flats"? If not, why not?

10. State what doors and windows are "practicable" in the Scene. Give your reasons. Describe the position of the place where *Cox* kept his hats? From where did he fetch his tea-things?

11. Where was the other vacant room in *Mrs. Bouncer's* house?

12. Give *Box's* own account of how he became possessed of the tossing shilling, and state your moral deductions therefrom as affecting the representation of this character.

13. In your judgment, as influencing the reading of the character, could *Cox* really fight or not? What would be his attitude on either supposition?

14. Who was *Mr. Knox*? Is there any reason for supposing that either *Box*, or *Cox*, had any prior acquaintance with this gentleman?

15. What were the grounds of identification of *Cox* as *Box's* long-lost Brother? What dramatic action do you consider as absolutely necessary to this situation?

From this it will be evident how much there is to be learnt by the Dramatic Student, and taught by the Professor, who must himself possess a practical knowledge of what he is talking about.*

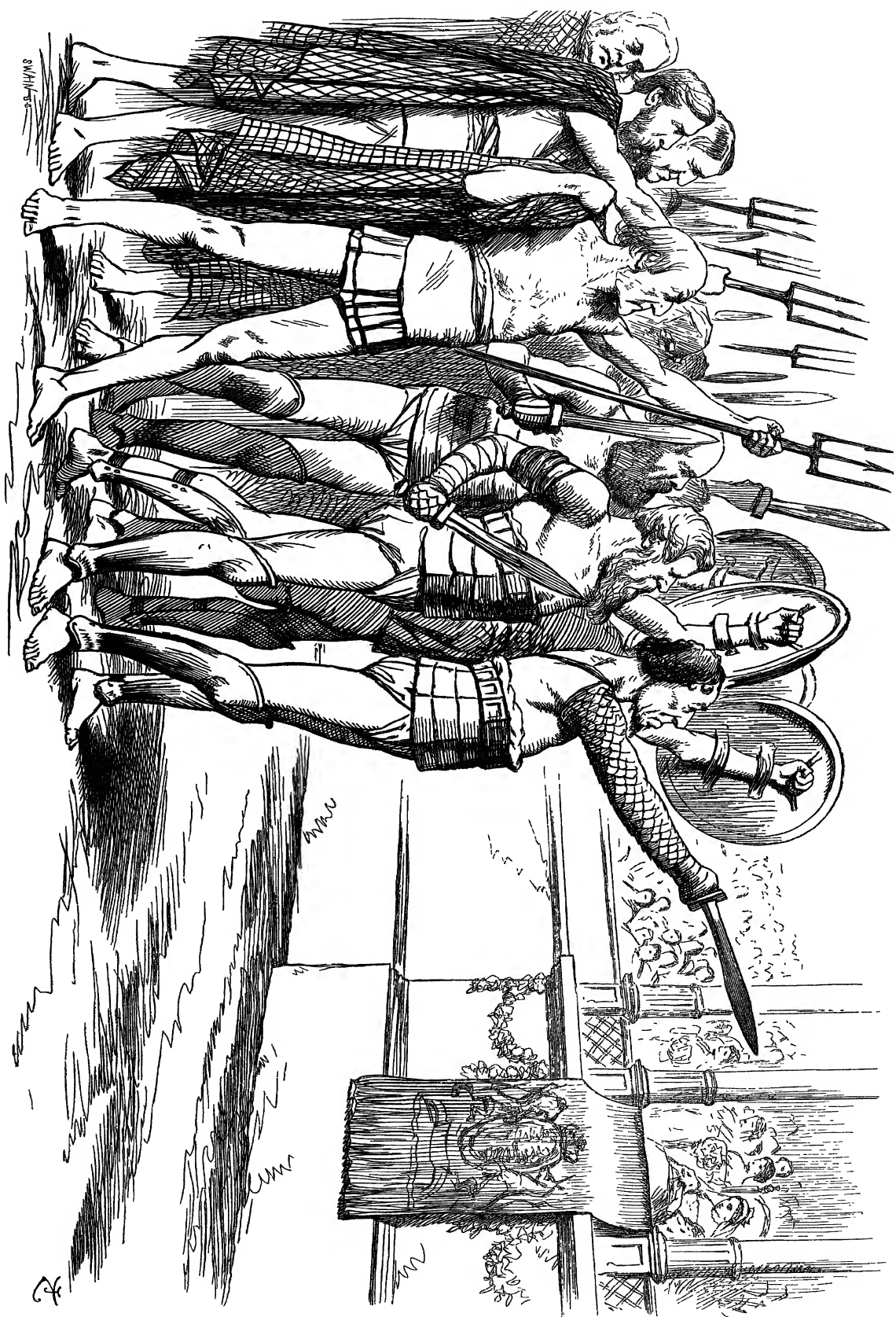


PROFESSOR MAWLEY HAND-IN-GLOVE WITH HENRY IRVING, ESQ.

* The amiable and enthusiastic Professor MORLEY takes every opportunity he can get of lecturing on the Stage, but has he ever written a piece—stage-managed a piece—or even played any one of the three parts in *Box and Cox*, including *Mrs. Bouncer*? "No? then, come on!"

P.S.—Since writing this, I have read *The Theatre* (a Magazine chiefly for the Theatrical Profession) for this month, wherein I find that Professor MORLEY, having set the ball rolling, now modestly and wisely retires, leaving the game to be kept alive by the professional players. Good. I am appeased. I am mollified—I should say Morley-fied. Farewell, Professor!

IF WORDS WERE THINGS.—The new expedition to the Pole—a mere Cheyne Walk!



“MORTURI TE SALTANT!”

(THE LAST SESSION OF THE PARLIAMENT OF 1874 OPENS FEBRUARY THE 7TH, 1880)



MUSIC AT HOME.

ONE GREAT ADVANTAGE THAT PROFESSIONAL VOCALISTS (EVEN IF NOT FIRST-RATE) HAVE OVER AMATEURS, IS THAT THEY HAVE LEARNT AT LEAST HOW TO OPEN THEIR MOUTHS, AND SAY THEIR WORDS DISTINCTLY, AND USE THE APPROPRIATE DRAMATIC ACTION. BEHOLD, FOR INSTANCE, THE SIGNORA ROBINSONIO (NÉE JONES), AS SHE DECLAIMS THE OPENING BARS OF A PLAINTIVE LITTLE BALLAD ABOUT LOVE AND ESTRANGEMENT, BEGINNING "STRANGERS YET"—(WHICH THE SIGNORA, BY THE BYE, PRONOUNCES "SUTTÂHRRBRAINGEORS YETT-TÂ") SO THAT, AT ALL EVENTS, THERE CAN BE NO MISTAKE ABOUT THE LANGUAGE, AS IS SO OFTEN THE CASE WITH AMATEURS).

"MORITURI TE SALUTANT!"

Opening of the Seventh and last Session of the Parliament of Seventy-Four.

'Tis come, the last fight of the Seven, and mustered for *mêlée* once more Behold in the ancient arena the fighters parade as of yore; Their weapons fresh furbished and sharpened, their armour tight buckled and trim,

The fire of desire for the fray flaming high in each firmly-braced limb. Some old, but all bold and all brave, though the battle may well be their last, Though no more the bright blade they may wield, swing the net, or the sharp trident cast.

Lo, where IGNIS-CAMPUS stands firm, though the touch of stern Time's on his brow; Strong to smite, long of wind, at his side, LAPIS-LÆTUS with beak like a prow, And eyes like a gallant ship's bow-lights defiance that flash o'er the wave, Both keen for the fight as of old, stout as skilful and wary as brave.

There is LUCIDUS, Saxon-faced master of tongue-fence, who never feared foe, Abundant in praises of peace, yet not prompter at word than at blow.

And arrayed with them younger, less practised yet promising slips at the game, All hot to flesh steel in live muscle, now wooden-sword-practice grows tame.

The Oxonian sworder, the point of whose blade is so bright and so keen; And white-crested HUMILIS, trenchant of thrust, and in parrying clean,—

All ready and steady and fearless; and now, as the combat's at hand, They parade and salute their crowned Empress. No more in such guise may this band Of Gladiatorial champions assemble, for fight:—their array We never shall look on again as the populace sees it to-day.

At length the septennial season of sinewy struggle must end; And who knows to whose brow at its ending Success shall its aureole lend? Or who in the fight à outrance, or by strength or by skill overborne, Shall in vain hold the hand up for mercy amidst the crowd's coldness or scorn? *Morituri!* Too true! for the Session, now moribund, draws to its close, Which has shown us so many encounters of famous and fairly-matched foes. But still, even yet in the Ring shall the lovers of battle behold Brave flashing and slashing and feinting and fencing as brilliant as bold. Meanwhile, in the pause before conflict, the multitude breathless and mute, Look on as the fairly-matched champions, mustered, parade, and salute!

LIGHT OR DARK?

WHAT is the value of historical testimony in the face of the directest collision of evidence on a fact of yesterday? Who shall decide when eyesights disagree? Here is *Times* Correspondent No. 1 writing to say that in the late fog the electric lights on Waterloo Bridge were all but invisible twenty yards off, and decidedly gave far less illumination than our old yellow-faced friends, the much maligned gas lamps.

Next day, we have Correspondents No. 2 and 3 writing to give No. 1 the lie direct.

On the same day, at the same hour, in the same place, and swathed in the same fog whence No. 1 uttered his experience, No. 2 "was astonished at the power and superiority of the electric light." Not only did it pierce the dense fog, but while immediately under it, he tested its power by reading the labels on his luggage with perfect ease, while under the gas-lamps it was comparatively dark.

The same day, to the same paper, No. 3 writes from the *Athenæum* to the same effect:—

"I was struck with the diffusion of the electric light as compared with the gas lamps, and though it is true that, as points of light, there did not appear to be any great difference in the distances at which they could be respectively seen, the moment an electric burner was approached the difference in light was very sensible, and appeared to be uniformly diffused. I was congratulating myself as I walked along that we had at last got something which could make an impression even on London fog."

Surely after this, *Punch* may safely say, "Two to one on the Electric Light."

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

(In the Haymarket.)

New face, indeed! In fog's spite looking sunny, Your *Money* brings the crowd, the crowd its money; Nor is the *Money* put upon the stage, So much as that spent in the House, the rage. All's clean: a dirt-speck seek and you'll not find it, Before the "float," or, stranger still, behind it. The Actors in their rooms—odd sight to see!— Ladies and Gentlemen at home might be. The Green Room—where, till now, was such thing seen, Save at St. James's?—is as fresh as green. With the Pit gone upstairs, all's upside down, All pictures, Morris-green, and sagest brown: The theatre, sans Pit, is now one Gallery; Taste takes a rise—and so, let's hope, does salary. The house no "papering" needs, whilst thus you paint it: Serene Stall-air—no breath o' the Pit to taint it. Style pure enough for e'en Burne-Jones ascetics— Before, behind, all High Art and Aesthetics! Money at your bills' backs, as on the face of them; Two BANCROFTS, with no Bankruptcy in chase of them; If the old Haymarket is not renewed— *Punch* never wrote, and new views ne'er were viewed!

A PLUCKY THING TO DO.—Get up for an Exam. without cramming.



DISENCHANTMENT.

(All along of this awful Weather.)

The Captain (who had taken charge of blooming Beginner). "ONCE MORE ROUND!"

Fair Novice (they had been careering about, without a break, for twenty minutes). "OH, DO STOP NOW, CAPTAIN BOWLIDGE, AND LET GO MY HANDS! I MUST BLOW MY NOSE!"

GIRTON GIRLS AND LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

"THE MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS, CAMBRIDGE.—There was considerable excitement at Girton College yesterday over the reported success of one of its young lady students in the Mathematical Tripos. The Moderators and Examiners have for years allowed their papers to be worked by the Girton students who have kept the proper number of terms simultaneously with the ordinary University students; and they have also looked over the answers, and indicated the places that would have been attained by the young ladies in the general competition. This year a Girton student was reported to have attained the position of eighth wrangler, and great was the pride at Girton. The fact seems to have become known in the University, as we are told that upon the reading of the list in the Senate-house some of those present shouted out the name of the Girton competitor when the eighth place was reached. It is not stated whether the young lady had the advantage of the private tuition of Mr. ROUTH, enjoyed by all high wranglers."

BRAVO, the gallant Undergraduates who "bracketed" the "Girton Girl" with the Eighth Male Wrangler!

And the honour falls pat as pleasant. A Girton Girl as good as Eighth Wrangler, just at the moment that the gates of the Royal Academy—so long closed against Mistresses of Arts—have once more opened to the sex which Sir JOSHUA was too much of a gentleman not to honour in the fair persons of the accomplished artist he so prettily christened "Miss ANGEL," and MARY MOSER, great in flowers as the Mrs. ANGELL of our own time.

Mrs. BUTLER, *née* ELIZABETH THOMPSON, *Punch* takes off his hat to you as the first Lady-Associate. Your predecessors, ANGELICA and MARY, sprang into being full-blown R.A.'s.

This is as it should be. At last *Punch* may say, and with pride he says it, the Ladies are looking up—looking up to the high places of Science and Art, which should never have been held beyond their reach, and which will be graced by their occupancy.

But when the Academy doors are reopened to the Ladies, let them be opened to their full width. Let us not hear of any petty restrictions or exclusions from this or that function or privilege of R.A. What these letters bring men let them bring women. If

there be any phase of Academic work or Academic play in which the presence of Lady R.A.'s would make male R.A.'s uncomfortable, let them trust the Ladies' good taste to keep them away. But let the honour be given, unstinted and unconditioned.

And bravo again to the Butler who is the first to draw this "wine of honour" for her sisters!

In the face of these well-won concessions of "Women's Rights," the complaint of "A Lancashire Witch," who writes to *Punch* in protest against the persistent cries of Miss LYDIA BECKER and her noble army of Spinsters, for the admission of single womanhood to share the political burdens of mankind, as, married, she shares Man's other troubles, falls somewhat flat. The Lancashire Witch writes from Manchester, where the shrill Sisterhood seem to have been shriller than usual of late. But no Lancashire Witch need fear to be mixed up with "The Representative Gathering" of vote-claiming Spinsters which Miss LYDIA BECKER threatens to bring down on the Free Trade Hall. Witches who know whence comes the real potency of their charms will certainly not seek to mix voting-powder in the cauldron.

But let our Lancashire Witch speak for herself:—

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I appeal to you, as a Gentleman, to take up your pen in behalf of the Ladies of Lancashire.

"Miss LYDIA BECKER has a number of Spinsters down here to make speeches on the Woman's Suffrage Question, and she pledges herself and them that the Free Trade Hall Meeting shall be a truly representative gathering of the women of this district. I assure you Miss BECKER's followers are chiefly Ladies of her own pronounced politics, or semi-foreigners, and not Englishwomen *pur et simple*.

"We are content to leave our rights to our Husbands and Brothers; and if you could find Miss BECKER and her compeers a husband each, through your advertising columns, you would confer a benefit on Society, and have the life-long gratitude of

Yours, A LANCASHIRE WITCH."

THE WAY TO COOK VENISON.—Inquire of Mr. BUCKMASTER.



THE HEIGHT OF MAGNIFICENCE.

Sir Gorgius Midas. "HULLO! WHERE'S ALL THE REST OF YER GONE TO?"

Head Footman. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR GORGIUS, AS IT WAS PAST TWO O'CLOCK, AND WE DIDN'T KNOW FOR CERTAIN WHETHER YOU WAS COMING BACK HERE, OR GOING TO SLEEP IN THE CITY, THE HOTHER FOOTMEN THOUGHT THEY MIGHT GO TO BED——"

Sir Gorgius. "'THOUGHT THEY MIGHT GO TO BED,' DID THEY? A PRETTY STATE OF THINGS, INDEED! SO THAT IF I'D A' 'APPENED TO BROUGHT 'OME A FRIEND, THERE'D A' ONLY BEEN YOU FOUR TO LET US BIN, HAY!"

HEADS OR TAILS?—A LEADING QUESTION.

"LORD HARTINGTON leader? Pooh, pooh! he is led By GLADSTONE, a man who is quite off his head; Mad GLADSTONE, that eloquent plague of these islands, Is led by RAD CHAMBERLAIN aided by RYLANDS; Whilst they, in their turn, find their leaders and foolers In PARNELL and BIGGAR, the roaring Home Rulers. Thus bringing the lot of us under *their* yoke!" So SANDON—he swears it is not "a mere joke." One thing the sage Lord has omitted to tell, That is, who is leader of Mr. PARNELL! But, doubtless, to make this new bogey complete, From the crown of its head to the sole of its feet, He'd say the last link in this long chain of evil Must be the first Whig—who we know was the Devil; And then poor Old England all hope may abandon— At least that 's the view of the sapient SANDON. Alas! 'tis no wonder stout Tories turn pale Thus to see those dashed Liberals "led by the tail." But in this *they* 'll ne'er follow the lead of their foes— They prefer—ask Lord S.—to be led—by the nose!

The Study for Foggy Weather.

If we wish to carry out the Socratic precept to know "Our-selves," the lesson is now read nightly at the Vaudeville Theatre. There, where the crowd of London once for thousands of nights sat to study *Our Boys*, we can now study that still more interesting book, in three Volumes, *Ourselves*. Happy thought happily embodied! They were in a bit of a fog the first night—on the stage as off it—all over the house. Since then there has been considerable clearing up, both in the weather and the performance.

MORE LAMP-LIGHT WANTED.

GLAD of all that throws light on the need of a cheap and easy bit of Ædific improvement, *Punch* reprints the experience of a correspondent of the *Times* in proof of the good of street-names on street-lamps in the late Cimmerian weather:—

Sir,—I was obliged to drive from Sydenham to London two nights ago; the fog was very dense; the coachman lost his way twice; but when we got into the line of streets, such as Walworth Road and Newington Causeway, the names of which were painted on the lamps, we had no further difficulty; we, however, went wrong again as soon as we got into streets in which the lamps were without names.

It would be very inexpensive to paint the names of the streets on all lamps, and would be a boon to all who have to move about both in fogs and on ordinary dark nights.

I am, Sir, yours obediently, S. F. P.

Unseasonable Munificence.

WHAT! Subscribe to another proposed Arctic Expedition now that the Irish need every penny we can afford over and above what is wanted for a Testimonial to ROWLAND HILL? Think of promoting one more voyage to the North Pole—in such weather as this, too! No, indeed. We are too far North already. Yet Lord DERBY isn't, for Lancashire man as he is, he has put his name down for a hundred pounds to Commander CHEYNES' last act of Balloonaoy.

SOMETHING LIKE A WARNER.—Good news for Sir WILFRID LAWSON (*vide* Sandwich-men *passim*)—"LAST NIGHTS OF DRINK!"

ERRATUM.—In *Whitaker's* (usually correct) *Almanack* (p. 367), "Funerals are exempt from tolls."

FROST AND FOG.



QUOTH Frost to Fog, "As chill as a frog,
And as moist to boot, you're as dull and dumb;
You are limp and low. I'm all a-glow—
As gay and glad some as you are glum!
In my silver livery I clothe the trees,
And frame the streams in my sheets of glass,
And if old fogies' blood I freeze,
I quicken young pulses of lad and lass,
And from furry hood and soft cloud-rack
Bright faces to old Jack Frost laugh back!

"And what if I nip from their dried-up stalk
Of ancient and o'er-blown lives some score?

Or into *décolletée* Beauties walk,
From the sill of the stifling ball-room door?
Or catch round the waist a buxom maid,
As o' mornings the doorstep she washes down,
With never a wrap but her cobweb cap,
And her flimsy rag of a cotton gown?
If you didn't relish old Jack Frost's nip,
Why lay yourselves out, you rogues, for his grip?

"'Tis with more of a scruple my nippers I close
On the pale and delicate shop-girl's chest,
Who the blast must bide by the carriage side,
While she waits on the lady-customers' hest.
The thinner they're skinned, I and friend East Wind
Make the bigger bag, find the better sport:
The more daintily bred, the sooner they're sped—
Your stove-heated pale-blooded shop-girl sort!
The only bore is that no choice is there,
If to me and East Wind their heads they'll bare.

"But, after all, 'tis the Skates are my pumps,
And my ball-room *par excellence* is the ice;
And if Ducks come by duckings, and Swells by
thumps,
Now and then, all own it's 'awfully nice.'
And cheeks laugh red and eyes laugh bright
Under old Jack Frost's salubrious salute—
In the Arctic regions 'tis called a bite,
But here the old fellow is far too cute
To bite pretty noses and rosy ears
When they're bared to his kiss without scruples or
fears.

"But for you, Master Fog, you're a sorry dog—
Whether black or whitey-brown 's your wear—
When with soot-smelling mantle the earth you clog,
And bar the light and poison the air.
Bronchitis and Asthma your steps attend,
To arrest the wretches whom you may doom—
Your cloak over all is a funeral pall,
And your walk's pretty certain to end in a tomb;
And no mirth of mood or quickening of blood
Have you to reckon, like me, to the good."

THE BRITISH MODUS VIVENDI.

A DELIGHTFUL and, as usual, diaphanous address, delivered the other day by Cardinal NEWMAN at Birmingham, to an assembly of Roman Catholics, thus concludes:—

"I will only say, in conclusion, that, though Englishmen are much more friendly to us as individuals, I see nothing to make me think they are more friendly to our religion. They do not, indeed, believe as they once believed, that our religion is so irrational that a man who professes it must be wanting either in honesty or in wit; but this is not much to grant, for the great question remains to decide, whether it is possible for a country to continue any long time in the unnatural position of thinking ill of a religion and thinking well of believers in it. One would expect that either dislike of the religion would create an unfriendly feeling towards its followers, or friendship towards its followers would insure goodwill towards the religion. How this problem will be solved is one of the secrets of the future."

Does Cardinal NEWMAN think that Englishmen are very unfriendly towards his religion and that of his disciples? Englishmen do not, perhaps, many of them, exactly know what that religion is. The majority may possibly, however, trust that they know what it is not. No doubt they are mostly assured it is not the same religion as that which inspired Queen MARY and actuated GUY FAWKES. They do not imagine its present professors with whom they are friendly as Cardinal NEWMAN describes them, *solidaires* with TORQUEMADA. Even a typical British ultra-Protestant now hardly believes the actual creed of his Roman Catholic neighbours to be the same as that faith the highest act of which in Spain and the New World was avowedly an *auto-da-fé*.

A denomination is one thing, a persuasion another, in the sight of ordinary Protestant Britons—North Britons perhaps not excepted. Members of all denominations between whom and ourselves the difference mainly lies in theological metaphysics—the region of the unintelligible—agree to differ. They object little to a religion which now causes none of their fellow-countrymen to conspire against the Constitution, or render themselves otherwise offensive to those about them. They dislike it for themselves, but only in theory, just as they dislike any other religion besides their own; yet in some cases difference of opinion, with Quakers for example, never alters friendship; and if that is so with these Sectarians, the reason why it shouldn't be so with others, as, for instance, Roman Catholics, is a problem whose solution is a secret of the present, and may be destined to remain one of the secrets of the future.

An Englishman's national dwelling-place is Liberty Hall—especially Religious Liberty Hall. He is content to share it with everybody who will make himself at home and agreeable there; nay, even with Sabbatarians who would make themselves disagreeable if suffered to have their own way. It is only people who wish to do that from a fanatical motive, whom he dislikes, as well as their persuasion and way.

WOOD AND WATER.

THE Duke of BUCCLEUCH will bear comparison with Jupiter in one respect. Having constituted numerous faggot-voters in Mid-Lothian for electoral purposes, he may reasonably swear by the Styx.

SIGNS OF THE SKATING SEASON.—More Icicles than Bicycles.

"THAT'S HOW THE MONEY GOES!"

PUNCH is glad to set at rest the minds of his many Correspondents who want to subscribe to the Rowland Hill Fund, but either fear as to its appropriation, or do not know how to set about sending their contributions.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,—Referring to the letter of your Correspondent signed "AN ADMIRER OF SIR ROWLAND HILL," and your own note appended thereto, I shall feel obliged if you will state in your next issue that it was early decided, and so reported in the public papers, that the Fund raised should be applied to the succour of aged and distressed Post-Office employees, their Widows and Orphans, and that no "brick and mortar" Institution should be erected.

This resolution, which means that Widows shall be allowed to "keep their children at home, and educate them as they like," has been adhered to throughout.

Will you also kindly let the world know that at every chief Post-Office (nearly 1000 in all) there are subscription lists and collecting books, and that every Postmaster in the United Kingdom is authorised to receive donations of *One Penny* and upwards on behalf of the Fund.

Numerous painful cases are brought to the knowledge of the Committee daily, to which the Benevolent Fund will be applicable, and for which no provision could possibly be made by a general measure such as the Superannuation Act.

I am, &c.,

JAMES WHITEHEAD,

The Hon. Secretary of the Mansion House Rowland Hill Fund.
Mansion House, Jan. 26, 1880.



JUVENILE PARTIES.

(What they are getting to.)

Madeline (aged Four). "WHAT DO YOU THINK, GERALD! WE'RE TO BE FETCHED FROM THE BROWNS' AT HALF-PAST NINE! IT SAYS SO ON THE CARD!"

Gerald (aged Five). "NO!—WHAT A SHAME! I VOTES WE DON'T GO!"
[Seconded and carried unanimously.]

AN "O. P." (OR OLD PIT) ROW AT THE HAYMARKET.

(By a be-fogged Old Fogey, perhaps.)

SIR,—Let me appear for the People—the people done out of their old Haymarket Pit.

At a time when Operatic Managers are reducing prices and abrogating restrictions, so as to bring their entertainment within reach of the million—when they are doing so much to popularise the Lyric Stage, and giving the best representation at the smallest possible prices, the Theatrical Managers who honestly desire the elevation of the Stage, and who, by the restoration of careful rehearsal and attention to details, have effected so much for the good of Dramatic Art, are doing their best to unpopularise the Theatre, and to give to one small select opulent class what was meant for the public at large.

Yes, Mr. BANCROFT, Sir, I respectfully address you in the name of the Theatre-going Public. I do not doubt your good intentions, with which the Haymarket is ornamented; but if you cannot afford to keep up the Haymarket Pit, you ought never to have taken the Haymarket Theatre.

Don't be under any mistake, my excellent Manager. Give us less *bric-à-brac*, give us less costly properties, sacrifice some of your ultra-devotion to realism, and give us instead reasonable prices all over the house, and restore that venerable institution, the Pit of the Haymarket.

If Paterfamilias wants to go to the theatre nowadays he has to consider the matter seriously. Young Masters CRUTCH and TOOTH-PROCK, with their sisters, the Misses ELSKIN, won't go anywhere else than in the Stalls. The Stalls are fashionable, and St. James's and the Haymarket (under Bancroftian management), are fashionable theatres. The young people like to visit the fashionable theatres; but if they do, they will go in the fashionable places, and

pay the fashionable prices. Do they go out of love of the Drama? Not a bit. They go to be seen, and to see, and to say they've been. They go the Stalls of the fashionable theatres as they will go to the Stalls at the Italian Opera in the season. Do they care one whit more for Music than they do for the Drama? No. Poor Paterfamilias with stalls at ten shillings a-piece, can't get through his one evening's entertainment much under a five-pound note, and though his family may have the exquisite pleasure of getting a glimpse of Royalty in a box, of nodding to a titled club acquaintance—whom young CRUTCH will proudly point out to his sisters,—of meeting the DE PONSONBY SMITHS, of seeing the fashionable beauties, and hearing (probably in whispers during the performance) the fashionable scandals, yet poor Paterfamilias himself will not have experienced such intellectual pleasure as will recompense him in any degree for his outlay, nor will it strike him that his children have been morally improved by the visit.

The Manager will probably say that one success at these prices will recoup him for any previous losses, and that as long as the public will pay his charges, so long is he justified in making them.

The public, however, will not go on paying his charges. A portion of the public may do so, whose pockets are not inconvenienced by having to pay dearly for luxuries; but even these will find the prices high for *bric-à-brac* and realistic properties, and when they withdraw the attraction of their fashionable presence, then the snobs, who only went for the sake of the nobles, will go too, and your stalls, on which you depended, will be empty—empty, as the majority of their former occupants,—and then what have you to look to? A Pit? No. That you chased away. A Dress Circle? No. That you made expensive and unfashionable? A Gallery? Oh, dear, no, you never played to a Gallery. Private Boxes? Yes—for friends; and Upper Circle for "orders."

The Manager will reply, that a successful piece will bring them all back again. Not all. Your former patrons will be chary of returning; and that public, which you have disregarded and which you have driven away by your high prices, will have found some other amusement, will have lost what taste it had for the Drama, and, feeling no sort of interest in your success or failure, will leave you and your theatres to take care of themselves, to sink or swim, as best you can.

Mr. Manager BANCROFT, you were sufficiently sensible to refuse a public testimonial when you felt you had done nothing to deserve it. You have had your TURNERELLE, and you have wisely rejected, as did our PREMIER before you, and CÆSAR before him, a crown—now, take this opportunity of doing a gracious act, and, as you have "restored" the Haymarket Theatre, go a step farther, and restore the Pit. And, Messieurs Managers, lower your expenses and your prices all round. Give us less costly realism, and more real acting. Encourage the public to visit your theatres frequently at what may be called popular prices. Let each house have its speciality, giving the public the best of its kind. All houses have not Companies for Comedy, nor all for Tragedy, nor all for Drama, nor all for Burlesque, Pantomime, or Spectacles,—just as in the vast public, not everyone cares for Tragedy, not everyone for Comedy, and so on. There is a large class who would not thank you to be taken gratis to the best seat in the house to witness the best possible representation of any one of SHAKESPEARE'S plays. There is a large class which prefers Tragedy to Comedy, and is intolerant of Farce and Burlesque. There is again a large class which asks only to be made to laugh, and who, coming from their business, trade, or profession, and from their troubles and worries, prefer laughter, and sparkle, and nonsense, and music, and dances, to the greatest dramatic intellectual treat that could be provided for them. *Chacun à son goût*—but no one wishes to pay exorbitantly for what he would take as a frequent relaxation, and so Managers of all theatres, be their *spécialité* what it may, will do well, in view of popular support, to reduce their prices all round.

I remain, Mr. BANCROFT and Gentlemen,

"THE PEOPLE'S BILL" OF THE PLAY.

[This is one view of the matter. It is obvious there is another.—Mr. P.'s Note.]

DISAGREEABLE FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

"The SULTAN is suffering from indisposition, and the dinner which His Majesty intended giving in honour of Sir HENRY LAYARD is postponed until Sunday.

"The Ottoman Bank having declined to continue paying the salaries of the Turkish Ambassadors abroad, the Porte is making arrangements for the payments to be effected through other banks."—*Turkish News*.

LET us hope that the SULTAN'S indisposition is nothing worse than an indisposition to receive the British Ambassador. Or can it be that as the Ottoman Bank has stopped the Ambassadors' salaries, the Stamboul butchers have again stopped the supplies to the SULTAN'S purveyors, and that no dinner was forthcoming?



THURSDAY, Feb. 5.—Our Opening Day. The Fog, which had done its darkest on Wednesday, made way for HER MAJESTY'S progress, from Buckingham Palace to Westminster, through loyal greetings from the Sun and the London Lieges.

Only one hitch occurred when a steed of the State team "got his head out of the collar." The Opposition complain that *the Leader*



THE CONSEQUENCE OF THE CHAIR.

Chairman of Home-Rule Meeting. " 'THE CHAIR' WILL NOT DISPUTE THE POINT WITH MISTHER O'PUMMEL—"
 The O'Pummel. " 'THE CHAIR' HAD BETTER NOT, UNLESS HE LOOKS TO STIP OUT, AND TAKE HIS COAT OFF!! "

[Confusion—Excuse fighting.]

of the State team HAS had his head out of the collar for some time past. And one reason for their anxiety for a change of whips is to prevent anything of the kind for the future.

But with the bright sunshine and loyal lieges, and the show of fair Ladies in the House of Lords, ended the brilliance of the day's work. The Speech—"one of the most solemn of public documents"—("we thank thee, Jew, for teaching us that word") was one of the emptiest examples of its solemn order within *Punch's* memory—which embraces a goodly collection of the Queen's shillings; for if speech is silver, Queen's speeches are Queen's shillings.

The rules observed in its concoction seem to have been—as to words—"least said soonest mended;" and—as to acts—"least promised, easiest performed."

Considering the hot-pokerish nature of the subjects to be handled, as Turkish Reforms, Afghan Invasion, South-African Wars, and their upshots, what better rule could have been followed for words; and, considering what is likely to be the legislative strength of the moribund Commons, what wiser caution could have been observed as to acts?

It is no doubt pleasant to know—if anybody had yet to learn—

That HER MAJESTY's foreign relations are friendly. (*More shame to them if they were not.*)

That events—if not Sovereigns and Statesmen—tend to furnish additional security for the maintenance of European Peace, "on the Principles of the Treaty of Berlin." (*A ticklish feat of international balancing.*)

That much remains to be done in Turkey. (*We should have thought that little or nothing remained to be "done" there, every-one and everything that was to be done having been done already.*)

That we have concluded a Convention for the suppression of the slave trade in the Ottoman dominions. (*When the slave trade is suppressed, call Mr. Punch to congratulate HER MAJESTY and HER MAJESTY's Ambassador at Constantinople, and HER MAJESTY's Foreign Office.*)

That the Treaty of Gandamak has not, unhappily, terminated the war in Afghanistan. (*Who thought it had—except Ministers?*)

That our Envoy has been treacherously murdered, and bloodily avenged—(*Facta est Justitia!*)

That the conduct of the campaign reflects the highest credit upon British and Native Forces. (*Provided Gen. ROBERTS's explanations as to his use of the noose prove satisfactory.*)

That the unsettled state of the country renders the withdrawal of our troops impossible for the present (*No doubt about it*), but

That our principle of action remains unchanged. (*JOHN BULL will be glad to hear we have one.*)

That while determined to make our Indian frontier strong (*when we have found out where it is*), Her MAJESTY desires to be in friendly relations with those who may rule in Afghanistan (*when we discover who they are*), and with the people of the country (*when we have done exterminating them with fire and sword*).

That HER MAJESTY's anticipations as to the early termination of the war in Zululand have been fulfilled. (*Thanks to Sir GARNET.*)

And that HER MAJESTY has reason to hope that the time is now approaching when an advance may be made towards South-African Confederation for purposes of Self-Government. (*Approach, by all means, you Good Time, so long in coming!*)

So much for Foreign Affairs.

And as for Domestic—

That the Commission of Inquiry into Agricultural Depression in the United Kingdom is pursuing its labours (*and, let us hope, overtaking its results*).

That a serious deficiency in the crops in some parts of Ireland has rendered necessary certain precautions (*rather late in the day, perhaps*)—such as calling on the Relief Authorities to make preparations for the distribution of food and fuel, should such a step become necessary (*we thought it had*), and stimulating the employment of labour by advances on terms more liberal than those prescribed by law.

That my Lords and Gentlemen will, no doubt, sanction this disregard of law in the interests of life.

That luckily the Church Surplus Fund is there to supplement English charity.

Then, in three brief paragraphs, HER MAJESTY trusts my Lords and Gentlemen will be able to resume the consideration of the Criminal Code, and the Amendment of Bankruptcy Law (*but not to carry Bills for either*).

Bills will be laid before my Lords and Gentlemen for enlarging the powers of Owners of Settled Land; for consolidating and amending the Lunacy Laws; and for simplifying the Practice of Conveyancing. (*Quite enough work, we should say, for an active and opening Session, instead of a weak and distracted one, on the verge of dissolution.*)

And so ends the last dying Speech of the Parliament of 1874.

(*In the Lords.*)—After the Address had been moved at a family pace by



Lord ONSLOW (*would he could have got on quicker!*), and seconded by Lord ROSSE (*would his father's telescope could be adjusted for the discovery of the right remedies for Irish discontent!*) an unusually spiritless attack was opened by Lord GRANVILLE, only redeemed by a pointed summary of the Opposition indictment of Ministers, which is worth *Punch's* reprinting:—

"However, whether we are to have a struggle unto death depends much upon our own policy. If our foreign policy is to be one of jerks and surprises; if when we touch the Eastern Question we sanction the material advance of Russia, and at the same time make ourselves equally detested by Russians, by Slavs, by Turks, and by Greeks; if in another continent we carry on a bloody and inglorious war, which, Ministers tell you, they not only did not order, but actually prohibited, and which they openly deplore; if in that

continent you annex settlers of a European race—a race as obstinate as ourselves—and after promising them freedom, announce that you mean to govern them despotically and to govern them for ever; if in India you disregard all the lessons of experience and all the best recent advice, and pour out blood and treasure on a mountainous district, which you absolutely manure as a hotbed for hostile intrigues, and which it is equally difficult to remain in or to retire from; if you think to govern the whole world by phrases—defiant phrases periodically produced, now in a dead, now in a living language, and which daily collect around them an increasing flavour of ridicule,—I do not know that a struggle unto death may not be nearer than is supposed. But if, on the other hand, your policy is firm and conciliatory, not saying more than you mean to perform, and if you adhere to what you say; if you jealously protect yourself from real injury and insult; if, while requiring respect, you fully respect the rights of others; if you show that you do not covet the lands of others, but throw all the weight of your influence in the European councils in favour of justice, of freedom, and of peace, I have such confidence in the geographical position, the maritime resources, the accumulated wealth, the free institutions, and the spirit of this people, that I do not believe that it will be the interest or the wish of our neighbours to engage us in a struggle, or that the struggle, if it came, would be a struggle unto death."

This ushered in an unusually pointless reply by Lord BEACONSFIELD—*sans phrase*, strange to say; but for a peroration gravely informing the world that the issue of the Liverpool election is nothing less than the dismemberment of the United Kingdom. (*Which will be news to most of us.*) A rattling rejoinder by the Duke of ARGYLL turned mainly on the alleged hanging of Afghans by General ROBERTS for no other crime than defending their country (*as to which startling charge Punch and England suspend their judgment till they hear what General ROBERTS has to say to it*).

The Duke blew up Sir HENRY RAWLINSON—Chairman of Foreign Relations in the Council of India—for publishing a paper recommending, *inter alia*, the transfer of Herat to Persia, and the guaranteeing of Persia against Russia; and Lord LYTTON, or some one in his confidence, or some one in the confidence of the Home Government—(*rather vague this, your Grace*)—for communicating to the *Daily News* a secret telegram from the Government, directing another appeal to SHEER ALI before proceeding to war. This drew a sharp counter from Lord CRANBROOK, in the course of which he said the Duke had forfeited his title as a statesman by impugning the conduct of the Governor-General without having the facts before him. This second stage of the Lords' debate was as lively as the first had been dull. The MACALLUM MORE and the CRANBROOK PET are both sparrers who hit as hard in their Peers' "mufflers" as cooler fighters with their naked "mauleys," and rarely fail to tap each other's claret.

(*In the Commons.*)—Business was preceded by the usual processional parade of the Hobbies (filling a close-printed column and a half of the *Times*), among which Mr. WHEELHOUSE figured, in great force, with his team of rather oddly matched Bills.

For the better Education of the Deaf and Dumb.

For a Criminal Code.

For the Election of Aldermen by a Cumulative Vote.

For a Select Committee to consider the Commercial Relations between England and Foreign Nations, &c., &c. The Debate on the Address was very discreetly moved by Colonel MORAY (Perthshire), very indiscreetly seconded by Mr. CORRY (Belfast), discussed by Lord HARTINGTON in a more lengthy than lively *resumé* of the worst that has been said in extra-Parliamentary Opposition utterances of the Government's policy in Turkey, Afghanistan, and Zululand, and defended *tout bien que mal* by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. Incidental criticisms from Sir CHARLES DILKE, Mr. FAWCETT, and Mr. E. JENKINS, followed; then, by way of earnest of the woe to come, there was a squabble over the Adjournment of the Debate, moved by Mr. SHAW, supported by the Irish Members, and finally yielded by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER at a Quarter to Twelve.

Friday (Lords).—The Employer and Workmen Bill promised for next Tuesday,—a note, not of war, let us hope, though reaching us by Lord DE LA WARR.

Medical Education (the Duke of RICHMOND told Lord RIPON) is to be taken up where it was left last Session.

Then their Lordships adjourned after the usual twenty minutes' chat.

(Commons).—Sir H. D. WOLFF and Mr. STANHOPE got a great rise out of a find in the Indian archives—a

dispatch of 1869, in which the MACALLUM MORE had, with his own illustrious hand, tacked the title of "Empress of India" to that of Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. A capital illustration how "coming events cast their shadows before," and a fair crow for Ministers.

Correspondence with Russia has been found at Cabul—the seeds of tempest in NEKT MAHOMED's tea-pot, we presume—but will not be found in the Blue-Book just published. Government does not mean to give any information about it at present,—an announcement received with cheers and counter-cheers.

Dr. ANDERSON drew Mr. SOLATER-BOOTH in explanation of the non-appointment of Dr. FARR to the Registrar-Generalship. The Doctor's health was the sole and sufficient reason. Lord BEACONSFIELD has the appointment, and is quite satisfied. (The PREMIER never does these things without grounds that will bear the brunt of question. He may have been guilty of jobs. What Minister hasn't? But he has never been found out in one. Dr. FARR and his friends had better go no farther. He and they will only fare worse. Let him and them grin—or groan—and bear it.)

Then the adjourned debate on the Address plunged into that Slough of Despond, the Serbonian bog of Irish Distress, the Home-Rulers, by Messrs. REDMOND, SHAW, the O'DONOGHUE, JUSTIN MAC-CARTHY, O'CONNOR POWER, Major NOLAN, and lesser lights, contending that the Government had been supine and shortsighted, wrong in their choice of remedies and too late in applying them.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and Mr. PLUNKET met the Home-Rulers' charge with a firm front, and a bristling array of points, in proof that Government had done their best—and that their best was as good as it could be.

As at present informed, *Punch* is bound to say they seem to make good their case.

Of course there were a few passages of shillelagh-slogging between Messrs. LEWIS and O'CONNOR POWER, and PLUNKET and O'DONNELL, *à propos* of a very unworthy subject of quarrel, Mr. PARNELL, his denunciation of all channels for distribution of Irish relief but his own, and his exultation over a calamity that helped forward his agitation. Let Mr. O'DONNELL protest never so loudly, all Mr. PARNELL has done and is doing, since the Irish distress set in, only proves him capable of the worst that Mr. PLUNKET attributed to him.

If English hearts feel it hard not to be hard against Ireland, Ireland may thank CHARLES STUART PARNELL.

The debate was again adjourned, at half-past two.

Action and Reaction.

"FIRST night Parliamentary utterances dull,
E'en for this extremely dull century."
But of extra liveliness think how full
The Extra-Parliamentary.

Archibald's Hot and Strong.

GENERAL CREALOCK—as we learn from ARCHIBALD FORBES's scathing article in *The Nineteenth Century* on Lord CHEELMSFORD's conduct of the Zulu campaign—was always writing to the Commissariat for "pepper." He, like his Chief, Lord CHEELMSFORD, has got it now from Our Own Correspondent, whatever he may have done from the Commissariat.

QUITE THE RIGHT THING.

How the United States Representatives "extended the courtesy of their House" to Mr. PARNELL.—By staying out of it.

Ah! if when they had got him in the House, they could have kept him there!

THE STAGE IN EXCELSIS; OR, WHAT WE MAY BE COMING TO.

(Small-talk Stall-snatched.)

"THIS house is quite too delightfully charming!"
"Ah! there is the dear Duchess in the Gallery."
"Has the Earl much to do in the First Act?"
"No, but the Cabinet Minister comes on with a banner."
"I cannot tell you who wrote this piece."
"Then, will you inform me who supplied these arm-chairs?"
"Why are you sitting with your back to the stage?"
"Is that a Parmegiano topsy-turvy on the ceiling?"
"Let us spend a couple of Acts in the Lobby?"
"What do you think of the situation?"
"Don't mention it in the same breath with the refreshment-room."
"I wish the Actors would be quiet and let me hear what you say."
"What do you say to 'poker' in a private box?"
"Capital! Now this is what a theatre ought to be."
"Decidedly. Where did you say the Pit had gone to?"
"To the Upper Circles, with all else in this charming theatre."

THE LADIES' CLUB.—A French name for "the Russell"—*Le Cercle Frou-frou*.

THE TWO I.'s.—A brace of Incurables; India and Ireland.

THE "INS AND OUTS" OF IT. (BETWEEN HOME-RULERS AND ENGLISH PARTIES.)

Lord B. loquitur (after the Liverpool telegram)—



HOUGH with Home-
Rulers we
coquetted
Ere I was at
the helm,
To dish the Whigs
'twas thus
permitted,
And so to save
the realm!

But 'twixt those times and these, I trow,
The difference is all;
Coquetting with Home-Rulers now
"Dismemberment" I call.

When 'tis not only fires to hatch
From their sparks 'neath the embers,
But from us, perhaps, one member snatch,
Nay, may be, several members.

There's the length 'twixt good deed and sin—
Beyond dispute or doubt—
In things we do with Liberals *In*,
And *they* to turn us *Out*.

So now that Naval RAMSAY's rams
Have missed their mark so wide,
On WHITLEY's back and Dicky Sams',
In triumph let us ride!

TRUTHS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

THE *Saturday Review*, in an article entitled "What is a Jingo?" has answered that question in a manner which will considerably astonish Jingoists generally. A Jingo, it appears, is the most modest and peaceful of mankind. So far from being of a bellicose disposition, it is he alone who at the present moment preserves the peace of Europe. But for his well-known pacific aspirations, "a war vaster and more terrible than the world has ever seen would at once break out." He belongs to no party, but, at the same time, "whoever should convert the Liberal party to Jingoism, would confer as great a benefit on that party as he would on the country at large."

This portrait is so true to nature that it deserves a companion picture. "What is a *Saturday Reviewer*?—A *Saturday Reviewer* is the most benevolent of men. His life is spent in one constant endeavour to see the best side of everything. When compelled by his conscience to find fault, he suffers more acutely than his victim. In politics he is an advanced Liberal, and an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. GLADSTONE, especially on matters of foreign policy. His sympathies are with the people; and he has a strong bias towards Dissent. No catastrophe could occur more disastrous to the progress of mankind than a deviation, however slight, from the admirable lines on which the *Saturday Review* is at present conducted."

IDEA OF AN ADVANCED RITUALIST OF A SOCIAL TURN AND CONFIRMED SMOKING HABITS.—Cigar-ashes for Ash Wednesday.



NINCOMPOOPIANA.—THE MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY.

Our Gallant Colonel (who is not a Member thereof, to Mrs. Cimabue Brown, who is). "AND WHO'S THIS YOUNG HERO THEY'RE ALL SWARMING OVER NOW?"

Mrs. Cimabue Brown. "JELLABY POSTLETHWAITE, THE GREAT POET, YOU KNOW, WHO SAT FOR MAUDLE'S 'DEAD NARCISSUS'! HE HAS JUST DEDICATED HIS LATTER-DAY SAPPHICS TO ME. IS NOT HE BEAUTIFUL?"

Our Gallant Colonel. "WHY, WHAT'S THERE BEAUTIFUL ABOUT HIM?"

Mrs. Cimabue Brown. "OH, LOOK AT HIS GRAND HEAD AND POETIC FACE, WITH THOSE FLOWERLIKE EYES, AND THAT EXQUISITE SAD SMILE! LOOK AT HIS SLENDER WILLOWY FRAME, AS YIELDING AND FRAGILE AS A WOMAN'S! THAT'S YOUNG MAUDLE, STANDING JUST BEHIND HIM—THE GREAT PAINTER, YOU KNOW. HE HAS JUST PAINTED ME AS 'HÉLOÏSE,' AND MY HUSBAND AS 'ABÉLARD.' IS NOT HE DIVINE?"

N.B.—Postlethwaite and Maudle are quite unknown to fame.

[The Colonel hooks it.]

AN APPEAL TO JOHN BULL'S IMAGINATION.

"MR. GLADSTONE has never addressed himself to the imagination of the British people, only to their interests."—*Débats.*

JOHN BULL, you are but a Boeotian chap,
 Beery and bovine, bashful, blunt, bucolic;
 Shackled by moral figments, and the map,
 You scarce appreciate Fancy free and frolic.
 Her rapt outpourings, which you call clap-trap,
 Though couched in language high and hyperbolic,
 You're apt to flout with foolish indignation;
 In short, dear JOHN, you lack imagination.
 But now 'tis time the little that you have
 Should be stirred up—I'd rather not say tickled.
 Too long you've funk'd the Conqueror's bloody glaive,
 And for pretence of right and justice stickled:
 Prosy punctilio by which the Slav
 Will ne'er be, as he should be, soundly pickled.
 Kick out your fogeyish monitor, Morality,
 And try a little loose-laced Ideality!
 Imagine, JOHN, your simple, solid self
 A sort of Anglo-Saxon ALEXANDER,
 Lord o' the world, supreme in power and pelf,
 Of all good mundane markets sole commander!
 "Imagination is a tricky elf,
 And you mistrust her"—P—Don't be such a gander!
 If you *don't* shout your claims in language strident,
 You might as well go pawn BRITANNIA'S trident.

There's hardly any station one can name,
 In any latitude with shore or sea to it,
 But is important to your world-wide game,
 Forming, if not your gate, at least a key to it.
 Each key's essential to your power and fame—
 A plain truth, though the world may not agree to it—
 Until of keys you're getting such a stock,
 The world must dread a general dead-lock.

Take any given spot. You're planted there,
 Or may, or can, or will be, some fine day;
 In all roads leading thither you must share:
 You might, could, should, would wish to pass that way.
 For all contingencies you must prepare;
 And so, should other peoples dare to stray
 Across, or near, or round about such places,
 Of course you *must* smash those intrusive races.

A glorious prospect, JOHN! Does it not fire
 Your patriotic and imperial feelings?
 What! "Seems to involve some things of which you tire,
 Insolent snatchings and insidious stealings"?
 Pooh-pooh! You're civilised, and don't require
 High moral sanction for despotic dealings;
 And if on other races you make ravages,
 It matters little—they are mostly savages.

Don't grovel, JOHN, in sentimental slime,
 Spread o'er low flats by those who fain would humble
 Your proper pride. You are supreme, sublime,
 And not a poor parochial village Bumble.

PUNGH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—FEBRUARY 14, 1880.



“WILL IT BURST?”

CAPTAIN OF GUN. "RAJ 'EM ALL DOWN, MY LADS! SHE'LL STAND IT SAFE ENOUGH!!!"

Appeal to conscience, charge of cheat or crime—
These are mere crafty traps to make you stumble.
If you to moral foes, like GLADSTONE, truckle,
Imagine how your many foes will chuckle!

Tancred's the man to teach you how to dream,
Referring you to Fancy's magic mirror,
Seen in whose many facets interests seem
Innumerable as the shapes of error.
Truth—GLADSTONE's favourite glass—with clear cold gleam,
Chills pride, and conscience strikes with thrills of terror.
To counteract which coward trepidation,
Cut Truth, dear JOHN, and try—Imagination!

HINTS FOR A NEW AND ORIGINAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

CHAPTER VI.

*Hints—Deans—Curtain—Lecturers—Professors—Who?—Which?
—What?—Difficulties—Dangers—Sulks—Professor—Popular
—First Lecture.*

HAVING already hinted at the person whom the present writer would choose as the first Master of Thespian, it will be as well to suppose the staff of permanent resident officials appointed, including the two deans, who, instead of being called Senior and Junior Deans, might be called—out of compliment to Mr. BOUCHICAUT's dramatised version of the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, and to secure Mr. GLADSTONE's vote and interest,—*Jennie and Effie Deans*, though this, on second thoughts, would be more appropriate to Curtain College, where our fair girl-students could receive their education in a series of Curtain Lectures.



JENNIE AND EFFIE DEANS OF CURTAIN COLLEGE.

The resident officials,—not of Curtain College, but of our Ideal Dramatic College,—if actors, would have to be actors out of an engagement, and undertaking to remain so during their year of office. The lecturers, not necessarily resident, would come down from town once or twice a week, and would not be expected to reside until their term of office should arrive, when they could accept or not, at their option; with a fine in case of refusal to go to the benefit of the College Funds.

Suppose the governing body had settled on a course of lectures, or suppose that some benefactor had bequeathed a large sum for the payment of so many lecturers on one subject, to be selected each term by the Master and Fellows, and further, let us suppose one of the subjects chosen for the Easter Term to be "Rehearsals," the lectures being divided between Mr. IRVING (his own Stage-Manager at the Lyceum), Mr. HORACE WIGAN (Stage-Manager at several theatres), Mr. BANCROFT (his own Stage-Manager at Prince of Wales's), Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD (his own Stage-Director at the Gaiety).

From any two of these eminent Professors, the students would probably hear as opposite views, on the same subject, as would theological students hear from the pulpit at St. Mary's, Oxford, were it

occupied at one time by Dr. PUSEY and at another by Dean STANLEY, both lecturing on the same fundamental dogma of Christianity.

Who shall decide when Professors disagree?

Who has practically decided during the last quarter of a century at Oxford? Who? Why every student for himself as he came to put into practice the principles laid down by the Professors.

The practice of the Dramatic Schools would soon prove to the Student which of his professors had given him the best advice.

But the responsibility would be taken off the Student's shoulders, to a considerable extent, by the Master of Thespian collating the lectures, carefully examining them, selecting the best from each, and then at the end of the course delivering his summing up.

Or each student could choose his own professor. SMITH, *e.g.* elects to be taught by Professor ARTHUR CECIL, JONES by Professor JOHN HARE, BROWN by Professor THORNE, ROBINSON by Professor WARNER. What would be the result? SMITH, and all who agreed with SMITH, would end in being Cecilians; JONES and his co-scholars, all young HARES; BROWN and party all THORNES; and ROBINSON & Co. be WARNERS. Or, worse, suppose SMITH, BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON united in selecting any one of these learned Professors, to the exclusion of the rest, would not the other Professors wrap their dramatic mantles round them, scowl in corners, and growl to themselves, "Ha! a time will come! No mat-tar!"? Of course they would. I will now suppose the Students assembled, to hear Mr. BANCROFT on Rehearsals. He would probably say something of this sort:—

Aw—Gentlemen—the question of a rehearsal is of—a—some importance. Without rehearsal, what should we do? (*Pause.*) I don't know. (*Pause.*) With rehearsal, what do we do? Not much. (*Pause.*) Without rehearsal, could any piece be produced? (*Pause.*) I don't think so. (*Pause for further consideration.*) Of course, I won't absolutely take my oath of it—but—I don't think so. It is not at all necessary to rehearse with all the scenes and properties every time. No. Not at all. Acting should be independent of such—aw—accessories. The best principle to go upon is, "That it will be all right at night;" and if it is all right at night, the end may be considered as gained. Whatever is right at night, is right. At least, I should say so, shouldn't you? (*Applause, during which the Lecturer consults his manuscript through his eye-glass.*) Gentlemen—aw—the less time spent over rehearsal, the better for the Actors, and for the piece. To study elaborate details is to baulk inspiration. What should we do without inspiration? (*Pause.*) I don't know. What do we do with inspiration? (*Pause.*) I don't know. Not much. (*Applause.*) If at rehearsal it is fixed that the Actors are to stand in certain positions at certain times, are to cross from one side to the other, to enter and exit at certain "cues," where, I ask, is the chance for the development of genius, where, I inquire, is the opportunity for inspiration? (*Applause.*) Gentlemen, no one can deprecate—I say, no one can deprecate, more than I do, the habit of slavishly adhering to the Author's text—of servilely, I say servilely, carrying out instructions, which do not appeal to the head, or the—aw—heart. Give me a week, I may say a few days, for rehearsal, and give me the Theatre, well supplied with a stock of ordinary scenery and ordinary properties—a drawing-room interior, a poor chamber, a cottage exterior, a landscape-backing, a street-scene, and wings and sky-borders to match, and I will undertake to produce the finest Comedy or Tragedy in the world at the shortest possible notice. (*Cheers from the Students.*) You'd hardly think it is so, but—aw—so it is. What necessity is there for the Actor to do more than have a fair knowledge of his part by the night of performance? I say, "a fair knowledge," advisedly. For is there not an official called a Prompter in the Theatre? And I ask you, as men of sense, why should that official be paid for doing nothing? Why should he be in receipt of a salary for prompting, when there is no occasion for his services? I don't see why he should. Do you? (*Applause.*) No, you don't. No more do I. If every Actor came perfect on the first night, or indeed on any night, then—

The Prompter's occupation's gone.

And his existence would be worse than unnecessary, it would be a waste of money, a useless expensive luxury. Wouldn't it? For





BE-FOGGED.

Polite Old Gentleman (in the Fog). "PRAY, SIR, CAN YOU KINDLY TELL ME IF I'M GOING RIGHT FOR LONDON BRIDGE?"

Shadowy Stranger. "LUM BRI'GSH? GOO' JOKE! 'NOTHER MAN 'SHAME SHTATE'S MYSELF! I WAN' T' FIN' LUM BRI'GSH, TOO! TA' MY ARM——"
[Old Gent hurries off!]

A PRACTICAL MAN AND NO JOKER.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

As the practical man of the nineteenth century, I address myself to you. After two years' hard work the Committee sitting upon the surviving *Thunderer* gun have managed to burst it. The realisation of their plans has been a matter of the deepest congratulation to all concerned. I share in the feeling of general satisfaction. But, Sir, we surely ought not to stop here. Now that it has been proved that a double charge will burst the biggest of our naval ordnance, should we not test other things in a similar fashion? To explain what I mean, I give you a few suggestions out of my note-book.

LIST OF THINGS THAT WANT SETTLING.

St. Paul's Cathedral.—It has been asserted that the singing of the Charity Children in the Dome threatens to endanger the stability of that portion of Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN's monument. Would it not be as well to get up a dozen of our Woolwich Infants into the Whispering Gallery, and fire them simultaneously to see the effect.

The Crystal Palace.—It has been rumoured, though the report has been denied, that the structure requires renewing in all its main lines. Under these circumstances would it not be as well to hold the Easter Volunteer Review on the roof to see how much of the glass and iron would be broken?

The British Museum.—For many years the Reading-Room has been closed at dusk for fear of fire. It is opened now in the evenings, thanks to the adoption of the electric light. Would it not be as well to test the indestructibility of the apartment by lighting a bonfire in the centre, of a pile of all the now useless duplicates in the Library, moistened with, say, two-hundred gallons of paraffine.

The Thames Tunnel.—It is asserted that if a hole were bored through the roof to the river the water would certainly enter and destroy the passage. Would it not be as well to test the assertion by making the necessary boring?

When these very interesting and useful experiments have been carried out, I will send you a score of others equally urgent and not less instructive. In the meanwhile I have the honour to describe myself,

Your obedient Servant,

Q. E. D.

STATISTICS OF SKATING.—Figures on the Ice.

my part, I like to hear the Prompter. It is a sign of life; and I believe the audience like to hear the Prompter; for, if they do not hear him, how do they know he is there? And if he be not there, are not the audience deprived of a portion of what they have paid for? (*Applause.*) As to *study apart* from rehearsal, I say *study a part* at rehearsal. Bring your part in your pocket, and read it from time to time up to the very last moment. By so doing you will avoid becoming a mere machine capable of uttering only certain sounds and words, for, when your memory fails you, you will trust your ready wit, and thrill the house with one of those marvelous displays which we hear of in the performance of an EDMUND KEAN. At least that's what I've always heard about EDMUND KEAN. (*Applause.*) I suppose he really was a great man. I dare-say he was. Let us hope so. (*Applause.*) If your acting depend on rehearsals, Gentlemen—I—well, all I can say is, I pity you. What can it matter to the excellence of a *Sir Peter Teazle* that the screen should be in a particular place, or that the screen should be "of the period," or, I will go so far as to say, that there should be any screen at all? If there be no screen, it is an opportunity for the representative of *Lady Teazle* to show her command of resources, as it will be also for *Joseph* and *Charles Surface*. Gentlemen, theatrical success is so entirely a matter of fluke,—we have every chance of making a *fluke* with so many cues—ha! ha!—(*laughter*)—that I really begin to question whether any rehearsal at all is absolutely necessary. Gentlemen, you may take my word for it—and note it down as an axiom—that "short rehearsals make long runs." (*Cheers from the Students.*)

Gentlemen, I thank you for your attention. I trust you all feel the better for the lecture. (*Pause. Applause.*) Thank you. We shall meet again on another occasion. At least I hope so. Don't you? (*Great applause.*) Bless you! and—aw—no more at present. Good day!

Such might be the views of rehearsal as expounded by Professor BANCROFT, Actor and Stage Manager. Next week we will assemble

in the lecture-room to hear a lecture on the same subject from Professor JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, of the Gaiety Theatre, who will doubtless be received by a very large audience of those earnest and intelligent Students, most of whom (we must suppose) have already imbibed the teaching of Professor S. BANCROFT, late of the Prince of Wales's, now of the Haymarket.

UNCLE SAM'S ORGANS—SET TO ONE TUNE.

(With Mr. Punch's Compliments to Mr. Parnell.)

"THE *New York Tribune* says that, as far as the Americans are concerned, Mr. PARNELL's visit has been a dead failure.

"The *New York World* calls his reference to the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH a violation of public decency, and his assaults on the Mansion House Committee unfounded and scandalous. It thinks that the purses of all persons who are not parted from their money with proverbial ease and promptness should henceforth be closed against him.

"The *New York Times* says that his conduct is not unlikely to send a number of his countrymen to an untimely grave.

"The *St. Louis Globe*, a Democratic paper, pronounces the attack on the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH a shameless abuse of free speech, and says that the only way to teach decency to such men is to pelt them with eggs.

"The *Boston Post* calls the attack an unworthy, unmanly act, and thinks that the sooner Mr. PARNELL returns home the better.

"The *Providence Press* says the attack shows MR. PARNELL to be as ignorant of history as of good manners.

"The *Providence Journal* compares Mr. PARNELL to DENIS KEARNEY. And the *Newark Advertiser* calls him rabid and malevolent."—*Daily News.*

Of the American organs of opinion, as of *dramatis personæ*, it may be said, "When they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful."

TOAST AND SENTIMENT FOR IRISH ABSENTEES.—The Land we live out of.



QUITE UNIMPORTANT.

Thompson (interrogatively, to Beauteous but Haughty Damsel, whom he has just helped to alight). "I BEG YOUR PARDON!"

Haughty Damsel. "I DID NOT SPEAK!"

Thompson. "OH—I THOUGHT YOU SAID 'THANKS'!"

THE ONLY TRUE TORIES.

HERE we are again! The Houses of Parliament, as usual, have re-opened with the political pantomime. A plague of both their Houses! Confound their politics on either side! Mine may be the reverse of Liberal. But I am no Conservative. A Conservative is satisfied with things as they are. I am not. In my opinion, the best thing you could do would be to repeal every Act of Parliament of any consequence that has been passed since 1829 inclusive. Conservative! So called from conserving the legislation of the Liberal Party. Yah! I scorn the epithet.

As there seems to be nobody in Parliament who, whatever he may think, is ready to propose undoing all the work of so-called Reform for the last one-and-fifty years, of course, my views are unrepresented. Accordingly, I detest all Parties equally, with a certain reservation in favour of one which is in fact rather a set than a party. I mean that section of Home-Rulers invidiously nicknamed Obstructives. Their highly successful endeavours to impede legislation at any rate answer the purpose of arresting all change for the present, and in particular of defeating democratic measures proposed by a Conservative Government with a view to outbid a Liberal Opposition.

Now that Parliament has recommenced the task of talking, I trust the Obstructive Home-Rulers will attend every night in their places, and resume their useful occupation of trying to render it all *Vox et præterea nihil!* A safe and speedy return to Mr. PARNELL! In the meantime his excellent compatriots will, I hope, be able to work the block-system on the Parliamentary Line sufficiently well without him. There can be no further "progress" for the so-called Conservative Coach so long as the Irish Car continues to stop the

DEBASING THE VERBAL CURRENCY.

(A long way) after Theophrastus Such.

"On 2nd inst., at the — Street Police Office, a gentlemanly-looking young man, who refused his name, was fined ten shillings and costs for using bad language."

MORAL.

Now, all you nice young Ladies,
Be warned by this, I pray;
Whoso murders the Queen's English,
For it will have to pay.

Respect the words your mothers
Have watered with their tears,
And against your slangy brothers
Shut tight your rosy ears.

Go and win Wranglers' places,
Go up in, and for, degrees;
But no more slangy phrases,
Dear young Ladies! if you please.

ALL ABOUT IT.

BEFORE THE LIVERPOOL ELECTION.

Liberal Organs.

"It will be at once test and contest—for, &c., &c."

Conservative Organs.

"A contest the Election is sure to be—but a test—no!—for, &c., &c."

AFTER THE LIVERPOOL ELECTION.

Liberal Organs.

"The contest has been severe, but the test nil—for, &c."

Conservative Organs.

"Severe as the contest has been, it is as a test that the Election is so important—for, &c., &c."

A Question for Mr. Punch's Putting.

I FEAR that Peru will ne'er pay what is due,
If she's licked, it will surely o'ertask her;
But as a poor Bondholder anxious to know,
I beg to suggest that 'Uascar.

SOUND ADVICE ON THE IRISH QUESTION.

—Don't ask it.

way. The occupants of that vehicle are, as they themselves might put it metaphorically, stopping the same road, with yours truly,

METHUSELAH MOULDIWARP.

P.S.—There are yet left some genuine Liberals and Radicals who ought to be thankful to the worthy Irishmen permitted to pursue their useful game of Obstruction in the House of Commons. So long as they only persist in doing that, and do it thoroughly, our liberties, so many of which Liberals and Conservatives, between them, have latterly curtailed, cannot be made still less. Success to the policy of Obstruction, in so far as it tends, by stopping all restrictive measures, to preserve the small remainder of an Englishman's freedom. To that extent, the Irish Obstructives for ever, say I, and may Mr. BIGGAR never be less!

Guns and Governments.

"Mr. SULLIVAN said he was prepared to substantiate all these five charges against the Party now in power."—*Daily Paper*.

"Two charges burst an Eighty Ton,"
Shouts SULLIVAN, "then, look alive:
The Government's a bigger gun,—
Here goes to blow 'em up with five!"

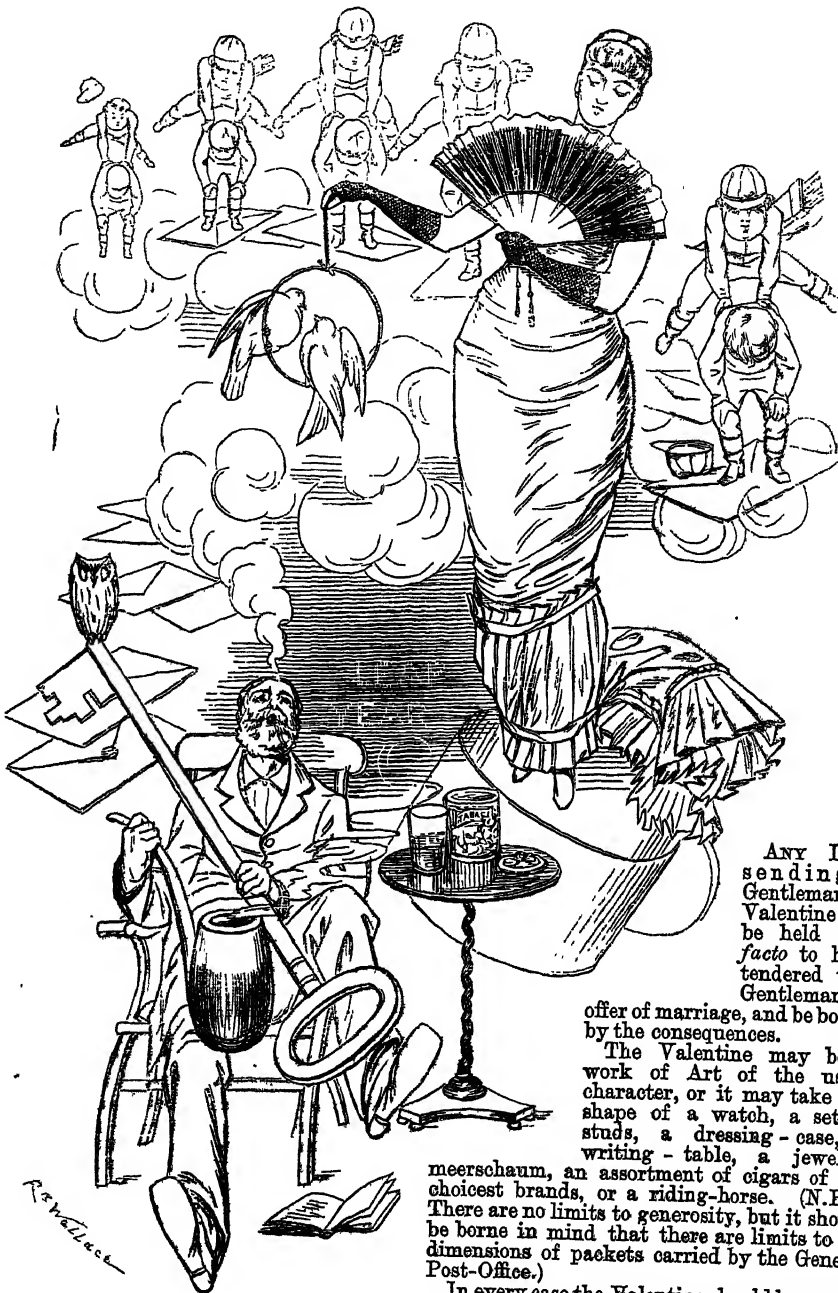
Something like a Sensation-Heading.

"THE *New York Herald* announces in its impression of to-day that it has opened a subscription list for the relief of the distress in Ireland, itself heading it with a donation of one hundred thousand dollars."

SUCH a *Herald*, even if Ultra-Republican, deserves to be appointed Ulster King, if not at Arms, at Helping Hands.

REGULATIONS FOR VALENTINES.

(LEAP YEAR.)



ANY Lady sending a Gentleman a Valentine will be held *ipso facto* to have tendered that Gentleman an

offer of marriage, and be bound by the consequences.

The Valentine may be a work of Art of the usual character, or it may take the shape of a watch, a set of studs, a dressing-case, a writing-table, a jewelled meerschaum, an assortment of cigars of the choicest brands, or a riding-horse. (N.B.—There are no limits to generosity, but it should be borne in mind that there are limits to the dimensions of packets carried by the General Post-Office.)

In every case the Valentine should be accompanied by a photograph and a certified copy of the birth register.

The Valentine must be enclosed in a registered envelope, and to insure special attention being paid to it, should be bound round with white satin ribbon. It must be posted by the sender in person, but she is at liberty to wear a thick veil, and to wait, if preferred, until it is dusk.

The consent of parents or guardians need not be asked; but if the lady is a Ward of Chancery, the sanction of the Court must first be obtained.

Until the sender has a positive assurance that her Valentine has been accepted in the spirit in which it was offered, she is not to divulge the secret to more than three bosom friends.

Any matrimonial engagement which may be the result of a Valentine despatched under these regulations, will be deemed invalid and at an end unless it is followed by a marriage before the expiration of this present (Leap) year. The Postmaster-General will feel complimented by an invitation to the wedding-breakfast; and a liberal gratuity should be given to the postman by whose hands the Valentine was delivered which has brought about the happy event.

PROFESSOR READYSON'S NEXT INVENTION.

(By Prophetic Cable.)

New York, Monday.

It is rumoured that our talented young inventor has discovered a wonderful liquid that will, without doubt, supersede wine, beer, and other now popular drinks. Until the patents have been secured in the four quarters of the globe the secret of the manufacture will not be divulged. It is whispered, however, that water will form one of the principal ingredients. A company has been formed, entitled "The Original Beverage Association," and the 100-dollar shares are already quoted at 50 premium.

Tuesday.

The new invention is progressing favourably. The Professor has discovered that sugar can be used with advantage. Several experts from New York have reported favourably, and the original 100-dollar shares of the "O. B. A." are already in great request at 2000 dollars.

Wednesday.

The Professor is baffled—of course, only for the moment. Perfect amalgamation of the elements of the new discovery has not been, as yet, thoroughly effected. The shares of the Association are now quoted at a considerable reduction—100-dollar shares might have been had this morning for 50.

Thursday.

Glorious news! Our young Professor is once more triumphant! He has discovered that a vegetable substance largely grown in Asia can be added to his mixture with great effect. The shares are once more at 2000 dollars.

Friday.

Everybody is talking of the new invention. Our citizens are perfectly wild about it. The process of manufacturing the beverage is as follows. Some water is heated to boiling-point (this was discovered by accident), the liquid is then poured into a receptacle containing two or three spoonfuls of the vegetable substance (which can be procured in large quantities from China); the whole is then sweetened with sugar. It is said that milk may be added without spoiling the drink, and with a view of testing this point, an enormous number of cows have been purchased and transported to Mr. READYSON'S workshop. The shares of the Company have risen to 4,500 dollars for a 100-dollar share.

Saturday.

It is now asserted that the new beverage is merely a drink known for some centuries in various parts of the world as "Tea." As Mr. READYSON'S inventions are always startling in their originality, this report must be taken for what it is worth. However, the shares have fallen considerably, a 100-dollar coupon having been purchased this morning for five cents by a collector of curiosities. I may add that several of our citizens have made large fortunes by timely realisations. I shall be able to report a new invention of our talented young scientist in the course of a few days. In the meanwhile I may hint that his latest great invention, his latest that is, since the Electric Light, is shelved for the present.

MR. PUNCH'S NOTICE OF MOTION (AS SOON AS POSSIBLE).—"To ask Mr. PARNELL how much he would take to stop where he is?"



LEX TALIONIS.

Philanthropic Old Lady. "BLESS ME, CHILD! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT DREADFUL BLACK EYE?"

Street Arab. "MOTHER! BUT—(triumphantly)—AH GAT HER THREE MONTHS FOR 'T, AH CAN TELL YE!"

'A LIFE'S WORK AND A LIFE'S WAGE.

"CAN IT BE TRUE?—A Correspondent asks this question in reference to the following report:—At the meeting of the Axminster Board of Guardians, on Monday, the Rev. R. MATSON, late Curate of Membury, Devon, applied for an order to enter the workhouse as a pauper. He had been Curate for thirty years, and had never been offered a living, and had nothing to depend upon. The Guardians thought it a very hard case; and, as there was no alternative, granted the order."

SHRUNK was his frame, and bowed his back,
His face pale, sad, and spare;
White-seamed his suit of rusty black,
And thin his silver hair.

With shaky hand and mien subdued,
His old hat he did drowse,
And of the Board of Guardians sued
An order for the House.

Thirty hard years of Curate's work—
'Twixt marriage, death, and birth—
'Twixt save and spare, patch, pinch, and pare—
None now left round his hearth.

More dull and dark Life's evening grown,
While no Church-living nears,
After Church-starving, too well known,
For all this length of years.

What rest for the old Curate's head
But the grave still and deep—
Wherein these years through he hath read
So many to their sleep?

Yes, one rest more!—to win that one
He craves the Board's consent—
The workhouse! Why its shelter shun?
For workers it was meant.

Who fairer tale of work can show,
From manhood's prime to age?—
Work like his Master's, crowned, we know,
With much his Master's wage!

The Board debates, regrets, demurs,
But grants the order due.
They print it in the newspapers,
Headed "Can it be true?"

THE RIGHT TITLE FOR THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.—Lady Lift-tenant!

MR. PECKERDOWN'S LENTEN MEDITATIONS.

I AM a year older. The hair on my crown is less, the protuberance in my figure greater. I avoid hilly ground more and more. My digestion is a matter of history. I am farther away from a pillar-box.

I wish that article on "MITHRIDATES" for the *Encyclopædia Cosmopolitana* were begun. To-morrow morning, if possible, but certainly the morning after, I will get up at four, light my own fire, and bring all my powers to bear on MITHRIDATES.

I wonder what the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's morning musings are if he wakes as early as I do. Does he fall a-thinking of his great Bill, his Budget? Does he dream of a surplus, and awake to a deficit? Will he tax my cigar, or my grog, or my income?

Would that yonder file held nothing but receipted bills!

What did Dr. PODAGER say?—that there was undoubtedly a gouty tendency in my system.

PHIL is coming back from Colorado, not with a fortune, but with a wife and four children.

I could have overlooked it, if the postman had passed this morning without calling. RUPERT writes for a remittance; ERNESTINE is enamoured of a young gentleman who has his way to make in the world, but possesses a beautiful tenor voice; and Aunt FANNY is sure I shall be very pleased to hear that she is going, after Lent, to bestow herself (and her thirty-five thousand pounds) on her medical attendant—who will be the junior partner by at least fifteen years.

The boys are coming back from School! They have got the measles at Dr. PRYME'S.

"Messrs. MANSFIELD AND WOODHOUSE present their compliments to Mr. PECKERDOWN, and regret extremely to say that there is not at present sufficient activity in the publishing department to warrant them in producing the *Byzantine History*, except at Mr. PECKERDOWN'S own risk. They therefore return the MS. with many thanks for its perusal."

My tenant, CROPNILL, has just been here to pay his rent. I have been obliged to allow him an abatement of thirty per cent. I asked him to lunch: perhaps it was as well he wished to get back by an early train.

My wife tells me Cook is going to leave to be married. She suits us admirably, being a rare conjunction of ability and economy. I can never hope to taste such outlets and tomato soup again. There will not be much scope for her acquirements at the fireside of MILLHOUSE the gasfitter.

I was just a day too late for the allotment of the new shares in the Bank of the Tropics. I see that they are quoted at a high premium.

Very little progress seems to be making in my Chancery suit.

A first and final dividend of 6½d. is declared in SLOPE'S bankruptcy. My claim was over £1500.

MARMADUKE has failed in the preliminary Examination for the Civil Service, his notions of orthography not being in unison with those of the Examiners. What do these high-priced schools teach?

I hear wonderful accounts of SYN'S progress at Redshaw—in Athletics.

Seasonable Reading—the weak state of the Revenue, the analysis of the fluid supplied by the Metropolitan Water Companies, the proceedings of the Home-Rulers in Parliament, and the Assize Reports.

I have three distasteful things to do to-day—To give instructions for my will, to make a formal and long-postponed call, and to get my hair cut.

Another Jury Summons!

[Collapse.

Past Praying For.

THE new Bankruptcy Bill contains provision for punishing receivers who keep the proceeds of Bankrupts' estates in their hands for more than ten days.

Ah, Sir JOHN! do what you will, we doubt your power to upset the old saw, "The receiver is as bad as the thief."



PLEASURE AND BUSINESS.

Lady. "A PRETTY SIGHT, ISN'T IT, DOCTOR? I DON'T SEE ANY OF YOUR LITTLE ONES HERE! I HOPE YOU DON'T DISAPPROVE OF JUVENILE PARTIES?"
Dr. Littletons (famous for his *Diagnosis of Infantile Disease*). "I, MY DEAR MADAM! ON THE CONTRARY—I LIVE BY THEM!"



“WHAT IN THE CAPTAIN’S BUT A CHOLERIC WORD.”

The Laird (to his Gardener, who had caught somebody trespassing). “HUM! AND YOU SAY, SAUNDERS, THAT THE FELLOW WAS IMPUDENT?”

Gardener. “‘IMPIDENT!’ ‘DEED, SIR, IF HE HAD BEEN THE LAIRD HIMSELF HE COULD NA HAE BEEN MAIR ILL-BRED!’”

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

(Sketch for a coming Tragedy.)

“As long as the Managers stop short of homicide, the HOME SECRETARY does not seem to care by how little they clear it.”—*Saturday Review.*

ACT I.

SCENE—An Official Chamber—Discovered Imperturbable Home Secretary. Enter Excited Philanthropist.

Imperturbable Home Secretary. Ah, here you are again! Take a chair.

Excited Philanthropist. A chair! You don’t understand me. Listen! There’s not a moment to lose. At the rehearsal yesterday of the “new feature” in the programme of the Royal Gladiatorium, the poor girl missed the wire with her little finger, and in the return spring was flung over the refreshment-counter. It’s a monstrous cruelty. You must intervene! [Bursts into tears.]

Imperturbable Home Secretary. My dear Sir, do calm yourself. Intervene? You see I’m in a position of extreme difficulty. Besides, believe me, these things are far less dangerous than they look.

Excited Philanthropist (wildly). Dangerous! I tell you she lay there, quivering and insensible.

Imperturbable Home Secretary (slightly interested). Dear me! But—you see—ah! (Considerate Recreator is announced, and enters.) This gentleman, I am sure, will be able to give a satisfactory explanation of the contretemps.

Considerate Recreator. In two twos, Mr. Secretary. The thing’s as simple as can be—a child could do it. Our little LATTIE takes the bar, and is propelled. This carries her ninety feet horizontally; during which she revolves twice, catching the transverse flying swing, on its return, with her ankles. Then come the half circular swoop, the plunge backward through silver paper, and the final catch of the wire by her little finger. Then the head-foremost descent, and there you are.

Imperturbable Home Secretary. It seems very simple. Really, I should like to see—I mean—do you think it’s quite safe?

Considerate Recreator. Safe! Why, you could do it in a week. The difficulty is to go wrong.

Imperturbable Home Secretary. Ah! Well, I’m sure I’m very glad to hear it. (Encouragingly to Excited Philanthropist.) There, my good friend, don’t alarm yourself; you hear what this gentleman says; there is no occasion for it. You know I told you these things are far less dangerous than they look.

[Relapses into imperturbability as Act-drop falls.]

ACT II.

SAME SCENE—Imperturbable Home Secretary discovered as before.

Enter More excited Philanthropist hurriedly.

Imperturbable Home Secretary. Why, here you are again. What is it now? Take a chair.

More excited Philanthropist (hysterically). A chair! Come: there’s not a moment to lose. It’s the most revolting exhibition I’ve ever seen in my life. (Seizes him.) Come! Every one looks to you to stop it!

Imperturbable Home Secretary. Stop it! You don’t mean to say—(rearranges his collar.)

More excited Philanthropist. I do. The silver paper has given way. The crash was terrific! The poor girl—

Enter Considerate Recreator.

Considerate Recreator. Is going on capitally, Mr. Secretary. A mere slip. Look here. (Flourishes a couple of medical certificates in his face.) Mere concussion, temporary vertigo, partial paralysis, and compound fracture of a transient character. She’s advertised for Thursday. Plucky little woman!

Imperturbable Home Secretary. Dear me! Most remarkable! But wouldn’t it be better now, if, as these little risks will occur, you could get a lay-figure, for instance?

Considerate Recreator. Saw-dust? No, Sir. The public, when they pay their money, like to have flesh.

Imperturbable Home Secretary (reflectively). Ah, yes! I dare say! I suppose—a dog, now—?

Considerate Recreator. What?—and let us in for "Cruelty to Animals?" No; that would never do. [They both laugh.]

More excited Philanthropist. This is inhuman! And do you mean to say, then, that you are not going to do anything?

Imperturbable Home Secretary. Well, you see, I don't think so—at least, not at present. [Relapses once more, as Act-drop falls.]

ACT III.

SAME SCENE—*Imperturbable Home Secretary*, Indignant Philanthropist, and Considerate Recreator, discovered.

Indignant Philanthropist. Well, was I right or not? Are you satisfied now? Here—here's the report. (Reads harrowing details of a fatal accident from an Evening Paper.)

Imperturbable Home Secretary. Yes—dear me—a sad misfortune; and most annoying to me after the assurances I have received that there was no sort of danger. (Reproachfully to Considerate Recreator.) You know I quite trusted to you. Indeed, I may say I left myself entirely in your hands.

Considerate Recreator (touched). Well, I can't say that you didn't. You gave us every chance. But there—if you forget to hang the wire, where are you? It will be a dence of a drop to the business.

Imperturbable Home Secretary. Yes, no doubt, and I am sorry to hear it. But you see, I am afraid I must intervene. The young woman, I think I understood you to say, was—?"

Indignant Philanthropist. Killed on the spot!

Imperturbable Home Secretary. Dear me—you don't say so. A very sad accident (apologetically), and obliges me to at last—

Indignant Philanthropist. Ah! at last.

Considerate Recreator. You don't mean it!

Imperturbable Home Secretary. I really do—To stop the Performance.

Slow Music. Curtain.

AN UGLY TALE FROM THE TRANSVAAL.

DR. W. H. RUSSELL—the *doyen* of War-Correspondents, by virtue of service no less than seniority—has been publishing in the *Daily Telegraph* letters detailing instances of the most serious and repeated breaches of discipline among our troops in the Transvaal. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has branded these statements by telegraph as "gross exaggerations and transparent untruths." The Doctor has since declared that he has stated nothing but what he saw himself or had at first hand from eye-witnesses; and we have no choice but to believe him.

Thus reiterated, the charges will have to be met by more than a telegraphic denial. They are serious enough to get up more than a rustle—a row. The sooner these allegations of insubordination are seriously looked into the better.

Can the late cutting of the Cat's tails be at the bottom, or rather at the back, of it?

Are we to conclude that "when the Cat's away the mice will play" in this very ugly fashion,—getting drunk, wrecking and looting under their officers' noses? It is earnestly to be hoped not—or the "harmless, necessary Cat" will have to be brought back again, and we shall be driven to the conclusion that our soldiers are ruffians only to be kept in order by the means appropriate to ruffianism. *Absit omen!* Far be it from *Punch* to say or think so, but he hears it said, and he knows it is thought, by many wearers of Her Majesty's uniform. He grieves that colour should be given to such words and thoughts by the reiterated statements of Dr. W. H. RUSSELL, an authority we still accept as unimpeachable, even after Sir GARNET's sweeping telegraphic contradiction.

HOW WE ARE GOVERNED.

HEAD of the Cabinet—Lord BEACONSFIELD.
TAIL of the Cabinet—Lord B. concealed.

SPEECHES AND SECURITIES.

In what do the wordy Debates in the House of Commons resemble Turkish Bonds? Absence of Interest.

ANGELICAN OBSCURANTISM.

'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good. The late fogs provided the Ritualist Clergy with an excuse for Candles.

VERY DIFFERENT.—There is no real Harmony between Conservatives and Home-Rulers, though there may be KING-HARMAN-Y.

HINTS FOR A NEW AND ORIGINAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

CHAPTER VII.

Another Lecture—Remarks—Casting Vote—Effect—Announcements—Next Subject.

LECTURE the Second at the Ideal Dramatic College on the subject of "Rehearsal" (which Mr. BANCROFT has already treated in the previous Chapter), will be given by Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, who, before the same Students, would probably inculcate the following practical and most useful lesson:—

Gentlemen, for my part, and giving you the result of my lengthy and varied experience, no piece, however slight, should be attempted under, at least, *six months' careful and laborious rehearsal*.

At the first rehearsal the Actors should all come perfect in their words—absolutely perfect—no nonsense about it, no gammon, no



shirking, no bogus, absolutely perfect. ("Hear, hear!") The scenes and properties should be all there from the very first, just exactly as they are going to be at the very last. (Applause from the Students.) It is only in this way that success can be achieved. There is no royal road to success—and Rome was no more built in a day than can any one of the pieces you've ever seen at the Gaiety—take *Robbing Roy*, for example—be produced under, as I've said before, at least six months. Six months! 'pon my soul, now I come to think of it, I would far sooner say *six years*. Nothing on the stage must be left to chance. The doctrine of "Short rehearsals make long runs," is only true, if qualified by the amount rehearsed, and not as to the duration of each rehearsal itself, or to the whole series. "Short rehearsal" should be only a comparative term. I don't believe in the parrot-cry of the British workman about "short hours." I say, go in a buster for

it when you do go in, and keep the steam up for a whole year of rehearsals if necessary. (Great cheering.) Glad to see you like my plan. It's the only genuine, practical one, I can tell you that. For example, say we are only going to devote our attention one morning to a portion of a Comedy—half a Scene of one Act—this, though it should occupy the Actors, the carpenters, the property-men, the orchestra, and all the *employés* for the best three hours of their lives, would be comparatively a short rehearsal.

Rehearse bit by bit, go over it again and again, and get each bit perfect. Don't trust to the Prompter. He is only paid to prompt in case prompting should be necessary. The Prompter is, so to speak, the stage-doctor. He is called in when somebody goes a little wrong. But he should never be called in when everything is going like clockwork. (Cheers from Students.) Trust nothing to inspiration. In classical lingo, Inspiration be blowed! (Immense cheering.) Know exactly what you are going to do, and what everybody else is going to do. You do yours, and they do theirs. Each Actor, from the principal to the super, should be possessed of a thorough knowledge of the entire story of the piece in which he is playing a part. What the French call the *ensemble* is the grand secret. Just see the French Company of the Théâtre Français at the Gaiety, that'll give you some idea of my meaning. The scenery and properties, exactly as they will be for the public performance, must be used at every rehearsal. No matter how slight the mistake, or how important the Artist who makes it, let him go over and over that particular passage again and again, until the Stage Manager and the Author are both satisfied. No dillydallying, no sulking, no tantrums, but over and over again, round goes the wheel, till the machinery works without a hitch. ("Hear, hear!") *Ruat cælum fiat justitia*—rather bad houses for a year, than that any piece should be produced with insufficient rehearsal. (Loud cheers from Students.) Gentlemen, you will oblige me by just tipping the Gyps in attendance to take your caps and gowns in the cloak-room, where you will see a board, requesting you to observe the vital principle of "Remember the Boxkeeper."

Gentlemen, the lecture is over, and whether called to be Actors or Stage Managers, I am sure you will do wisely to lay these lessons well to heart. Gentlemen, you can skedaddle. *Au revoir*. Bless you!

The two foregoing Lectures from Mr. BANCROFT and Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD will convey some slight idea of the difference of doctrine on the same subject. Who shall decide? The Master and Council, the Master having the casting vote, and the "casting" vote here will mean whether the Professor, whose teaching is repudiated, shall be included in the *Dramatis Personæ* in the bills of the Ideal Dramatic College.

At the end of every term a notice could be placed in Hall announcing the

SUBJECTS OF LECTURES FOR THE ENSUING TERM.



Subject.	Lecturer.
On the Delivery of Blank Verse	Mr. KENDAL.
On the Necessity of Clear and Distinct Articulation	Mr. H. IRVING.
On the Effective Expression of Emotion	Mr. J. HARE.
On the Duty of Speaking the Author's Text, and the Pernicious Effect of "Gagging"	Mr. LIONEL BROUGH.
On the Necessity of Perfect Repose in Acting	Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM.
On the Bad Effects of the Single Star System, and the Absolute Necessity of a First-rate All-round Company	Mr. J. L. TOOLE.
On the Dangers of Exaggeration in Character Acting	Mr. J. W. ANSON.
On the Ease and Elegance Essential to a Light Comedian	Mr. WALTER LACY.

NOTE.—Including special instructions on how to enter a room as if you were Somebody; how to remove the hat, and unbutton gloves, how to replace hat on head, how to re-adjust gloves, how to exit so as to convey the impression that you really are Somebody. The Lecturer will bring his own hat

and gloves, which will *not* be handed round to the Students for practice. Every Student required to provide himself with these accessories.

On Real and Personal Properties Mr. ARTHUR CECIL.

NOTE.—This Lecture will include *most wholesome* advice as to the furnishing of the table on the Stage, whether for breakfast, luncheon, tea, dinner, or supper. Further advice to Students on commencing their Dramatic Course as to what they are to eat, drink, or avoid, on the Stage. On the dangers of indigestion incurred by eating too much property-chicken, or drinking an extra glass of "some very good stuff" made by the property-man to represent wine, and highly recommended by the management. Hints as to extra salary if required to play eating parts, and a certain allowance made for bringing your own food and drink.



On the Avoidance of Anything like Monotony in Acting	Mr. HORACE WIGAN.
On the Stage as a School for Speaking Correct and Classic English	Mr. DAVID JAMES.
On the Bad Effects of "clowning" in Comedy.	Mr. ODELL.
On Dignity of Deportment in the Highest Walks of Tragedy, on the Power of the Eye, and of General Breadth of Style	Mr. THOMAS THORNE.
On the Advantages of a Calm Manner, and a Slow and Impressive Delivery.	Mr. EDWARD TERRY.
On the careful Use of the Right Hand, and the Absence of Anything approaching to Mannerism in Action.	Mr. J. RYDER.
On Self-consciousness as Destructive of Dramatic Power	Mr. BARNESANTO.
On the Readiest Means of Acquiring an airy, touch-and-go, vivacious Style, with a rapid and articulate Delivery of Patter Speeches	Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN.

I shall now proceed to suggest a few Notes for the Professors' Lectures, previous to considering the constitution of Curtain College, with its Presidentess and fully certificated Lecturers.

UNPLEASING TO OFFICIAL EAR.

THE German Minister of Finance is Herr BITTER. Our Minister of Finance must understand the peculiar suggestiveness of such a name.

THE TRIUMPH OF COWEN.

(From the Jingo point of view.)

COWEN's praise demands my song—
COWEN wise and COWEN strong.
Favourite of the Radical,
Yet true Briton before all.
He mean spite's long-hoarded stores
Never on our PREMIER pours;
Prompt to play the patriot part,
Liberal hand, but Tory heart!
Hot to smirch his honoured name,
Caucus-cads against him came,
But he gave the brutes a hiding,
With Imperial DIZZY siding,
And, in spite of pelting Rad's stone,
Kicking up his heels at GLADSTONE.
Fiery words in fine array
Swept all factious fudge away;
Scheming theft and plotting war,
Perjured Russia paled afar,
All her hopes from GLADSTONE's crew
Dashed by COWEN staunch and true!
Though his voice be for Home Rule,
Sure that Tory is a fool
Who at this portentous crisis
On that ticklish point too nice is.
That's a stick may do to thrash
WADDY wild or RAMSAY rash,
But 'gainst COWEN, bold as clever,
Raise the awkward weapon? Never!
An Imperialistic Rad
Is not often to be had.
Who can deal such useful blows
As a friend amongst your foes?
On he goes, through logic crashing,
Premise with conclusion clashing,
On with helter-skelter vigour,
Scorning fact, and shirking figure;
Tory with Home-Rule mates curt as
His *Imperium et Libertas*.
Tyne's dusk flood and coaly shore
Echoing to the battle's roar!
Checked by torrent-tide of tropes
Anti-Jingoes give up hopes;
Winning at each trenchant thrust
Daunted Dilke-ites bite the dust;
While the glowing periods flow,
Hats in air wild Tories throw.
Mad with Russophobia glee,
E'en the cynic P. M. G.,
Stinting normal pish and tush,
Condescends to common gush.
COWEN back till all is blue!
For Newcastle's pride Hurroo!!!

APPROPRIATE.

CHARACTERS in old farces and comedies, and in some modern novels, were often named "with a purpose;" as, for instance, *Quirk*, *Gammon & Snap*, the Solicitors' firm, in WARREN's *Ten Thousand a Year*, and the Rev. Mr. *Quiverful*, the Parson with a large family, in Mr. TROLLOPE's *Barchester Towers*,—but it is not often we meet with a thoroughly neat and appropriate name in real life. When found, it should be made a note of, and here it is noted accordingly,—*vide* Divorce Court report in *Daily Telegraph*, Friday, Feb. 13, when the following witness was examined:—

"WILLIAM SPYBY, a Private Detective, said that upon one occasion he was outside, &c. &c."

Could Mr. TROLLOPE himself have invented a better name for a Detective? And the next witness, according to the report, was a lesser SPYBY, son of SPYBY, Senior, who in the course of being brought up in the way he should go, found himself literally "up a tree." Beautiful name, SPYBY! When Mr. Punch wants to know how some of his young men spend their time, he will send to SPYBY; but, *not till then!*



THE LATE FOGS.

THE POOR FOGGED-OUT PAINTERS IN OIL AND WATER COLOURS PARADING THE STREETS OF KENSINGTON, AND SINGING IN CHORUS.

LENTEN PENANCES FOR THE CABINET.

Lord Beaconsfield.—To reconcile his Ministerial statements in the House of Lords with the official utterances of his subordinates in the House below. To condense the solid substance contained in "Peace with Honour" and to define the "Scientific frontier" of North-Western India as now secured.

Lord Salisbury.—To make the SULTAN hear reason, and reduce big and little maps of Central Asia to a common scale. To sift out the grains of salt from his own official utterances, Parliamentary and extra-Parliamentary. To read his own and his chief's speeches of four years ago, especially those dealing with a certain "master of gibes and sneers."

Lord Cranbrook.—To peruse the Indian Press articles upon the aims and management of the campaign in Afghanistan.

Earl Cairns.—To analyse our failures in the shape of Bankruptcy, Real Property Registration, and Conveyancing Reform Bills, and to draw outlines of measures that will work in all three.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.—To come to an arrangement (through the telegraph) with Sir BARTLE FRERE upon the future of South Africa.

Colonel Stanley.—To repent (in sackcloth and ashes) of his treatment of the Military Medical Department.

Mr. W. H. Smith.—To add up the sums paid last year for repairs of Her Majesty's iron-clads.

Lord John Manners.—To write an essay upon the advantages of the telephone.

Viscount Sandon.—To enumerate the benefits to trade evidenced by the recent recovery in chemicals, and to draw up an essay on scientific agriculture for tenant-farmers in Asia Minor.

Mr. Cross.—To teach the Licensed Victuallers how to love him, and to arrange with the Metropolitan Board of Works a workable Bill for the purchase of sites for artisans' dwellings.

And, lastly—*Sir Stafford Northcote.*—But no—the preparation of the Budget will be penance enough for him!

THE LIVERPOOL MAJORITY (translated into a Trumpet-note of Triumph).—Too—too—too—Won!

AN INVITATION OF THE DAY

(To the Garden of Academe).

COME into the Tripos, MAUD,

For the dark old days have flown;

Come into the Tripos, MAUD—

Were schools made for men alone?—

Soon the Undergrads will be shouting abroad

Your name, love, as well as my own!

See! the slow old world moves on,

If the planet of love burns shy,

Beginning to wane, though not yet quite gone

Out of modern young peoples' sky.

Will it faint in the light of the lists outshone,

And girl Wranglers of "Spoons" fight shy?

There has fallen a splendid tear

From a Newnham girl at the gate—

For Newnham to Girton never came near,

And Girton was all *en fête*.

The Galleries cry, "She's Eighth Wrangler, the dear!"

And the Dons nod, "Bracketed eight!"

And Girton listens,—"We hear, we hear!"—

And Newnham whispers, "I wait!"

The Policy of Pit.

From the Shade of Charles Lamb ("Elia") to Mr. Bancroft:—"In those days were Pit orders. Beshrew the uncomfortable Manager who abolished them."

Notion for the St. James's Theatre Advertisement.—"Who was PIT? The Great Commoner. The Theatrical Pit should be a little commoner. Another row added to the Pit at this theatre! The most comfortable Pit in London! Reasonable Pit prices. Sixpence extra to the Picture Gallery between the Entr'actes. Pit! Pit!! Pit!!!"

The St. James's might then consider itself as successfully pitted against the Haymarket. Just now both are doing sufficiently well, and neither to be pitied.



THE (PERSIAN) "CAT'S-PAW."

(AFTER [AND BEFORE] LANDSEER.)

NO PARTY AFFAIR.

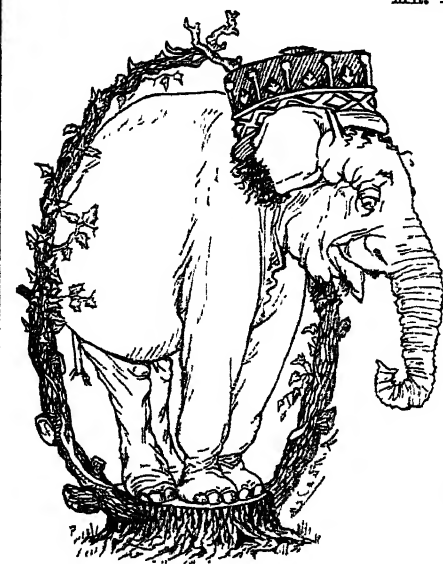
MR. PUNCH!

PROPOSED as I am to all innovation, I much disliked the change of the Royal Title effected a wee bit syne, through a Parliamentary vote, by a so-called Conservative Government.

I held that Her Most Gracious MAJESTY could bear no prouder title than that of Queen of GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND.

Nor, even supposing Empress a name more elevated than Queen, could I imagine any increase of dignity accruing to the Sovereign from a distinction conferred upon her by a Premier who is nothing but a mushroom Peer.

But new the important fact has unexpectedly transpired that the



title of EMPRESS of INDIA was originally given to the QUEEN by no less a man than His Grace the Duke of ARGYLL, I think that just alters the case altogether, considered as a question of honour.

Politics apart, *Mr. Punch*, I consider it one thing for the Prime Minister's Royal Mistress to have been constituted by her Parliament, on his recommendation, an Empress, and quite another to have had that highest gradation of earthly rank assigned to her by the MAC CALLUM MORE.

I have the honour to be, *Mr. Punch*, a Tory of the Tories, if you please, and whether you please or no, but first of all

A SCOTCHMAN.

A SUPERFLUOUS EFFIGY.

Will you persist, friends, in the project of setting up a graven image to the late Prince Imperial in Westminster Abbey? You will! Why?

Because he was a good young man who, from inherited attachment and personal gratitude to this country, took part with us against CETSWAYO in the Zulu War, and laid down his life whilst engaged in fighting our battle? Dear friends, this supposition is as generous as it is absurd, nearly; which is saying a great deal for you.

Everybody but a donkey—present company excepted—knows perfectly well that Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON interposed in our South African quarrel—with proverbial reward—in order to acquire a knowledge of warfare. He went, for practice in soldiering, to fight the Zulus, and kill, or assist in killing, if necessary, as many as came in his way. Is this the sort of proceeding to be glorified by a monument in any place of worship where it is customary to recite the Sixth Commandment?

Do you wish to make Frenchmen imagine that we look with dislike upon the Republic, and account the Empire France's only fit form of Government? Would you have Germany suppose that we desire the revival of a dynasty bent on avenging Sedan?

No, dear friends, if you must set up an image of that unfortunate young BONAPARTE, let it be not a graven, but a waxen one, and place it not in Westminster Abbey, but in that much more suitable repository, Madame TISSAND's, along with the other memorials of the BONAPARTES already on view there.

Scientific and Shifting.

Oh where and oh where is our Indian frontier gone?
It's dodging 'twixt Herat or Merv and—say the Arctic zone.
And it's oh how we wish that its wanderings were done!

Oh where and oh where did our Indian frontier dwell?
It dwelt among the Sulimans, and we fancied all was well.
But where it is now not Lord B. himself can tell.

Suppose and suppose that our Indian frontier's found!
If another Bogey rises it again may shift its ground.
And it's oh what a bore is this game of Brag all round!

A REAL PAGE FROM AN AUTOCRAT'S DIARY.

(By the *Pall Mall's* Own Correspondent.)

MORNING.—Awoke after disturbed night. Dreamt of yesterday evening's explosion. Breakfast. Picked men of the Royal Bodyguard on sentry at all the doors. Battalion of the Preobrajensky Regiment and park of artillery in the corridor. Police corps three deep at each window, in order to intercept bullets, or to give warning if civilian seen within sight of the Palace. While at breakfast read my correspondence, DRENTZELN kindly opening letters, in case they should contain dynamite, nitro-glycerine, or other explosive substance.

After Breakfast.—Infernal machine discovered inside my private cigar-box. German tobaccoist suspected, as his wife, mother, and brother have been banished to Siberia. Tobaccoist arrested—to follow wife, mother, and brother. (N.B. In future DRENTZELN to inspect cigar-boxes before I open them.)

Luncheon.—Same arrangement of guards as at breakfast. Terrific explosion. Left wing of Palace, containing Imperial Library, totally destroyed. Supposed to have been undermined, and mine fired by electricity. DRENTZELN thinks the perpetrators must have imagined that I was lunching in the Library as I did yesterday. I see how wise was DRENTZELN's request that I would never take a meal in the same room for two days together. Decree published banishing electricians and manufacturers or importers of explosive materials to Siberia.

Afternoon.—Informed by Chief of Secret Police that during this morning's domiciliary visits a young man was discovered reading the History of England. This spread of pernicious foreign literature must be stopped. The Third Section has given orders for young man's confinement in a fortress. On further inquiry, he turns out to have been educated at the University of Kharkoff. Decree published dismissing present staff of professors at Kharkoff, and replacing them by non-commissioned officers of the Guard.

Took drive in close steel-plated carriage, escorted by drafts from different cavalry regiments. Thought safer than escort of one regiment. Carriage carefully examined before starting, also horses. Dynamite found concealed in their nosebags. During drive, great cheering from loyal inhabitants. Man observed looking out of window with a stick in his hand. Arrested, and ordered off to Siberia. As DRENTZELN observes, it might have been a gun.

Offered thanksgivings for safe return. Loyal telegrams from chief towns and districts, congratulating me on my drive. Officer of Third Section opens all telegrams. Another terrific explosion: a hundred yards of the road I have just driven over, blown into the air. Lucky mistake as to my time of passing. Wires found connecting mine with house of eminent philanthropist, who has just returned from Siberia. On his way back, met the rest of his family going out. This appears to have irritated him. Order from Third Section for precautionary arrest of all his acquaintances and tradesmen.

Announce my departure for the South. Leave at midnight for Peterhoff, in a third-class carriage, disguised as a priest.

On arrival at Peterhoff, sixteen explosions reported on Southern line. Perfect success of *ruse*. Regrettable depreciation of Railway Shares. How can I help it?

NEW MOVES STILL OPEN.

(A Page from the Note Book of a Noble Statesman.)

Mem.—To look up a new phrase, *vice* Scientific Frontier, disappeared.

Mem.—To secure the safety of the Channel Islands, by inviting Belgium to occupy Cherbourg, and Spain to annex Monaco and Marseilles.

Mem.—To oppose the machinations of the Russians in Central Asia, by proclaiming Her Majesty VICTORIA Queen of Zululand.

Mem.—To appoint all the available Princes of the Blood Royal Governors of our Colonies and Dependencies.

Mem.—To bring Lord LYTON back from India as a Marquis, and to replace him by His Grace the Duke of ARGYLL.

Mem.—To accept a Dukedom, and to retire from the present Ministry in favour of Lord SALISBURY.

Mem.—To support Home Rule, and English Manhood Suffrage.

Mem.—To gag Sir CHARLES DILKE with a Garter, and bring Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, if necessary, to anchor with a Gold Key, and to offer the pick of Cabinet Offices to Sir W. VERNON HARCOURT.

Mem.—To dedicate a New Edition of certain Standard Novels to Mr. GLADSTONE.

Mem.—And (in the event of the defeat of the Conservatives at the General Election) to return to Parliament as the acknowledged Leader of the Great Liberal, Constitutional, and Patriotic Party.

THE STORY OF THE SOUTHWARK ELECTION (IN BRIEF).—DUNN—and Done—between two Gentlemen.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, Feb. 9 (Lords).—The MACALUM MORE confessed to having dubbed the QUEEN "the Empress of India," some ten years ago, in a telegram to SHEER ALI. They wanted an equivalent to "Shah-in-Shah," and he hit on "Empress." The mistake was to suppose he had ever opposed the Bill conferring the title. If that Bill had been the "groundwork of the Imperial policy in the East," he was sorry he had not. So "let that flee stick by the wa'."

The Basutos are being disarmed, Lord CADOGAN told Lord KIMBERLEY, "with due regard to the feelings of the inhabitants." That is the way we do everything—invasion and extermination included—under the present most considerate Administration.

The LORD CHANCELLOR tabled his Bill making employers liable for accidents to workmen caused by the wrongful act or negligence of servants in authority, though in "the same employment." The

THE WITTLER'S WOTE.

"Post 'em up, them Tory bills!
Paper's plenty, paste is cheap.
Wittlers work with 'arty wills,
And unanermous as sheep.
Heed that GLADSTONE's oily tongue?
No, not me!" says Brother BUNG.

"'Ate him and his thieving gang;
Rob the Church, the land degrade.
Let the bloomin' lot go 'ang!
Teach 'em to molest 'The Trade'!
Spite o' mud by Mawworms flung,
We wotes blue," says Brother BUNG.

"Beer and Bible? Right you are!
Pooty pair! and, wot's more, winners!
Them Dissenters ban the bar—
Rank us Publicans as sinners.
But the Church our praise has sung:
They're my men!" says Brother BUNG.

"Princerples? Well, these is mine:—
England's—like us Wittlers—one!
Pull together—that's the line—
And yer enemies is done.
Tread 'em 'neath yer feet like dung,
Wittlers' way!" says Brother BUNG.

"Rooshian brutes, teatotal cads—
Foes is foes, and must be crushed.
BEN's the boy to dish the Rads;
He's the party to be pushed
Hoist him to the highest rung—
Wittlers win!" says Brother BUNG.

For Lord Lawrence.

"A numerously-attended public meeting was held yesterday at the Mansion House, the LORD MAYOR presiding, with a view of considering what steps should be taken for the erection of a suitable monument to LORD LAWRENCE. The speakers included LORD DERRY, LORD GEORGE HAMILTON, M.P., the Dean of WESTMINSTER, Mr. Justice STEPHEN, LORD NORTH-BROOK, and LORD GRANVILLE."

If *Punch* might make a modest suggestion for such a tribute, it would be a representation of the Scientific Frontier, and for inscription—

"Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice."

NEVER SATISFIED.

SOME people are always suspecting the foreign policy of the Government. Now they are beginning to smell a He-rat in Central Asia.



OIL AND WATER.

Smith is going in for High Art decoration, and wishes to combine the best of the French and English Schools. Having had his Walls Papered and Painted in the latest English style, he goes to France for his Hangings.

"ORANGE CURTAINS! BUT, MONSIEUR PAPELARD, WON'T ORANGE CURTAINS KILL MY HIGH BLUE DADO?"

"PARBLEU! HE IS A BEAST, YOUR 'IGH BLUE DADO! AND I VEESH TO KILL HIM VERY MUCH INDEED!"

difficulty is to define "servants in authority;" which feat will be delegated to a Select Committee.

(Commons.)—MR. STANHOPE resolutely declined to let the Cabul-Cat (or "Knout" it should perhaps be called as being Russian) out of the bag.

Colonel STANLEY disclaims the Indian War Correspondents' Gag. This precious implement of coercion and restraint is like the Cat last Session—everybody seems ashamed to father it. India saddles it on the War Office, and the War Office tosses it back to India. No wonder, in this bandying process, if the Gag is dropped—as it seems to be.

Adjourned debate on the Irish Amendment to the Address.

MR. MITCHELL HENRY, one of the most reasonable of Home-Rulers, as well as most energetic, liberal, and improving of Irish landlords, after describing his own experience, both of the suffering and its remedies, declared that in the West famine *had* set in, and that Government were censurable for not having met it by reproductive works, as on railways.

MR. W. E. FORSTER thought that the Government had done their best to avert famine by accumulation of food and fuel, and relaxations of out-door relief.

But on further discussion it appeared that no such accumulations had been made, and no such relaxations sanctioned, and so the Irish Members pressed their charge of supineness against the Government, whose case was well stated by MR. W. H. SMITH.

LORD HARTINGTON could not support a Vote of Censure till he knew exactly what the Government had done. As yet the Irish Members had failed to make out their case. He then went on to the relations of the Opposition and the Home-Rulers, and pointed out

that voting for inquiry into Home-Rulers' demands was very different from supporting them, or even admitting a *prima facie* case for them. If LORD RAMSAY had promised his vote for inquiry, there was KING HARMAN, Home-Ruler, just made Lord-Lieutenant of Sligo. And there sat among the supporters of the Government and Home-Rule, or inquiry with a view to it, Sir G. BOWYER, MR. HAMOND, LORD CASTLEREAGH (and he might have added MR. COWEN). Why should the Opposition repudiate such allegiance when the Government accepted it?

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL for IRELAND denied the analogy.

MR. GABBETT—ominous name—*An Vocatus "Gabbett" Gab's-gift quia habet?*—moved further adjournment of the Debate, which, after a half-hour's fight, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, as usual, yielded.

It can't be said that the cloud of Famine does not loom large and black enough over Ireland to justify more than a night's talk—if only an "amendment" in more than words could come of it.

Tuesday (Lords.)—The Government (LORD BEACONSFIELD informed LORD GRANVILLE) has *not* released the Persian Cat's claws from the treaties that have kept the Afghan He-rat safe from her since 1857. There has been diplomatic talk, but nothing more as yet.

LORD DE LA WARR wants to have his little Bill settling Employer's liability for Servants' injuries shunted into the same Select Committee siding with LORD CAIRNS'. But LORD CAIRNS declines.

(Commons.)—LORD J. MANNERS doesn't see his way to a Copy-right Bill this Session. "*Auctores Mores expectent.*" "Let Authors wait for MANNERS."

SIR STAFFORD spoke to the same effect as his Chief of the Persian

Cat and the He-rat, if rather less vaguely. (See *Punch's* Cartoon, in which the "coming event casts its shadow before." The Cat, it will be observed, has not yet burnt its paws.)

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN reopened the Irish Debate. He didn't believe in Home-Rule, but was ready to govern Ireland according to Irish ideas, and, as the first instalment, would support the Amendment. The Land Laws and Landlords wanted dealing with. The Government had done but little, nor done that little well.

So said Mr. MUNDELLA, Mr. RYLANDS, Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, Mr. O'SHAUGHNESSY, and a phalanx of Home-Rulers.

Mr. CROSS answered for the Government. Not a workhouse was yet full. To have broken down Poor-Law restraints while they could be maintained, would have been a fatal mistake. The Government had its eyes open and its hands ready. Public works would have been mere masks for waste as in 1847. They would see that seed for next year's crops should be forthcoming.

On division, Mr. SHAW's Amendment was negatived by 216 to 86.

The talk has not been all idle, though often, literally, to empty benches—once to the Chair, the clerks at the table, and a single Member besides the one on his legs. Up to this time the more violent of the Home-Rulers have not rushed in to obstruct and exasperate. PARNELL is, happily, abroad. "For this relief much thanks." In his eclipse even the star of BIGGAR has loomed less, thus far. But now comes the turn of FINNIGAN and O'DONNELL! And, lo! on

Wednesday (Ash Wednesday; day of penance) the House—after a reasonable *quart d'heure* with Mr. FAWCETT on the incidence of the costs of hostilities in Afghanistan, wound up by Sir STAFFORD's promise that before the House was asked to vote any of the year's money it should have an opportunity of settling the distribution of their burden—bowed its head to the sackcloth and ashes of Mr. O'DONNELL's eloquence, while to an empty house he wasted his wind and the House's time for an hour and a half, till the hour of adjournment arriving "*diarrhæam verborum diremit*."

Thursday (Lords).—Lord BEACONSFIELD gave an even more distinct disclaimer than before of the reported release of Persia from her engagement not to snap up Herat.

Lord CAIRNS who last night declined to give a hearing before the Select Committee to Lord DE LA WARRE's Bill on Compensation by Employers for Injuries to Servants, offered one to Lord DE LA WARRE, to represent his views on the Committee in person.

A sensible and cool talk, started by Lord EMLY, about the distress in Ireland, and general agreement that the Government had dealt with it wisely if not too well, and had avoided some of the mistakes of 1847. Altogether it was evident that their Lordships were not in any danger of famine, or they would scarcely have been so cool and reasonable.

(*Commons*).—After questions and answers, Mr. O'DONNELL rose to resume his rhodomontade, in which he seemed determined to seize the opportunity of out-Parnelling PARNELL. Nobody stopped to hear him. BIGGAR appeared for the first time this Session, apologising most unnecessarily for a shorter speech than usual as he had an engagement to talk in Southwark. Rather anywhere than in the House!

Mr. FINNIGAN seconded Mr. O'DONNELL in a rhapsody worthy of his leaders, and the House, till then empty, filled for Division—128 to 12. Not one Englishman in the minority, of course, and only the Intransigents among the Home-Rulers.

Over the Relief of Irish Distress Bill, the question whether the advances authorised by the Bill should be made out of the Church Surplus Fund, as proposed, or out of the Exchequer, was discussed in a business-like way, considering the Irish propensity to interpret the rule, "Help yourselves" in the sense of "Put your hand into somebody else's pocket," and with a refreshing absence of the rampant O'Donnellism and Finniganism to which the House—or rather its walls—had just been treated. In the end, the House accepted the Bill, without amendment.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL's Bankruptcy Law Amendment was referred to a Select Committee, Sir HENRY JAMES promising his valuable help in the shaping of the Bill. Time will show if Sir JOHN HOLKER's measure is to do anything more effectual for the cleansing of the Augean stable of Insolvency Law than its predecessors. With so many legal vultures waiting for the carcases of the insolvent estates, we doubt the likelihood of anything beyond the bare bones being in most cases saved for creditors.

Friday (Lords).—The He-rat has NOT been put at the mercy of the Persian Cat—not yet—so reiterates Lord B.

Dr. FARR is seventy-two, and not in strong health. The PREMIER gives these as his reasons for not making the Doctor Registrar-General, and they are unimpeachable ones. At the same time, it is rather odd that there was nobody so fit for the place as the ex-cavalry-officer, ex-private-secretary, and brother-in-law to a Cabinet Minister. We know now that it is Dr. FARR who has gone further in life than a scrupulous official sense of responsibility could allow in a Registrar-General, and has fared the worse for it. The public, it is to be assumed, has fared the better. One thing is to

be hoped: that the Government will mark their high sense of Dr. FARR's services in his superannuation allowance.

(*Commons*).—Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has given the lie to Dr. W. H. RUSSELL's statements of insubordination among our troops in the Transvaal as roundly as telegraph wires can give it. Between such a statement, and such a denial, further inquiry is inevitable.

Mr. STANHOPE read General ROBERTS's letter, denying, generally, the charge of having hung Afghans for resisting us in arms, and declaring that our conduct, on the whole, has been "extremely mild and lenient." This, as far as General ROBERTS is concerned, *Punch* is quite ready to believe—though, to be sure, the Ghoorikas do seem to have set fire to a few Afghans before "life was quite extinct." But then it was *all but*; and, like the Sailor, "they need not have been so nasty particular to a few minutes."

Mr. HARDCASTLE is much concerned about the sanitary risks from occupancy of the big barracks which are being run up outside Edinburgh in hot—or rather cold and damp—haste, to lodge voters for Mr. GLADSTONE by way of retort of flats on faggots. But the canny Scots of Midlothian may be trusted. They are not such flats as to go into houses unfit to live in.

Worthy champion of such a cause, WHEELHOUSE, Q.C., hoisted the banner of Protection, and did the good service of eliciting a disclaimer from the Government by Mr. BOURKE—fit agent in burking the old love of the Tory Benches—and of heading a Protectionist Forlorn Hope of Eight—with the tellers—faithful of the tribe of Abdiel!

Let *Punch* record the names of this immortal *otett*,—WHEELHOUSE and EATON, tellers. Sir GEORGE BOWYER, Captain BEDFORD P.M., Mr. BENTINCK, Mr. Serjeant SPINKS, and Major O'GORMAN.

None but themselves could be their parallels—and if *Punch* had been asked to call the muster for such a last Protectionist parade, whom could he have placed in the van more valiant than BOWYER, whom to cover the retreat more stout and stalwart than the Major! In answer to Sir W. HARCOURT's direct interpellation, Sir STAFFORD accepted Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's conclusion that the treaty of Paris, and its Tripartite offspring, were both practically abrogated by the Treaty of Berlin, and that we were now bound to the defence of Turkey by less onerous obligations than our old diplomatic ties.



HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD.

THE RELIGION FOR RITUALIST CURATES.—NINCOM-POPERY.



DIVISION OF LABOUR.

Aunt Mary. "WELL, TOMMY, SHALL I CARRY YOUR BAT AND STUMPS FOR YOU?"
Tommy. "NO, AUNTY, TANKS! ME TARRY BAT AND 'TUMPS. 'OO TARRY ME!"

THE "CROON" OF THE KOH-I-NOOR.

(On the Production of Artificial Diamonds by Mr. Hannay of Glasgow, attested by Mr. Maskelyne of the British Museum.)

I WAS the brightest jewel
 In Queen VICTORIA'S Crown;
 Now Chemistry, too cruel,
 My worth would topple down!

I defied the blow impending,
 Against MASKELYNE'S forecast,
 Hoped MACTEAR would be its ending,
 But his mark has now been past.

I ne'er thought "Crystallisation
 Of Carbon" I should see:
 That India's favoured nation,
 And Brazil's, bowled out should be!

'Tis a Glasgow chiel, one HANNAY,
 At length has done the trick.
 Deil fetch that Scot uncanny!
 Awa' wi' him, Auld Nick!

Shall his stones in Scotland's bonnet
 Shine out, and make me poor—
 Shall Scotch pebbles, plague upon it,
 Strike pale the Koh-i-Noor?

"SI MONUMENTUM QUÆRIS, CIRCUMSPICE."

THE LORD MAYOR announces that subscriptions for the Lord Lawrence Memorial Fund will be received at the Mansion House. Those who dissent from the policy now in the ascendant in Afghanistan cannot better show their disapproval than by paying their shot to the Lawrence Memorial Fund.

IN SOUTHWARK.—The "pint" in Mr. CLARKE'S favour—the Imperial.

A PATRIOT'S APPEAL; OR, A RADICAL CURE FOR THE RADICAL CANKER.

(From the P. M. G.'s point of view.)

Ho! all ye rampant Radicals, who long have raved and roared,
 And on the brow of BEACONSFIELD your fierce invectives poured!
 Ho! hot and heady HARTINGTON! ho! traitorous ARGYLE!
 Ho! HARCOURT sour and saturnine, ho! GRANVILLE black with bile!
 Ho! GOSCHEN, red republican, subversive DERBY ho!
 Fierce FORSTER, furious demagogue, and democratic LOWE!
 Ho! frantic FROUDE, ho! weak CARLYLE, bland pander to the Mob,
 And ho!—and this most specially—thou sycophantic snob,
 Truth-hating, tyrant-flattering, and England-loathing cad,
 GLADSTONE, whose whole and sole excuse is that thou art half mad!
 Ho!—well, in short,—ho! everyone who won't with us agree,
 In magnifying SALISBURY, and buttering Lord B.,
 Who, whatsoever your Party badge, religion, rank, or place,
 Are all confounded Radicals, the scandal of your race,—
 Give ear! You are a scurvy lot, inspired by spite and hate,
 Who to your paltry private gains would sacrifice the State.
 The motive of your rant and cant is mere malicious rancour,
 Which gnaws your Party's vitals like a sort of chronic canker.
 (At least, so says the P. M. G.,—that charitable print.)
 Draw near, lend ear, bend your stiff necks, and take a patriot's hint!
 You mustn't go and lift your voice against your native land,
 Or question the high policy you cannot understand;
 You must not cast doubts on her right to do the thing that's wrong,
 In taking part against the weak to shield her from the strong.
 You mustn't nourish yearnings keen to see her calm, and just,
 Honest, and true—and all that trash in which the snivellers trust;
 You mustn't go and hotly flush with mawkish maudlin shame
 To hear of tricks or meannesses committed in her name;
 You mustn't call attention, no, not even in advance,
 To wrongs she is about to do her power to enhance;
 Nor must you point out her mistakes in policy or war,
 Nor blush at sight of blood or mud upon her conquering car;
 Nor make the least inquiry in the mildest kind of manner
 Concerning aught that they may do who fight beneath her banner.

For if you do these horrid things, although your numbers swell
 To half—the better half—of those who in these islands dwell,
 'Tis plain—unto our patriot eyes—you're but a faction base,
 Inspired by hate of England and a hungry greed for place.
 'Twill prove you'd lick the tyrant's hand, of honour nothing reek,
 That you would place the foreign yoke on England's prostrate neck,
 To save your carcasses from scathe, your coffers from assault,
 That curs like you rejoice to prove your countrymen in fault,
 That like base God-forsaken ghouls, blind to the brave and good,
 You'd grope for paltry party-gain midst British soldiers' blood.
 You don't quite see the Q. E. D.? Ah! that's because you're blind,
 Unnaturally cold of heart as impotent of mind.
 Take lesson from the Music Hall and from the pothouse bar,
 Where roaring Cads and blatant Bunges, more patriotic far
 Than statesmen and philosophers, than scholars, artists, thinkers,
 Prove that we have the true Britons,—the tap-talkers and bar-
 drinkers:
 And that the only recipe for curing your insanity,
 Is to cut out your vile canker—care for justice and humanity!

A Heavy Blow and a Great Discouragement.

FARINI, we learn from the *Diritto*, has been elected President of the Italian Chamber of Deputies. This may be a great thing for Italy, but it will be a sad blow to the Aquarium. Happily the Friendly Zulus and CREWEAYO'S Daughters will not accompany him—at least for the present. The former, it is thought, may be reserving themselves for the Irish, not the Italian, Parliament.

Fanatics and Fagots.

FAGOTING in Mid-Lothian or anywhere else can hardly be wondered at when practised by a magnate who has a stake in the country. On the other side it is naturally resorted to in return. In politics as well as theology there is bigotry on both sides; particularly when in resorting to the fagot, one against the other, parties assist on both sides at a political *auto-da-fé*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, Feb. 16 (Lords).—Since 1855, Lord BURY informed Lord MALMESBURY, the widows and orphans of Purchase Officers killed in action have been in a better position than before the Crimean War. Till then they lost everything; since then, when poor, they receive a certain proportion of the slain man's purchase-money in the shape of pension or payment. Abolition of purchase has wrought them no hardship.

It is interesting to know that Lord STRATHEDEN prefers Aldershot to Brighton, and Whitsuntide to Easter, for the Volunteer Review. The War Office sees no objection to the Volunteer Commanding Officers' choice of Brighton and Easter. This is unfortunate. But Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL is used to snubbing.

(Commons.)—The SPEAKER having succumbed at this early period of the Session to the protracted Irish debates, Mr. RAIKES took his place. RAIKES' progress was not more satisfactory than the SPEAKER's; and the House had another Irish night's entertainment, over the Relief of Distress Bill, till nearly three in the morning.

Viscount CASTLEREAGH disclaimed the sympathy with Home-Rule imputed to him by Lord HARTINGTON. He would rather not sit for County Down, than sit as a Home-Ruler, representing upside-down.

The fight of the evening was over the question whence the three-quarters of a million of Government advances to meet the distress

is to come. From the Church Surplus Fund, says the Government. From the Treasury, say the Home-Rulers (by Mr. SYNAN's Amendment, negatived by 136 to 34), anxious to keep the Church Surplus for establishing a peasant proprietary. The Government contend, and with unanswerable force, as it seems to *Punch* and the House, that the impending Irish distress answers better the description of a national calamity, to relief of which the Church Surplus Fund should by law be devoted, than the transformation of a certain number of Irish tenants into Irish landlords—though this might, according to some not extravagant contentions, turn out a national calamity, too.

There was a tough fight over Mr. O'DONNELL's Amendment for giving Guardians power to relieve with money as well as food and fuel. This was negatived by 195 to 120, a division such as Mr. O'DONNELL has rarely been favoured with. A proper award for his comparative rationality through to-night's debate.

Tuesday (Lords).—Diplomatic Question raised—"Is the Tripartite Treaty dead?"—a question scarcely to be asked, undiplomatic simple sense would argue, seeing that the Treaty binds Great Britain, Austria, and France in a guarantee of the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire in 1856, and that the Ottoman Empire has since then been subjected to the consolidation by amputation of the Treaty of Berlin.



OUR FOREIGN CRITICS!

(A Sketch near Leicester Square.)

LITTLE BIBI CRACHE-EN-L'AIR, who boasts that he is "TÈS RÉPANDU DANS LE MONDE" (AND WHY NOT, INDEED!), PROMISES HIS FRIENDS, 'SIDORE SUCE-ROGOMME AND 'POLYTE-LE-PÉTROLEUR, THAT AS SOON AS HE IS PERMITTED TO REGAIN HIS NATIVE HAUNTS ACROSS THE CHANNEL, HE WILL PUBLISH SUCH AN ACCOUNT OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF "ENGLISH SOCIETY" HIGH AND LOW, AS WILL AVENGE THEM ALL THREE FOR THE TEDIUM OF THEIR ENFORCED RESIDENCE AMONG US. HE WILL NOT EVEN SPARE OUR WIVES AND DAUGHTERS, THE UNGRATEFUL DOG, IN SPITE OF THE COUNTLESS PASSIONS HE IS SAID TO HAVE INSPIRED: BUT MEANS TO PAINT THEM THE FREIGHTS THEY REALLY ARE! AND WON'T HE BE DOWN ON OUR LITERATURE AND OUR ART, THAT'S ALL!

OH, BIBI, THOU SERPENT! IS IT FOR THIS THAT WE HAVE WARMED THEE IN OUR BOSOM FOR THE LAST TEN YEARS!

Lord GRANVILLE thinks that Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's outspoken admission that the Treaty is dead and buried had better be accepted by the Government, and put on record. But Lord BEACONSFIELD prefers keeping the Treaty in a state of suspended animation—like a "Peerage in abeyance," he says. He forgets that a peerage in abeyance once revived, revives with all its honours; but how about the Ottoman Empire? Can it ever be resuscitated, with all the territories and suzerainties of 1856? Hardly. What good can be done by keeping the Tripartite Treaty in our *Codex Diplomaticus* Punch can't see, for the life of him. Better start fair, or unfair, with the Treaty of Berlin. That, at least, is the latest *fait accompli*; and the sooner all parties and powers take their stand on it the better.

Lord BEACONSFIELD objects to pronounce the Tripartite Treaty dead: but points out, that if this country were appealed to by the co-signatories of the Treaty to act under it—about as likely as that we should be asked to act under the Treaty of Utrecht—we should have to consider two things, first, the "changes in the Empire which is the object of the Treaty; and, secondly, the nature of the facts with which Her Majesty's Government has to deal."

Oh, rare Lord BEACONSFIELD! *Magister Verborum*, if ever there was one! . . . of words so solemn, so full of sound, so empty of all besides!

(*Commons*.)—Mr. E. STANHOPE "understands" that the gagging rules for Indian Army Correspondents have been withdrawn. So does Punch. What he does *not* understand is how they ever came to be issued.

Mr. HARDCASTLE continues his solicitous inquiries about the sanitary appliances and fitness for habitation (by Midlothian Liberal voters) of the Liberal flats lately run up near Edinburgh. The

Lord Advocate comforted him. These flats will not qualify tenants, but proprietors. Let us comfort Mr. HARDCASTLE further. The Conservatives have been working up faggot-flats as well as the Liberals. The *Times* Edinburgh Correspondent reports:—

"The Conservatives also have been active at Dalry Road. At Tynecastle, in that district, there are upwards of thirty 'flats,' each transferred to a separate owner, and giving, or intending to give, a separate vote. In tenements at Meadowbank, Jock's Lodge, a short way east of Holyrood, there are fifty-three 'flats' sold to the same number of proprietors, each of whom claims the electoral qualification."

Let us hope Conservative flats are healthier than Liberal. At least, Mr. HARDCASTLE does not seem to be troubled about them, reserving his anxiety, like the truly noble nature he is, for his political opponents.

One of those tempests in a slop-basin in which the House delights to dabble. Mr. PLIMSOLL, the impetuous and irrepressible, disgusted by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's temporary stoppage of his Bill for compelling the safe stowage of grain cargoes, has posted the Honourable Member for Westminster over his own borough, saddling him with the responsibility for the loss next winter of hundreds of precious lives, and hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of property. This is, no doubt, technically a breach of privilege; but really, considering how the Press deals round its Parliamentary denunciations, it seems late in the day for Honourable Members to complain of their fellow-club-men of St. Stephens for resorting to posted hand-bills instead of printed speeches.

Mr. PLIMSOLL not having seized the opportunity of withdrawing his hard words—he being one of those awkward persons of what BEN JONSON calls "a lunatic zeal and conscience," whose hearts are so entirely in their object, that they are prone to think all who come



"THE UNSEEN WORLD."

Scientific Gent (with his hair on end). "V'Y STRANGE! BUT I COULD ALMOST SWEAR—I HEAR FOOTSTEPS—FOLLOWING ME DOWNSTAIRS—!"

[Bolts into his bedroom, locks the door, and writes to the "Athenaeum," next day!]

IMPERIUM ET LIBERTAS!

EMPIRE and Liberty! Two pregnant names,
That mark the hardest crux of history's course;
For how to reconcile the rival claims
Of private freedom and state-ordering force,—
The energy that stirs, the law that tames
The spring of Progress, Change's troubled source,—
To leave thoughts free, yet restless wills to muzzle,—
This is the thinker's plague, the statesman's puzzle.

Freedom is good, and good is righteous rule,
But two most spectral shams their forms that ape,
Monarchs betray, and multitudes befool;
Blind Licence, masked in Liberty's fair shape,
And Tyranny, with ruthless scourge for tool,
That abject dread doth in the purple drape,
And cowers in mockery of Right Divine,
Over the deep-laid death of Treason's mine.

How sham breeds sham! Here, Empire based on wrong;
There, desperate Licence that makes mock of right:
Absolute rule, which looks so proud and strong,
Seen close, is found a prey to wild affright;
And the masked spirit that sang freedom's song,
And walked in Liberty's fair robe of light,
Shows a foul demon, impotent for good,
In treachery steeped, and red with guiltless blood.

Empire and Liberty! Let satire halt
In her harsh task of baring hidden truth,
At thought of Murder in her secret vault—
Plotter of wholesale slaughter, void of ruth!
Blind and blood-thirsty fury is the fault
Of Revolution in its red raw youth,
But, to devise swift death, in darkness screened,
Asks compound of the coward and the fiend.

Poor Empire! Shaken in its chamber lone
By every shadow on its guarded walls!
Poor Liberty! whose face here shows as one
So foul her firmest friends it most appals!
What hope of reconciliation? None,
Till from the pair of close-linked shams there falls
The robe that covers Tyranny's old lie,
The mask that hides thy blindness, Anarchy!

OBSTRUCTIONIST EMBLEM.—More Sham than Shamrock.

between them and it not only wilful but wicked—the House adjourned the debate, and passed to Mr. MELDON's Motion for assimilating Irish borough-franchise to English. Considering it was an Irish subject, this led to a not intemperate debate. Of the Irish Members, Messrs. MELDON, GRAY (who said it was the sixth time the Motion had been before the House, and the fourth time he had seconded it), O'SHAUGHNESSY, JUSTIN MCCARTHY, BROOKS, DICKSON, and BLENNERHASSETT, spoke for the Motion; Mr. C. LEWIS bitterly and uncompromisingly against it, denouncing the Motion as an attempt to play into the hands of agitators and demagogues, by enfranchising a purely Roman Catholic population, intensely disaffected and disloyal, in fact an ignorant and miserable residuum. Mr. LEWIS spiced his diatribe by quotations from one of the *National Ballads* calling for sympathy with the Zulus, and ended, with Irish inconsequence, by a very good summary of the needs of Ireland, which *Punch* and all his readers will endorse:—

"What Ireland wanted was peace from agitation, contentment for the people, an orderly disposition to obey the law, encouragement for capital to settle in the country, and for landlords to reside there. Ireland wanted a tonic for the severe, but not incurable disease of the body politic; but the last thing wanted in the present crisis was an instrument such as the resolution proposed to place in the hands of reckless agitators to the injury of the best interests of the State."

Unluckily, the wants of Ireland are precisely those which are barred by the class and creed-hatreds of which Mr. C. LEWIS is the organ. Mr. LEWIS was cheered by the SECRETARY for IRELAND, who was thus unwise enough to make himself the echo of the sharp and scornful sectarianism of the Member for Derry.

Sir W. HARCOURT and Mr. BARENT put the Liberal English view of the case in favour of assimilating the borough franchise of the sister-countries—a change as certain in the future as the rising of to-morrow's sun. The division of 188 for, to 242 against the Motion, marks the wide support given to the Irish demand by the Liberals of England.

The Seed Potatoes Bill, an important legislative contribution to the relief of Irish distress, was forwarded, in the teeth of a protest

from the Major against the use of guano—"The Almighty had already granted them in Ireland plenty of means of manuring the land." Sure, isn't muck dirt-cheap in that illigant island?

Wednesday (Commons).—House sat late (half-past one), and rose early (five minutes before four). In that time it received Her Majesty's Reply to the Address, and referred to a Select Committee Mr. MARTIN's useful little Bill—more important, perhaps, than many more showy measures—for enabling Courts of Equity to relax oppressive covenants in leases. The Lawyers generally supported the Bill. Alderman COTTON opposed it for the Corporation, as it had not had time to consider the measure, and weigh its action on Corporate interests.

Mr. MUNDELLA got his Bill for Abolishing Property Qualification for Municipal Offices read a Second Time. Now that M.P.'s may sit without property qualification, why should not Aldermen and Common Councillors? He also got a Second Reading for his Bill to define "Suburban Commons," and so enlarge Town-lungs. A good, though brief and unpretending Wednesday afternoon's spell. Work, as usual, in inverse ratio with talk.

Thursday.—Lords and Commons joined in expressions of horror at the diabolical blow-up in St. Petersburg.

Mr. GRANT DUFF got a rise out of Mr. STANHOPE *à propos* of a plan for sending British troops from India to Armenia, drawn up by Lieutenant-Colonel MACGREGOR before the Constantinople Conference, and published in the *Statesman*. Mr. GRANT DUFF wanted to know if any Russ measure more hostile to us than this to Russia had been revealed in the Cabul correspondence.

Sir STAFFORD, like the old king in *The Day-Dream*, "smiling put the question by."

In Committee on Irish Distress Bill, Mr. SHAW was defeated by 109 to 89, in a very practical amendment authorising guardians to carry out local improvements by loans, as Lancashire local authorities were empowered to do during the Cotton famine.

It is much to be regretted, *Punch* cannot but think, that the minority of twenty was not a majority as numerous.

House at work on the Bill till nearly three o'clock, defeating



IMPERIUM ET LIBERTAS!

(RUSS-TRANSLATION.)

Mr. SHAW's attempts to lengthen terms for repayment of Guardians' Loans from ten years to thirty, and to reduce their rate of interest to One per cent. Mr. SHAW is doing, or striving to do, good work on the Bill, and the Home-Rulers ought to be proud of their ruler. In PARNELL's absence even BIGGAR has become strangely unobstructive. *Friday*.—A wasted night in both Houses. In the *Lords* the Duke of ARGYLL re-served up again the stale dish of the Afghan policy of the Government. Cut up and peppered by the MACALLUM MORE, it was sensibly and calmly judged by Lord NORTHBROOK, keenly criticised by Lord GRANVILLE, defiantly justified by Lord CRANBROOK, stoutly maintained by Lord CAIRNS, and uncompromisingly reasserted by Lord BEACONSFIELD; but for whose information, *Punch* begs to ask, and *cui bono*?

There is not a new fact to be thrashed out of all the bushel of Blue-Book chaff, or a new light to be thrown upon the subject out of all the lucubrations which the Blue-Books have given birth to—especially now that the Government declines to let the alleged Cabul-Russ Correspondence Cat out of the bag. The public that has any mind

to make up has made it up by this time. It remains for the Country to proclaim its view at the General Election. Till then, *Pocas palabras!* be *Punch's* motto and Parliament's!

In the *Commons*, after Mr. PLIMSOLL had apologised to Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Mr. ONSLOW handsomely and wholeheartedly, as he had offended, the House, instead of taking Lord HARTINGTON's, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's, and Mr. BRIGHT's sensible advice, and dropping the matter, went on to pass a Motion of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's paternity, proclaiming and protesting against the breach of privilege—though the very necessary question of Obstruction stood then to be considered, and thereby aiding the Obstructionists in their manoeuvres to keep the House out of *that*.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE promises to take this unmanageable subject out of Mr. NEWDEGATE's mouth. He has hitherto shown more capacity for stirring than settling it. It remains to be seen if the House which is so ready to pass a perfectly superfluous motion about Privilege, cannot raise some sore-needed protection against deliberate obstruction of public business.

HINTS FOR A NEW AND ORIGINAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lecture by a Distinguished Professor on Several interesting and important Subjects connected with Dramatic Art, to be delivered at the Ideal College—Further suggestions for Curtain College—Scheme for Lecture-goes—Announcements.

PROFESSOR J. H. TOOLE's Lecture at the Ideal Dramatic College, in his Class Room, before a numerous assembly of deeply-interested young Students, all aspirants for Histronic Fame.

The Eminent Lecturer appears from behind a screen gradually, and then steps forward, and bows. Great reception.

Ladies and Gentlemen—(laughter)—you'll 'scuse the remark—I mean Gentlemen or, as the immortal Poet, you know, says,

"Friends, Romans, countrymen!" you know: though I'd rather address you, Gentlemen and Students, than any number of "countrymen." Never could make out why that word was used! What did he do it for? 'cept to make up the Poet's line. Of course, you know, a man must do what's in his line, you know; and that is in the Poet's line, you know; and if you don't know, I can't help you, can I? Well, there it is, you see—(meditates)—and sometimes there it isn't, you see. Look here, you know—as this isn't what I'm here to lecture about, we'll talk about it another time. ("Hear! Hear!") Thank you, Gentlemen; that's very kind of you! I like to hear you say, "Hear! Hear!" because then I know you're all "there—there!" "All there," Gentlemen, do you



see? Joke! (Applause. The Lecturer spreads three fingers before his face, shuts his eyes, as if to recall his thoughts to the subject, then hitches up his academical gown on his right shoulder, and proceeds.) Look here, now—(plaintively)—this won't do, you know. We must be serious. The thing is this:—No piece ought ever to be brought out unless by a first-rate Company, you know. You wouldn't go into any speculation, you know, unless it were brought out by a first-rate Company, would you now? You know what I mean? Well, there it is, you see. Then why should you expect a piece to "go" without a first-rate Company? Look here. (Whistles, to attract the attention of the class.) I say, do attend to me, you know; 'cos I'm talking to you all this while (plaintively), and "I've only got a 'our' for my Lecture—(applause)—and you'll be sorry when I'm gone, 'cos you won't get such a chance again of hearing something to your advantage (shouting) about the Bard—(louder)—SHAKESPEARE's the Bard—and you can't be going very far wrong (pitching his voice rapidly higher and higher), even if you're always "going to the Bard." (Applause. The Lecturer spreads three fingers before his mouth, hitches up his gown over his shoulders, gives a sort of a "cat-call" whistle, and resumes.) Gentlemen, I've

come here to talk to you like a father; so keep your eye on your father, and (raising his voice) your father will pull you through! (Great applause.) Ahem! Every character in a piece ought to be perfectly played. The very best people should be got, at the very highest salaries, you know, regardless of expense. (Whistles.) It's no sort of use having a piece with only one Eminent Actor in it. That's the Star system. I hope it's the Falling Star system. I call it the Planet system—the Planet in the middle, with a lot of little moons round it. But, as another Bard says—

"The Planet will be very bright,
The moons show but reflected light."

Well, then (rapidly raising his voice), what's the good of the moons? I'm not much of an astronomer myself, but I call these moons "satty-lites." It doesn't much matter whether they're satty-lites or city-lights, they're nothing better than CHILD's Night Lights round a full-grown Electric light. ("Hear! hear!") What's the use of a star in *Macbeth* if you're to have a duffer in *Macduff*? (Applause.) There. I thought you'd agree with me. I told you to keep your eye on your Lecturer, and your Lecturer would pull you through. Who'll go to see the best *Hamlet* in the world supported by the entire feebleness of the company. I'd as soon go to see the village hamlet, only I wouldn't say that to everyone, you know—at least—(confidentially)—not before the boy. (Applause.) Thank you. We'll go on to another subject. "Along doing," as the French say. *Ici on parle français*, which means it's easy to speak French. ("Oh! oh!") Lecturer blushes behind a large white glove. 'Scuse my glove. ("Yes, yes," from the Students.) Thank you. Now, what's the next article? 'Cos I've only got a 'our for my lecture. Oh! of course. (Consults his notes.) On the necessity of novelty. Certainly. Gentlemen, I strongly advise you against going on with the same old game. I mean the same old piece from year to year, you know. It won't do, you know—(in a tone of plaintive remonstrance)—this sort o' thing won't do!—and so what I say to a Manager is, the sooner you drop it the better. Some people say, as long as the public chooses to pay to see the same old piece, why take it out of the bills? Gentlemen, this is sordid, you know. Don't let's be sordid. Don't let's be mean. "Business first, Art afterwards" isn't the rule an Actor should go by, you know. (Shaking his head slowly.) That sort o' thing won't do, you know. (Plaintively.) It won't do. (Great applause.) Keep your eye on your Art, and your Art will pull you through. (Immense applause. Lecturer whistles to recover himself, then resumes.) Gentlemen, an Actor should never be a Manager, or if by accident he has become a Manager, then it should be for Art, not for dross. (Vehement applause.) I think that worthy of the Bard.

I'd rather be a hackney'd horse,
Than sacrifice my Art for dross.

You can give that to the Bard, if you like; but—(putting three fingers of the white Berlin-wool glove modestly before his face)—it's my own. (Cheers.) "A poor thing, but mine own." The Bard, Gentlemen—the genuine Bard. (Takes off his hat respectfully.) Gentlemen, fancy the feelings of that Actor who, making his first entrance as *Shylock*, or *Wolsey*, or *King Richard the Third*, casts his eye round the auditorium, and is obliged to say to himself before he utters a word of the Bard, "What an infernally bad house!" The Actor should never go near the Box-office to see how the booking is going on! He should never venture into the Librarians' shops. And as to advertisements, or notices in the papers, or paragraphs about himself in the daily journals, I'd rather—well, there now—a true Artist would rather bloom unseen, you know, than go in for the vulgar puffing tricks of a quack doctor. (Great applause.) Gentlemen, Art is Art. Be it never so artful, there's nothing like Art! (Cheers.) Let the Actor "take," but don't let him take a theatre. Let him not take a theatre, Gentlemen, but take the public—not a public—though every Artist has his particular public—not to which



"A PREDESTINATE R.A."

Mamma (entering). "Now, I'M SURE YOU CHILDREN ARE IN MISCHIEF, YOU ARE SO QUIET!"

Ethel (in a rapturous whisper). "HUSH, MA'! TOMMY'S BEEN PAINTIN' A SPIDER'S WEB ON GRAN'PA'S HEAD WHILE HE'S ASLEEP, TO KEEP THE FLIES OFF!"

he goes, but which comes to him. Play on the word "public," you'll observe. Gentlemen, did you hear me say "play on the word 'public'?" (*Whistles to attract their attention.*) Now, then, what's the next article? Oh, "gagging." Gentlemen, I say, emphatically—if you'll just keep your eye on me for two minutes, or both your eyes on me for four minutes, I'll say it still more emphatically—that no Actor—now keep your eye on your Lecturer—no Actor—look here, you're listening, I hope—(*Yes, yes!*) *from Students*—thank you; I thought you were asleep. Well—where was I? Oh! Look here, this won't do, you know, 'cos I've only got a 'our for my lecture, and, as I was observing, no Actor should take any liberty with the Author's text, except by the Author's express permission. (*Cheering.*) Thank you. Ahem! (*Lecturer coughs, and puts his white glove up.*) 'Scuse my glove. A gagger should be gagged. Play on the word "gag," you'll observe. (*Simpers.*) See it? (*Hear! hear!*) Thank you. A gagger is a gaggeraving person. Ahem! (*Simpers behind white glove.*) Play on the word "gagger." (*Applause.*) Thank you. I won't detain you any longer. Gentlemen, as the Bard says or sings—I'll sing it—

(*Sings*) For modesty's prized by the poor and the rich,
Waggity-a—(*Whistles refrain*),
And if you will gag, you will suffer as such,
Waggity-a, Waggity-a.

(*Whistles refrain, bows, and exit behind screen; reappears, looking over the top of screen, regards the Students through his eye-glass.*) Gentlemen, keep your eye on your Lecturer, and your Lecturer will pull you through. (*Disappears from screen. Reappearing at side-door.*) 'Scuse my glove. (*Waves it.*) I've only got a 'our to catch my train in. Good-bye. O reservoir! [*Exit Lecturer.*]

MOTTOES FROM MIDLOTHIAN.

To make sure of a Voter (*Tory*), tie yourself to a Faggot;
(*Liberal*), secure a Flat!

A NEW MEDAL FOR THE CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

M. MENIER has been speaking excellent sense—not always easy to get a hearing for in France—on the subject of Free Trade. He said:—

"As a manufacturer and an agriculturist, his interests might be supposed to be Protectionist, but he advocated the interests of the consumer. The restriction of consumption caused by Customs tariffs resulted in injury to the producer. Protection was only a form of Communism. If anything was to be done for the workman it was by making ports, canals, and railways, and lowering postal and telegraphic charges."

Considering that M. MENIER'S *Chocolat* is an article of world-wide consumption, it would seem an obvious inference that the more consumers the better for M. MENIER. M. MENIER, at least, has the common sense to see this, and the courage to say it. Yet it is just as true for all other industrial producers.

Punch will feel his *Chocolat-Menier* the sweeter whenever he remembers this sensible speech of its energetic and intelligent fabricant. If the Menier confection be as wholesome as the Menier doctrine, what higher praise can be given it?

Good Reason Why.

In the Common Council discussion over Councillor ISAAC's motion for an address of sympathy to the CZAR on his recent escape from assassination, Mr. LUSHER gave one very potent reason why the Common Council should uplift its voice—"that the CZAR was a Citizen of London." Poor CZAR! In his present mood how regretfully he must contrast the Freedom of the City with the slavery of the Empire!

Two Christenings.

(*After the Southwark Election.*)

Opposition. What we call the Tories—The Publican Party.
Government. What we call the Liberals—The Republican Party.



AN ASSAULT OF ARMS

BETWEEN GENERAL SWORD AND CAPTAIN PEN—(A PROPOS OF THE ZULU CAMPAIGN).

FROM OUR WESTMINSTER SCHOOL-BOY.

(HORACE, *Odes*, III. 3.)

JUSTUM et tenacem propositi virum
 The independent Member below the gangway
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
 Despises the machinations of Liberal caucuses,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
 Fears not the frown of the Cabinet Minister,
Mente quatit solida, neque Auster
 Nor feels in the least alarmed by
Dux inquieti turbidus Hadria,
 The excited leaders of the Home-Rule party,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus;
 Nor the violent gesticulations of the hero of Midlothian.
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
 Even if there be a dissolution,
Impavidum ferient ruinae.
 He will fearlessly face his constituents!

"FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS!"

PUNCH congratulates Lord EDMUND FITZMAURICE—who has a hereditary right to clear sight, sound sense, and wise moderation in matters political—for his well-weighed and temperate speech at Calne on the political situation of the Government at home and abroad. In these days of oratorical mud-flinging and vitriol-throwing, when violent abuse and rampant denunciation are used so freely to the grievous obscuring of the broad daylight of common sense, and the blotting out of all political beacons and steering lights, this calm Calne compendium of *pros* and *cons*, in the red-hot regions of Turkey, Zulu-land, and Afghanistan, is not only refreshing in itself, but comforting, from the hope it holds out that tornado-time is passing away from the atmosphere of public affairs, and "cool weather" coming in at last.

QUERY.—The connection between Lent Lectures and Bought Sermons?



SUB ROSÂ.

How the Captain gets his Clothes to Sit so nicely.

"WELL, JINKS, WHAT IS IT?"

"YOUR NEW MORNING SUIT, SIR. I'VE WORN IT EVERY EVENING FOR THE LAST FORENIGHT."

"ALL RIGHT, JINKS! JUST PUT ON MY BLUE FROCK COAT AND THE CHECK TROUSERS FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS. I SHALL WANT THEM AFTER LUNCH. AND THEN YOU CAN GET YOURSELF INTO MY DRESS TOGS—I'M GOING OUT TO DINE AT EIGHT." "YES, SIR."

ONE WAY OF DOING IT.

At last we have evidence of a long-disputed possibility—a man may get himself hanged for killing his wife. Kicking her to death with clogged feet, beating her to death with fists, slow starvation, systematic cruelty administered in infinitesimal doses till death results—any or all of these won't do it. But knifing her MAY be dangerous; and burning her to death in her sleep, by setting her blankets on fire after saturating them with paraffin, is, as *Punch* is at present advised, the one way of getting rid of a wife which ensures for the poor husband who did it the hard penalty of the gallows. Witness the execution of MICHAEL CASSIDY in Manchester Gaol on the 17th inst. Perhaps if MICHAEL CASSIDY's new and very complete mode of uxoricide becomes more common, it may be felt that the gallows is too severe a punishment for it, and the same leniency will have to be extended to wife-burning which is already meted to other more familiar forms of that very venial species of the genus homicide, known as wife-killing.

"O si sic Omnes!"

PUNCH congratulates Mr. JOHN COX on his brief but brilliant speech at the Common Council meeting, on the foul attempt at assassination of the CZAR. "The Council," said Mr. Cox, "had better mind its own business." Uncommon counsel, perhaps, to the Common Council, but not the less to the point.

SPEECHES TO BE FOUGHT SHY OF.

At the dinner of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, in reply to the toast of "Success to our Foreign and Commercial Relations with Foreign Countries, and our Colonies!" the Japanese Ambassador spoke with excellent sense and taste. Perhaps the most interesting statement in His Excellency's oration was the announcement with which it was brought to a conclusion. The Minister, in a deprecatory allusion to his own words as a "first attempt," declared that as yet, "Speech-making had not been introduced into Japan." As no doubt the Ambassador will do his best to supply this omission in the institutions of Japan, it would be as well to warn him against certain kinds of speech-making much in vogue in this country; as, for instance,—

The speech made by an Obstructionist in the House of Commons, in which sense, loyalty, patriotism, and grammar are sacrificed to violence, the rubbing up of old sores, and malignant appeals to national antipathies and sectarian hatreds.

The speech made by the Friend of the Family at a wedding, in which the early and rather unpleasant antecedents of the father of the Bride are apologetically touched upon before an audience of unsympathising acquaintances.

The speech made by the Noble Chairman at a Charity dinner, when his Lordship is certain of neither facts nor figures, and is equally in the dark about the genuine claims of the Institution he is talking about, and its real working.

The *impromptu* speeches made after the most careful preparation by Gentlemen unaccustomed to public speaking.

The speech of the Warrior who returns thanks for the Army, or Navy, long, rambling, ill-delivered, and replete with incomprehensible technicalities, when everybody is impatiently waiting for the crack orator and the toast of the evening.

The speech made by the irate Cabman on receipt of his strictly legal fare from a Lady.

The speech made by the Wife whose Husband, by a slight error of judgment, has returned home at 4'30 A.M. instead of 10'15 P.M.

And, lastly, any speech delivered by anybody which prevents Mr. *Punch* enjoying his after-dinner cigar.

The Earl and the Doctor.

If Dr. FARR past seventy be,
And not in health too strong—
What is the case with my Lord B?—
And yet he does no wrong
In ruling, not the Registry,
But the Realm, broad and long!

PUNCH'S ADVICE TO JOHN CHINAMAN (and his British Customers).—Honest Tea is the best policy.

A Millennium in Italy.

KING HUMBERT, in his speech from the Throne, invited the Italian Parliament to commence the gradual abolition of the Grist Tax. The Legislature will thus liberate the flour of Italy from a grinding impost. If we could tax one form of Italian grist—that ground out by the organ-grinder—it would be a blessing, and the more heavily the better!

AN EXPLANATION.

PUNCH need hardly say that the article in his last week's number headed, "A Real Page from an Autocrat's Diary," though it appeared on the same day on which the tidings of the Winter Palace explosion reached London, was written and in type many weeks before.

It was intended as a "*reductio ad absurdum*" of the newspaper reports of the ubiquity and variety of the attempts on the CZAR's life, and the precautions taken against them, not without a shadowing forth of the ghastly reality of danger behind these reports and the sources of that danger. Such a subject would certainly not have been chosen in the presence of the recent murderous attempt at the Winter Palace, and under the sense of its actual and possible consequences.

When *Punch* deals with such subjects, it is in a serious spirit, as in his Cartoon of this week—showing cowering Terror in the garb of Imperial Power above, with the more hideous mockery of Liberty, in the form of blind and murderous Licence, below.



A FACT FOR NATURALISTS.

Young Housewife. "DEAR ME! WHAT VERY SMALL EGGS FOR TWOPENCE-HALFPENNY EACH! IT SEEMS QUITE EXTRAVAGANT TO TAKE THEM!"

Affable Dairy-Woman (who has always a conclusive reply for complaints). "WELL, YES, M'M, SO IT DOES. BUT I'VE ALWAYS NOTICED THAT NEW-LAID EGGS ARE SMALL!"

"AS YOU LIKE IT," AS WE LIKE IT.

WITH the *Merchant of Venice* still on the crest of the full tide of success at the Lyceum, *Macbeth* in occupation of the boards of Sadler's Wells, with *Othello* and *Hamlet* to follow, and now—last and not least—*As You Like It* at the Imperial, who shall say that the immortal WILLIAM is not holding his own on the London Boards?

For tragedy at Islington *Mr. Punch* regrets he has not yet found a night. But with the Royal Merchant, the heavily-handicapped Jew, and the fair and witty Lady of Belmont, he has long been at home in the Lyceum; and for *As You Like It* in Westminster he has been happy enough to find two afternoons already, and hopes to find more.

Among SHAKESPEARE's romantic comedies, the exquisite story of *Rosalind* in Arden holds as prominent a place as that of the *Prince of Denmark* among his tragedies. The fragrant breath of young life, and the pure passion of young love; the chequered shine and shadow and wholesome odour of the woodland; the primitive labours and lowly passions of shepherd and shepherdess; the woodland sport, seasoned with the quiet and sweet philosophy of the *Banished Duke*; *Jaques's* world-weariness under the mask of philosophy, and his Stoic disguise for cynical and effete Epicureanism, are all harmonised in a series of pictures, to which the tinkle of the sheep-bells, the song and horn of the hunters, and the jingle of *Touchstone's* motley, make a delightful music. In what part did ever strength and lustiness, swift love and high-born youth, spring to life before us, as in *Orlando*? Where shall we find courage, archness, and buoyancy with grace of opening womanhood, embodied with such charm as in *Rosalind*? What fooling was ever subtler and sharper than *Touchstone's*? What dignity in exile is statelier and wiser than the *Duke's*? When did philosophic pretension ever find a more imposing vocabulary than in the mouth of *Jaques*?

The piece is at once play and poem, romance and idyl, philosophic essay and day-dream. Among the enchanting glades of Arden we seem to fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world!

All very well this, the reader may say, *à propos* of the play when presented before the mind's eye, with Fancy to cast the parts, and Imagination to set the scenes.

But how reconcile this rhapsody with the play as presented on the Imperial boards, with Miss LITTON to superintend the action, and Mr. PERKINS to paint the scenery?

Well, really, *Mr. Punch* did not think he could have seen the play through with so little sense of jar between his fancy and the facts set before him as he did at the Imperial last Wednesday. The beautiful Comedy is beautifully put on the stage, and as well acted as we can have any hope of seeing it acted in London, failing a theatrical realisation of *Aliena's* notion, that "Mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter."

Meantime, *Punch* recommends all who want to see *As You Like It*, as he likes it, and as he ventures to say, they ought to like it, to take their places at the Imperial. It is an afternoon theatre, and they can get their pleasure over before dinner, so that it need not involve their carrying an ill-digested meal to their stalls—places, however suited to a fattened ox, eminently unfit for a well-dined man.

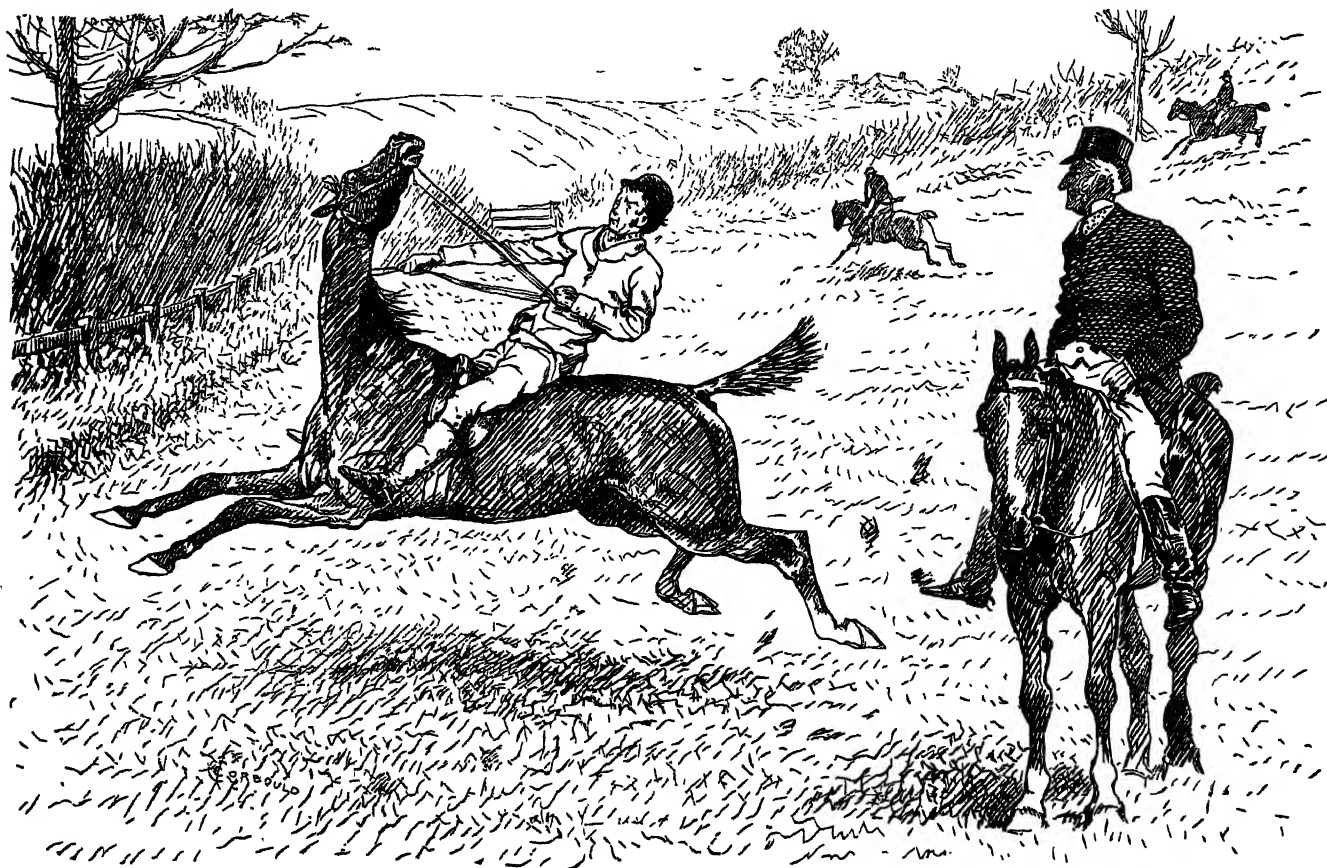
Punch has a great respect for the critics, and of course he likes, if possible, to steer his judgment by their compasses; though this is by no means easy when they point different ways; when, in fact, you have not only to box the compass, but to consult compasses that box each other. One critic tells him that the play is too sumptuously attired and mounted, that the dresses of the foresters in particular are too gay and bright. Now it seemed to him that while the Court of the usurping Duke was very handsomely furnished in regard of courtiers and ladies, as well as terraces and gardens, the Court of his banished brother in Arden was appropriately arrayed in serge of hodden grey, autumnal brown, and Kendal or Lincoln green, leather jerkins, and rough leggings—very fitting for hunters' garb, and not a bit too fine for their place and purpose. He has, certainly, never seen a *Rosalind* so appropriately, modestly, and tastefully attired, and so much at home in her doublet and hose; never an *Orlando* better dressed, as well as of more youthful figure, bearing, and movement; never a more prettily costumed transformation of *Celia* into *Aliena*.

The complaint of over-splendour of attire, or over-elaboration of scenic setting, is the last he would have expected in these days of sumptuous realism in furniture, dresses, and decorations in such high places as the Haymarket and the St. James's. On the contrary, the costumes, artistically designed by Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON, and the scenery, excellently planned and beautifully painted by Mr. PERKINS, seemed to *Punch* to satisfy, but not more than fairly satisfy, the exigencies of our time in the presentation of a play of SHAKESPEARE'S. There was certainly no more display in the Imperial *As You Like It* than in the Lyceum *Merchant of Venice*, and, above all, there was no undue sacrificing of the cast or the performance to the stage-show. For the play was very well acted all round; exceptionally well acted, as times and companies go.

You had first and foremost an eminently satisfactory pair of lovers in Miss LITTON'S *Rosalind* and Mr. BELLEW'S *Orlando*. The former has never till now, to *Punch's* knowledge, played a Shakspearian part. But as *Rosalind* she revealed a rare power of intelligent, consistent, and well matured conception, gracefully, spiritedly, and thoroughly worked out.

The critics tell me her acting lacked tenderness. I should be glad to know where *Rosalind* is to show it, except in her asides to *Celia*; and in Miss LITTON'S performance I did not see any want of feeling in these rare revelations of *Rosalind's* more loving self, after she has donned doublet and hose. She tells *Celia*, before her first encounter with *Orlando* in the forest, that "she will speak to him like a saucy laquay, and under that habit play the knave with him," and this is precisely what Miss LITTON did, thereby honourably, as it seems to *Punch*, distinguishing herself from the other *Rosalinds* he remembers, who, all of them, let too much of the woman show under doublet and hose, thereby risking the purity of the part, which depends mainly on the absence of sex-consciousness with which *Rosalind* gives herself to the full flow of spirits and sauciness.

So I see some of the critics complain that Mr. BELLEW lacked tenderness. I can only say that I did not see him pass by any opportunity of showing it that SHAKESPEARE



TRYING A FRESH "LOT."

Dealer (to Jim, his Head Man). "NOW, THEN, WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH THAT HOSS?"

Jim. "LORD ONLY KNOWS TO A FIELD OR TWO, SIR."

has indicated in his part. I should applaud, not blame, him for the absence of tenderness in his voice, look, and manner, with *Rosalind* in her boy's clothes. A different bearing would have been indelicate. The banter between the two young lovers, as presented at the Imperial, loses all suggestion of offence by their sprightliness and animal spirits. I noted no lack of feeling in Mr. BELLEW's manner in the First Act, nor of manly tenderness in his demeanour to old *Adam*, which was in refreshing contrast all through with the wooden-heartedness of most *Orlandos* of *Punch's* acquaintance.

The *Jaques* was not unworthy of these two leading figures of the play, but it is a mistake to put him before them. It is true that the part of *Jaques* is far subtler, far harder to hit the key-note of than either *Rosalind* or *Orlando*, for whom youth, grace, and spirits will do so much. There are many ways of conceiving the character. In *Punch's* conception of him he is no Stoic, but a *blasé* Epicurean; his attitude of cynical superiority to the world is mainly affectation, and his philosophy, while putting on all the airs of profoundness, little more than skin-deep. Everybody sees through him.

According to this view, Mr. HERMAN VEZIN, beautifully as he declaimed the famous "Seven Ages," did it with too sincere and deep-seated a gravity. The speech is, to our notion, a light prolixion of *Jaques's*, not a philosophical summary; in it, as in all he does and says, he is thoroughly self-conscious. In fact *Punch* still waits for his *Jaques*, till Mr. IRVING puts on his mask. In the meantime he is glad to bear witness to the admirable delivery of the famous soliloquy, and all the other speeches of the part, from Mr. VEZIN's own saturnine conception of the character, which is a very maintainable one, and perhaps the most effective in acting.

Punch noted with pleasure that the speech of the First Lord describing *Jaques's* moralising over the wounded deer, was given back to its proper speaker, instead of being put into *Jaques's* own mouth, as has long been done by acquiescence in an arrangement that must have been first dictated by some stage necessity. Strange to say, the speech is still thus spoken in many theatres. It was so spoken by Mr. CHARLES HARCOURT at the Haymarket when the play was last revived there.

A young Actor, Mr. STEPHENS, spoke the difficult speech with

excellent discretion, though too nervous to be quite master of his measure.

Mr. BROUGH's *Touchstone* was safe to be funny, but not to be so refreshingly free, as it is, from extravagance or vulgarity. It was droll and quaint, without any overcharging.

Mr. W. FARREN's *Adam* was dignified and pathetic, though hardly homely or robust enough, perhaps. There seemed too little of the healthy red of a "kindly winter" upon his cheek, or of the boarded strength of frugal years in his bearing. Still, the impersonation was complete from its own point of view, and in no way out of keeping with the rest of the cast.

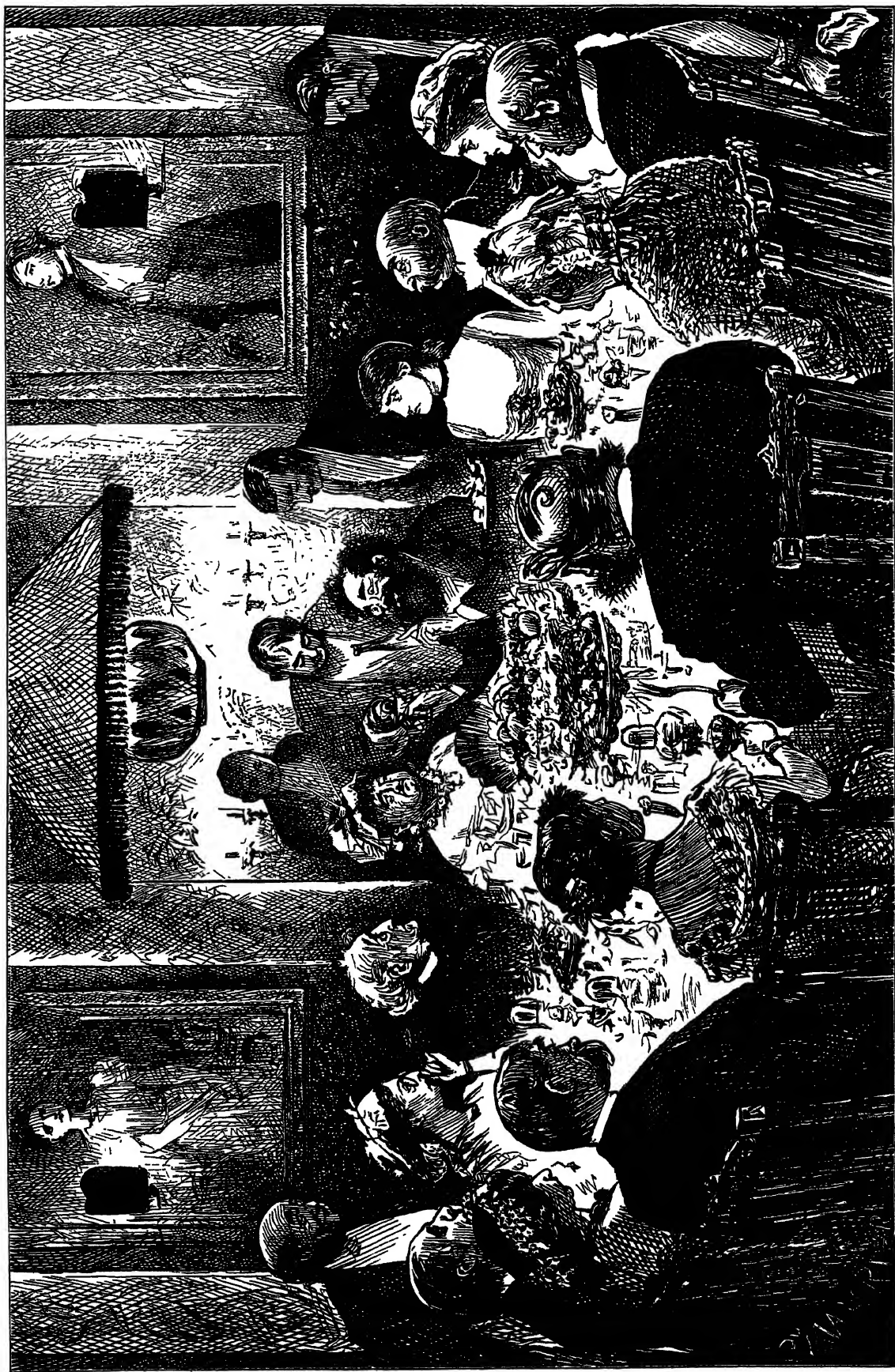
As much may be said of the *Celia* of Miss CRESSWELL, which was essentially graceful and sweet, if a little wanting in presence and weight of elocution—which will, doubtless, come.

Mr. EVERILL gave the fine lines of the *Banished Duke* with the right feeling both of their music and their meaning.

Miss SILVIA HODSON's *Audrey* in dress, look, and bearing, was the right uncouth, and unkempt, but comely, Shepherdess, who might have followed her flock and milked her kine in Arden. The minor parts of *William* by Mr. BANNISTER, *Silvius* and *Phoebe* by Mr. TREVOR and Miss BRUNTON, and *Corin* by Mr. BUNCH, were, the first exceptionally well, the rest adequately filled. The songs of *Amiens* were effectively sung, with a good manly voice and good execution, by Mr. COVENTRY.

Mr. CHARLES was an animated *Le Beau*, and marked the meaning of his part well. Mr. ALLBROOK was a stalwart *Charles*, and Mr. ENGAR, first, a duly malignant, and, afterwards, a duly penitent, *Oliver*. Mr. BARNARD, Conductor of the Orchestra and the Chorus, did justice to the well-selected music. The scenery of the Duke's Palace with its stately terraced garden, and the two Forest Glades, one with the old carlot's cote, were beautiful examples of scenic art and arrangement; and the painter, Mr. PERKINS, fairly deserved the call which summoned him and his chimney-pot and black frock-coat to make their bow in Arden!

Altogether it is long, very long, since *Punch* has felt so happy in a Shakspearian revival—mounting, stage management, and acting together.



TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.

IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO TALK OF STICKING TO YOUR OLD FRIENDS, WHETHER THEY BE PROGRESSORS OR THE REVERSES! BUT WHAT IF THEY RESEMBLE BILLY SCATCHERD, FOR INSTANCE? YOU ASK B. S. TO DINNER, TO MEET YOUR RESPECTED FATHER-IN-LAW (THE D.D.), AND GENERAL JENKINS, AND THE MEMBER FOR HORNSBY, AND, WORST OF ALL, SIR GORGIVUS MIDAS AND MRS. FOSCONBY DE TOMKINS—NOT TO MENTION THE BETTER HALF OF THESE IMPORTANT PEOPLE—AND DEAR OLD BILLY, WHO HAS BEEN YOUR FRIEND SINCE HE WAS A BOY, AND WHOSE WIFE HAS BEEN YOUR FRIEND SINCE SHE WAS A GIRL, SAYS, "I DON'T WANT TO GO AGAINST YOUR PRESENT SPLENDOR, BUT I WILL PAIN MYSELF TO PAY HIS RENT, INSTEAD OF REMINDING YOU ACROSS THE TABLE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN YOU USED TO DO THE SAME; AND AS I DON'T WANT TO GO TACK FOR A WHOLE TWELVEMONTH AT A CERTAIN TRIP, AND TROUBLE SHOP IN DEURY LANE, AND THEN SURRENDER THIS BILL WITH A HAT AND COAT YOUR GRANDMOTHER LENT YOU TO GO TO YOUR GRANDFATHER'S FUNERAL—AND ALL THIS WITH THE SERVANTS IN THE ROOM, CONFOUND HIM! AND THAT BEYONDUT LITTLE DOBERMAN MINE, MRS. SCATCHERD, COBBLING AWAY FOR THE WEEK BEFORE AND THE WEEK TO COME, AND REVELLING IN YOUR WIFE'S BLACK LOOKS AT YOU!"

HINTS FOR A NEW AND ORIGINAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

CHAPTER IX.

Professor Hare's Lecture—His Subjects—Treatment—Make-up—Costume—Colours—Emotions—Smile—Love—Anger—Illustrations—Entertainer—Block—Poet—Pun—History—Old School—Great Actors—Conclusion of Lecture—Prospective Arrangements.

PROFESSOR HARE, late of the Court, now of St. James's, may be expected to lecture on the following subjects:—1. The True Expression of the Emotions; 2. Rehearsals; 3. Stage Decoration; 4. The Auditorium, and before the Curtain generally:—

Gentlemen—*(brusquely)*—I've come to give you a lecture on certain matters connected with the Drama; and—er—I—*(suddenly,*



pleasantly, but very rapidly)—hope we shall get on well together. *(“Hear! hear!” from the Students. The Lecturer looks about, beamingly, then resumes.)* Thank you for your reception. Which is gratifying—very gratifying—*(emphatically and angrily)*—most gratifying. *(Looks round defiantly, as if expecting contradiction. “Hear! hear!” from the Students. The Lecturer smiles, looks about him sharply from left to right, with much the same action as is exhibited by a canary about to chirrup, and then resumes.)* Gentlemen, there is one thing that every Actor will have to deal with—*(angrily and positively)*—he can't help himself, confound it, he must deal with it—*(becoming more and more annoyed)*—must deal with it, hang it!—*(suddenly smiling very pleasantly)*—whether he likes it or not, eh? *(As if replying to his own question.)*—Yes, whether he likes it or not. *(Looks round inquiringly, to see if anyone objects. “Hear! hear!” from Students.)*

Well, now, Gentlemen, in representing an emotional part, the first thing for the Actor to do is to entirely obliterate his own individuality—*(shaking his index finger at them warningly)*—I do not allude to “making-up”—I don't lay much stress on “making-up”—in fact—*(becoming thoroughly vexed, and rubbing his head with his right hand in a highly irritable manner)*—no one but a born idiot would rely merely on “make-up”—any fool can make up—*(rapping the table violently)*—and the greatest Actors don't make up at all—dash it, Sir, they didn't even wear the costume of the period of the play!! *(Suddenly quite pleasant and beaming.)* Ha! ha! That was absurd, wasn't it? *(Laughing.)* Fancy Macbeth in the Court suit of GEORGE THE THIRD's time! *(Laughter.)* We should think it odd now—but the greatest Actor did it—GARRICK. I s'pose he was as great as they say, eh? *(Smiling dubiously.)* I s'pose so. He must have been great—*(angrily)*—he must have been—hang it! *(Expostulating.)* Sir JOSHUA JOHNSON, I mean REYNOLDS—*(laughs)*—ha! ha! the idea of Sir JOSHUA JOHNSON—absurd, wasn't it! ha! ha! eh?—well, those two and—everybody couldn't have been mistaken—it's impossible—*(rubs his nose with his right hand, as if very much worried by the idea)*—it's quite impossible. Don't you think so? They couldn't all have been mistaken. *(“Hear! hear!” from Students. Lecturer appears a trifle more satisfied, but not thoroughly convinced, and consults his notes.)*

Ah, yes—I was speaking about the Actor of an emotional part obliterating his individuality in illustrating the emotions. Now—*(frowning)*—what do I mean by emotion? *(Looking very much astonished, as if somebody else had asked a question, to which the answer was self-evident.)* What do I mean by emotion? Why, what are the emotions, but—*(angrily)*—laughter—*(violently)*—love—*(more pleasantly)*—tears, and—*(smiling)*—anger. *(Applause.)* I don't think there are any more—*(emphatically)*—I don't see that there can be any more. Of course there are combinations and gradations as there are of the prismatic colours in the rainbow, eh?—*(looks round doubtfully)*—as the prismatic colours in the—*(considering—then positively)*—Yes—there are four prismatic colours—

(decidedly)—in the rainbow. *(Pleasantly.)* That's rather a neat simile. *(Smiles. Then begins to check off the emotions and the colours on his fingers.)* There we are—first colour, blue: corresponding emotion, laughter. *(“Hear! hear!”)* Second colour, red: corresponding emotion, tears. *(“Hear! hear!”)* And the Lecturer adds, smilingly, and much pleased with the progress—I don't see why laughter should be blue, and tears red, except that—*(laughing shortly)*—tears make the eyes red—ha! ha!—and perhaps laughter makes you blew your nose—*(intensely gratified)*—ha! ha!—*(blew—blue—ha! ha! eh? Well—(suddenly, and seriously)—that's two—laughter and tears—blue and red. Then the fourth—no, third colour, yellow—that's anger. Yes—(looking disgusted)—yellow, a regular bilious complexion—liver out of order. Yellow's the livery of anger. (Surprised at the pun, and very much delighted.)* Ha! ha!—livery of anger—yellow. 'Gad, that's good; ha! ha! *(Applause and laughter.)* Yes; and the fourth prismatic colour—*(frowns)*—let's see—*(puzzled)*—were we at the fourth? No. *(Goes over them again.)* Yes—I've done three—what's the fourth prismatic colour? *(Rubs his head irritably.)* Dash it, there must be a fourth, there ought to be—blue, red, yellow—no, let's see—surely—*(tries to recall to his mind's eye the last rainbow he has seen)*—there—must—no—*(as if suddenly struck by the discovery)*—I'm hanged if there is! There's no fourth prismatic colour. Gentlemen, it's a great pity for the sake of the simile, which would really have been confoundingly happy—*(pleasantly)*—as I hope we shall all be without the fourth colour—ha! ha!—eh?—though—*(still more graciously)*—we shan't be without the equivalent emotion, love. Of course there are all the gradations and combinations of the emotions—compassion, pity, revenge, remorse, fear—ah!—*(suddenly)*—I should have mentioned “fear” before. That makes five—*(emphatically)*—five prismatic emotions. *(Jerks his right wristband down convulsively, and thrusts his left hand into the breast of his waistcoat. Having thus pulled himself together, he resumes.)*

Now, the Actor must avoid expressing them all in the same way. *(Angrily.)* A man would be a fool—a blatant fool—who tried to do so. Don't tell me—*(violently)*—that one stupid stereotyped manner will be sufficient to denote every variety of passion, every shade of emotion! No!—*(raps the table)*—never! When the lover is supposed to be grieved by his mistress's conduct, he mustn't glare at her as though he were—*(pleasantly)*—going to eat her—*(jocularly)*—ha! ha!—like the wolf with Red Riding Hood. When he would mingle his tears with hers, and they embrace for the last time on earth previous to his, or her, (or both), being led off to execution, the Actor must let the audience see that he is weeping. *(Emphatically.)* They must see the workings of his countenance—*(still more emphatically)*—and he mustn't shirk his artistic work by turning his back on the audience, placing his arm round the lady's waist, and walking up the stage with her! *(Comes down heavily with his fist on the table.)* I say, no Actor must do that, and I'll add, and I don't care who hears me, and you may tell them I say so, whoever they are—an Actor who daren't show his face to the public in a strongly emotional part, may call himself an Actor—*(getting warmer)*—and he may be—*(more excitedly)*—a good self-disguiser—*(violently)*—a first-rate maker-up—*(with bitter sarcasm and concentrated fury)*—an inimitable entertainer, or a small-character part man with one eccentricity, but—*(boiling over)*—I'm—*(checking himself)*—I'm—*(exploding)*—hanged, if he's a true dramatic Artist or a great Actor, and—*(quite pleasantly, and looking round inquiringly)*—pon my soul I hardly think we should call him an Artist at all, eh? *(Smiles cheerfully. Great applause.)* No; we should consider him in Mr. WOODIN's line, or Mr. MACCABE's—*(laughing)*—both—*(with deep conviction, and defying contradiction)*—uncommonly clever men in their way, and—*(defiantly)*—deservedly successful—*(shaking his forefinger at them)*—deservedly successful, mind you—I say I should consider such a man as an Entertainer, with a stock-in-trade of trick-wigs, trick-dresses, and—*(very pleasantly)*—a table behind which he disappears, to reappear as somebody else, only rather more like himself than ever. *(Applause.)* Eh?—*(briskly and smilingly)*—that's about it, isn't it? *(“Hear! hear!”)* Yes, I knew you'd see it in that light. *(Emphatically.)* In fact, it's the only common sense view of acting, otherwise an Actor's only a dummy—*(frowning)*—a mere dummy—with some mechanism inside, perhaps; but—*(fiercely)*—unless he can portray all the emotions—*(shaking his right forefinger in the air, threateningly, at the class, and speaking most severely)*—all the emotions, mind you,—he is no more than a lay figure for dresses, and his head—*(with sudden cheerfulness and great appreciation of the simile)*—a mere wig-block—*(looks round beamingly)*—a mere wig-block, eh? *(Laughs. Applause. The Lecturer jerks himself together, and resumes.)*

So much for emotions, Gentlemen. Now for rehearsals. I don't know what you may have heard from my friends the learned Professors BANCROFT and HOLLINGSHEAD, but I'll tell you my opinion. *(Furiously.)* Hang rehearsals! What's the use of wasting your time at rehearsals? What does What's-his-name—*(rubs his head irritably)*—you know—bless my soul!—the poet—in—*(laughs)*—not

WATTS—(laughs more)—nor WILLS—though, mind you, his *Olivia* was first-rate—first-rate, Sir, though, that didn't take half-an-hour to rehearse, and was chucked on the stage anyhow—anyhow. And what was the result? A triumph. A big profit. A profit out of a poet! Eh? (Laughs suddenly and heartily.) A prophet out of a poet! Ha! ha! (Stops abruptly, and resumes seriously.)

Gentlemen, the poet—I forget which, but you'll all recognise the line, says:—

"Act well your part, there ALL the honour lies."

True: not in rehearsal, not in repetition, but in acting. (Angrily.) Don't go by rule: don't study each little action in detail. (Disgusted.) Paltry! bah! finicking! But give yourself up to inspiration. (Incisively.) A good bold broad style! Nothing niggling! A style for which Drury Lane or Covent Garden would not be too large! A style that grips the public—grips 'em, Gentlemen—(clenching his hand, and frowning savagely)—grips the public, mind you, the vast varied public, the outspoken, hearty public—(rising to his subject enthusiastically)—whose pulse vibrates to the Actor's voice—(more enthusiastically)—whose heart beats with a—with a—with a true echo—(thumps on the table, and looks round to see if any one will contradict him)—with, I say, a True Echo, a response—(more pleased with this word, he stands upright, and confronts the class boldly)—a response which is more gratifying than the feeble efforts at faint applause from languid loungers—(with utter disgust)—or the intolerable affectation of æsthetic idiots and fashionable fools in the stalls and private boxes. Bah!

I agree with Professor BANCROFT as to an audience. I do—yes—(with conviction)—I do. I say, give me a large pit overflowing with humanity—humanity hot, strong, and plenty of it—(cheerfully)—like grog, Gentlemen. Eh? Ha! ha!—like grog. It only wants stirring. (Suddenly seeing that a simile may be pushed too far, adds pleasantly)—Praps you'll say that it only wants a spoon to stir it. Eh? No, no. Joking apart, that's the sort of audience I would have you all appeal to—a sprinkling of the national intellect in our private boxes; the lower-upper and upper-middle class in the dress circle; the lower middle in the upper boxes; the upper-lower in the pit; the lower in the shilling gallery, and in the sixpenny the lowest highest. The Actor who plays before such an audience as that, night after night, appeals to the real genuine public; and if they throng to see him, this man's name will be handed down to posterity with those of—of—(pauses to find how far back in history he can go—suddenly)—of ROSCIUS—(applause)—of—(considers again)—thinks of GARRICK—but it occurs to him, for the first time, that there must have been some Actor of note between ROSCIUS and GARRICK—rubs his head irritatedly—but, unwilling to keep his audience in suspense, adds, angrily)—of GARRICK—(runs the rest off easily)—of KEAN, KEMBLE, MACREADY, and—(much relieved)—in fact—(cheerfully)—a host of others. (Applause, during which he jerks himself together, and resumes his discourse.)

Gentlemen, one subject which concerns those whom Providence may place in Management. Don't bother about stage decorations or properties. Anything will do; as anything—or even nothing—used to do when the public only required good acting, and went away contented. For Heaven's sake—(violently)—in this prosaic age do let us leave something to the imagination. If you've got bold, broad, expansive—(fiercely)—thorough, first-rate acting, you've got everything; without it you've got nothing—no—(positively)—absolutely nothing.

And for the front of the house, what—(appealing earnestly)—what, I ask you, what more is necessary than cleanliness and tidiness? Nothing. It is the plain well-cooked chop only to be got in our smoky old London, and, best of all, in what is termed the heart of the city—(warmly)—and that's the heart to appeal to, mind you—against what our ancestors called "French kickshaws"—(pleasantly)—"kickshaws!" Ha! ha! What on earth—(disdainfully)—does a theatre want with picture-galleries and statuary? (Disdainfully.) Who wants VAL JONESSES and MARCUS WHISTLER'S pictures, with BURNS MORRIS'S papers, SAGE GREEN'S hangings, Sir NEUTRAL TINTO'S decorations, and old china fid-fads in a theatre? Is it a museum? Is it a booth in a fair? Is it a second-hand curiosity shop? or a Grosvenor Gallery? Bah! Bosh! Stuff! Trash!! (Smiling ironically.) Who wants to see mosaics in a theatre? (Suddenly struck with an idea, and smiling knowingly.) Though I think some of us have seen whole rows of Mosaics—of very decided Mosaics—in a theatre before now—eh? Nose-aics, eh? Ha! ha! (Repeats it, much pleased.) Nose-aics! Ha! ha! Red cloaks—and genuine theatrical decorations—"orders," I mean, eh? (Applause and laughter. The Lecturer resumes.) Well, Gentlemen, I've hardly exhausted my subjects, not at all exhausted myself, but thoroughly exhausted your patience. (Cries of "No! No!" "Go on!" and applause.) My time is up, Gentlemen, but I hope to return to the subject at some future time this term. I will merely conclude by observing that you know my sentiments. If I have expressed them boldly—(laughing)—you will at least credit me with having put them before you honestly and—(severely)—fearlessly—

(applause)—and if you practise my teaching—(shaking his right forefinger at them emphatically)—you will resuscitate the traditions of that grand and great school of Actors—(thumps the table)—which were in danger of being lost in the—the—(angrily)—milk-and-water old china-ism, the—the—(more violently)—bric-à-bracism, the—the—(savagely)—æsthetic noodleism—(ferociously)—artistic snobbishness and—(bitterly)—the effeminate nincompoopism—for it is effeminate—(with conviction, and shaking his finger at them more emphatically than ever)—and it is nincompoopism of the present—(pauses—then adds, with sarcastic cheerfulness)—electro-plated age—that's it, isn't it?—(laughs)—electro-plated age of shams and humbug! (Great applause.) Gentlemen, good morning.

[Exit abruptly.]

The names of Professors D. JAMES, HENRY IRVING, WALTER LACY, and ARTHUR CECIL are down on the Lecture-board for this term. Students wishing to attend these lectures must send in their names and addresses to the Roscius Professor, at his residence, before mid-term.

ODE TO THE MISSES KETCHEWAYO.

Mr. Punch visits the Zulus at the Aquarium, and bursts into Uncontrollable Song.



AUGHTERS three of KETCHEWAYO!

Punch is fain to fetch a sigh, —oh!—

Why doth law forbid polygamy, When he'd not object to trigamy?

Were he but a King of Zulu, He could wed 'oo all, and rule 'oo; But he reigns not at Ulundi,

And he's ruled by Mrs. Grundy!

UNA-JUDI is his spouse, Or he'd seek UNA-MADLOZA;

Then, with joyous carol, Tra, la!
Straight fly off to UNA-LALA.
After her, his Queen of Saba
Would have crowned UNA-DENZABA.
Dusky maidens, lithe and lissome,
Punch would muchly like to kiss um!
To his heart their limpid eyes are
Fatal as their assegais are.
But Cui bono? Ah, beshrew it!
UNA-JUDI! Rootitoot!

[He crushes down his heart, and goeth away sorrowfully.]

Miracles in Mayo.

THE lame devotees who flock to the miracle-working chapel of Knock in County Mayo (see last Friday's *Daily News*) are said to leave their sticks behind them when they go away cured.

It might be of service to worse Irish ills than lameness, if after the "boys" had tried the Knock cure, they would get into the way of leaving their sticks behind them in other places than County Mayo. Ireland is the last place in which we should have expected cures *vis à vis* Knock. The sticks left ought to be shillelaghs.

WHAT'S THE ODDS?

WHY should M.P.'s fight over the choice between Quinquennial and Septennial Parliaments? After all, 'tis six (*minus* one) to the one, and half-a-dozen (*plus* one) to the other.

PESSIMIST PRECEPT.—Hope for the Worst.



EXPERIMENTUM IN CORPORE VILI.

Head Milliner. "YOU WILL NOW BE ABLE TO JUDGE, MADAM, HOW BECOMING A GREEN WREATH IS TO A PERSON WITH YOUR COLOURED HAIR!"

REASON IN BEER.

Brother Bung, after perusing *P. M. G.* Article with the above heading, approvingly soliloquises:—

WELL, it's prime to find a Journal as is writ by gents for gents, A-putting things so proper, and a showing such good sense. But a gent is O. K. mostly, while yer Rad's a cad, an ass! Ain't there some old Latin saying 'bout "*In vino veritas?*" If so, it finds a pretty sort of pardner in this here, You *won't* be far off sound reason whilst you stiek to good sound beer! Beer's British, that's wot beer is—not that Lager—poor sour swankey, Which you don't catch me a-drinking, nor yet selling, oh no, thank ye! But genuine English malt and 'ops, good body, head that's prime, Like a true-born British patriot, one of the present time! Ah! that's worked in werry neatly. All us Bungs can joke a bit; And, indeed, who *should* be witty, if it ain't a Licensed Wit! Twig? Tell that at the bar to-night! But wot I mean's this 'ere,—That reason, sense, and patriot pluck all go along o' beer,—Though I'm not a hinting, mark yer, that with spirits tins't ditter—No! patriots thrive on Irish 'ot as well as stout and bitter. But Beer!—it's liquid logic, fluid sense, essence o' grit—If that's putting it poetic, Brother Bungs won't mind a bit, For we Wittlers is wivacious in our fancy, don't yer know? Which it's water and Rad principles as keeps the sperrits low. Reason in Beer! Percisely. Here's towards you, *P. M. G.*! I am blowed if our own *'Tixer* could ha' spoke more to the P., The pint, I mean. You trust us! It ain't a mite of use For them Lib'als to inviggle us,—don't we remember BRUCE? Lib'als indeed! A-taking up with every fad and crotchety! Ah! the Trade'll wop 'em wusser than it has, if they don't watch it, They sneer 'bout "Beer and Bible" when they're spouting on the stump, Well, it's ten to one on *them* two 'gainst the Bethel and the Pump! That's where it is we has 'em!—We knocked 'em off their Southwark perch; And we'll back our barrel 'gainst their tub, we and our pal the Church.

Lor', isn't it a lark, though?—shows they'd better mind their eye, Who dares the Licensed Wittlers to worry or defy. We're too many to be sneezed at, we're a power in the nation, And, by gum, the "Licensed Victuallers' Defence Association" Means going for that party,—blue or yaller, it's all one,—As rounds on all Permissive rot, and leaves the Bungs alone. That's *our* tip, and BEAKEY—bless 'im!—is a cock o' the right comb To whip his enemies abroad, and 'elp his friends at 'ome. He won't cave in to forriners, he won't lend ear to fads; 'Gainst the Libs and Local Hoption, 'gainst the Rooshians and the Rads, He's a regular square stand-upper, and so every Public Bar Is a wote-ground for the Tories, and they might find wus, by far. Yes, the *P. M. G.* has hit it! Let the Liberals howl and jeer—We mean backing up our backers—and our Reason it is Beer!

"In Linked 'Sternness' Long Drawn Out."

No wonder if even the hard-headed HOLKER admits that the House must take the Criminal Code, as we take physick, a little at a time. Is it not physick for the acuter ills of the body politic? The House can hardly be expected to swallow the Criminal Code—condensed by whatever skill of legal Liebig's—at a gulp. It will be a great thing if the *Coda*—i.e., tail—can be got through the House, joint by joint, and section by section. *Punch* will be quite ready to congratulate Sir HENRY JAMES if, by the aid of *his* powder, St. Stephen's can be brought to digest the Criminal Code after it has been digested by Sir JAMES STEPHEN. Even this will ask great power of rumination.

A MISCHIEVOUS FAMILY.

They are brothers who'll leave a
Bad worse in a jiffy—
Die-Tator on Neva,
Agi-Tator on Liffy!



THE AWKWARD HORSE.

(OF THE PARLIAMENTARY BUS.)

NORTHGOTE. "STEADY, HARTINGTON! I DON'T WANT TO PUT THE 'TWITCH' ON, BUT IF WE MUST WE MUST."

PERSONAL OPTION V. POTHOUSE.



At a recent occasion the Earl of DERBY, in animadverting on Intemperance, at a meeting of the Coffee Tavern Company, set the orators of the compulsory total abstinence party an excellent example of truth and soberness:—

"People sometimes," he remarked, "in opposing Sir WILLIAM LAWSON, said they were against intemperance by compulsion. He (the noble Lord) rather leant to that view, but there was another view of the question, and that was, that in many large towns there was very like intemperance by compulsion. He was not only for local option, but for personal option. As matters stood, there were many places where a workman had no choice between drinking beer and going dry."

Success, both in principle and practice, to "Personal

Option" in such matters. The Report of the Coffee Tavern Company announces that the nett profits amount to 11 per cent., and that the Directors propose to divide five. At this rate of interest "Personal Option" appears to be succeeding so well as to assume an aspect which must be interesting to speculative capitalists. Make "Personal Option" a paying reality; and see whether it will not soon cut away the ground which Local Option now lays claim to stand upon. For what, O Britons, is "Personal Option" but a form of Personal Liberty? Hooray! The Birthright of JOHN BULL for ever!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, Feb. 23 (Lords).—MY LORD CAIRNS—"et tu, Brute!"—struck a heavy blow at Bills of Costs, and dealt sore discouragement to the Family Solicitor! By two Bills he enables absolute owners of settled estates to do everything which limited owners can do now, dispensing with intervention of the Court, and giving powers, under proper checks, to buy, sell, lease, divide, and exchange land for the benefit of the inheritance. All this by two public Bills, instead of as many private Bills as there are lawyers! Call you this dealing with settled estates? 'Tis dealing with settled solicitors!

Adding insult to injury, he brings in another Bill at the same time for shortening the language of conveyances, and providing for lawyers' payment by rule of Court instead of length of deeds—i.e., in the legal sense, of words.

The Scotch proverb says, "Hawks winna pike out hawks' een." But here we have a Lord Chancellor picking out the plums of every family solicitor's pudding all over the United Kingdom! And Lord SELBORNE, an ex-Chancellor, congratulates him on the deed, and is ready to aid and abet him. And the Bills will pass, and the lawyers will be fleeced, and the laity will rejoice,—till the lawyers have had time to spin their web afresh, and laboriously build up their bills of costs out of other materials, and in other nooks and corners of the Law Courts!

(Commons).—Sir STAFFORD gave notice of his Obstruction Resolutions for Thursday. May his and the House's resolutions hold! Sufficient for the day are the Obstructions thereof. We refer our readers to Thursday's Essence.

Dr. FARR has had a special pension of £800 awarded him for his good and long service. Better in the well-earned ease of his eventide, than still fagging at the Registrar-Office, even as its old head, under the weight of his threescore years and twelve. FARR, at least, might have gone farther, and fared worse.

The House had some hours' play at Sir STAFFORD's little game of Breaches of Privilege, in which Messrs. SULLIVAN and O'DONNELL showed great aptitude; but the House at last getting tired of the disorder, passed to the Orders of the Day. Sir STAFFORD may thank his own little Privilege play of last week for the hours wasted to-night at "Follow my Leader."

The Criminal Code Bill was read a Second Time, and referred to a Select Committee, with a "Good speed!" from Sir HENRY JAMES. Such is life at St. Stephen's—four hours of childish trifling, followed by a step forward taken in a few minutes by the biggest legislative measure of the time.

Tuesday (Lords).—Irish Distress Bill brought up, and Second Reading fixed for Monday. *E pur si muove*—in spite of the Obstructionists.

(Commons).—Mr. BOURKE declines to say anything about Colonel SYNGE, the English commanding officer of Turkish *gendarmarie*, who, with his wife, has been carried off for ransom, by brigands, many of them Greeks by race, but Ottoman subjects, some thirty miles from Salonica. SHAKESPEARE says "'Tis the sport to see the engineer hoisted with his own petard." But poor Colonel SYNGE probably sees little fun in seeing the *gendarme* officer nabbed by his own brigands. "Let him pay ransom," says NIKO; "SYNGES are not released for songs—save the songs of yellow birds." In such a case Mr. BOURKE wisely thinks "least said soonest mended."

Who on earth but Mr. BLAKE, when nobody above a county-court defaulter can be in these days arrested for debt, attaches the least importance to Peers' and M.P.'s exemption from the tap of the bailiff? Let a bankrupt Member vacate his seat, as a rule, with exceptions in specially guarded cases. *Voilà tout!*

Mr. CROSS said the matter would be dealt with in the new Bankruptcy Bill.

To a thin and thinner House, which was with difficulty kept alive, Mr. J. HOLMES moved, and Mr. COWEN seconded, a Resolution in favour of five-year Parliaments. Perhaps if we were choosing, we should not choose seven years for the term of Parliament, but, practically, what earthly matter does it make, whether five years or seven measure out the Sessions' span? The days are gone by of the "Five Points," with Annual Parliaments bristling in their van.

Colonel ALEXANDER moved an Amendment in favour of the Septennial term, and a weary and uninterested House voted it by 110 to 60.

Lord SANDON moved for a Select Committee to look into the Stowing of Grain Cargoes. Mr. PLIMSOLL's Bill assumes that the stowing of grain cargoes in bulk instead of bags is the main cause for the foundering of grain-laden vessels. Experts dispute this; and a Select Committee is a very proper tribunal to investigate the matter—especially with PLIMSOLL to look after the Committee.

Wednesday.—No quorum till a quarter past one. Then Mr. NORWOOD moved his County Courts Bill, for extending the jurisdiction of the County Courts to £200 in Common Law cases, and £40 in cases of ejectment, and to give them concurrent functions with the Superior Courts, at suitors' will, in all but Admiralty, Probate, and Divorce business. Of course extension of business will carry extension of salaries. With legal functionaries *ca va sans dire*. The County Court Judge's improved figure is to be £2000.

The lawyers generally approved.

Mr. ANDERSON, as became a Scotch guardian of the public purse, objected to the increase of salaries, to which the SOLICITOR-GENERAL distinctly declined to pledge the Government.

Sir H. JAMES protested against starving the County Court Bench by injudicious economy. And certainly cheap law of the best quality is not to be had from cheap lawyers. "Cheap and nasty" holds generally true of the lawyer, though not of the law, which is "dear and nasty."

Mr. NORWOOD's Bill—it ought to be called the Norwood Junction, as it links hands of County and Superior Courts, which have hitherto stood apart—was read a Second Time.

And then the House plunged into the Scotch Mist of the Hypothec Bill, Second Reading moved by Mr. VANS AGNEW, supported by a Scotch phalanx of both sides, doubted by Sir G. CAMPBELL, and sneered at by Lord ELCHO. But the Government has made up its mind, as have the Scotch Members, and, more important, the Scotch Tenant-Farmers. Thanks mainly to them, Hypothec "has got to go."

Thursday (Lords).—Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL moved for Sir HOPE GRANT's despatch on the Volunteer Easter Monday Review, the one report, as Lord BURY pointed out, that snubs the citizen soldiers, all the others being complimentary. Lord BURY countered Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL's suggestion that the War-Office should pull the strings of the Volunteer field-days, by the information that the Volunteer Acts left them their own initiative in such matters.

(Commons).—A great crowd for Sir STAFFORD's Obstruction Resolutions. But first, by way of prelude, came a wonderful spurt of vigour from the SPEAKER, who "shut up" a troublesome trio, Messrs. PLIMSOLL, BIGGAR, and CALLAN, in swift succession. Then, after a batch of questions, to which and the answers nobody listened, Sir STAFFORD moved his Resolutions. 1. For suspending, for that sitting, any Member named by the SPEAKER or Chairman of Committees, as disregarding the authority of the Chair, or abusing the rules of the House, by persistent and wilful obstruction of business, or otherwise; the motion for suspension to be put without amendment, adjournment, or debate, and the third suspension in the same Session to be for a week, or more if the House so determine, the Member having a right to be heard against the motion for such extended suspension. 2. That this Resolution shall be a standing Order of the House.



THE INDIAN SNAKE-CHARMERS. (INDIAN BUDGET SURPLUS, £119,000!)

In a full House Sir STAFFORD urged what *Punch* need not repeat—that the House must have rules of debate, and must maintain them; that the business of the House is increasing, and with it the mischief of blocked measures and wasted time; that the worst thing that could happen the House would be to fall into public contempt; and that the greatest danger of this will be from inability to maintain its own dignity and transact its own business. After explaining, Sir STAFFORD put his Resolutions, which all who



"IN VINO VERITAS."

Bailie Verintosh, Member of School-Board (who wished to address the Children after Luncheon). "NOO, BAIRNS, AW'LL JEEST TALL YE, WE'RE A' LIKE SHEEPS—SOME'S EN POARRT!—SOME'S AWA' OOT I' MED OCEAN!—SOME'S NEAR THE HAVEN! YE'RE JEEST LEAVIN' POARRT! ASH F'ME, AW THENK AW'M ABOUT HAUF SHEESH OVER!"

[Agreed nem. con.]

criticised seemed more inclined to pronounce too slack than too stringent.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON, in the name of the Opposition, gave his support to the Resolutions, though he thought them open to criticism. He would prefer that the SPEAKER should be the Marwood of the House, and suspend peccant Obstructionists without help of Honourable Members, whose vote would be a superfluity.

Mr. NEWDEGATE gave the statistics of Obstruction, and—worse still—the gabble-gauge for '77, '78, and '79, according to which the Hon. Member for Meath had addressed the House 500 times; the Member for Galway, 369; the Member for Dungarvan, 284; and the Member for Mayo, 135—an awful amount of small change (speech being silver) among four Irish Members!

Mr. DILLWEN did not oppose the Resolutions, but would prefer that the subject should be dealt with Sessionally by a Committee of Order. Obstruction was a game that two could play at; and the majority of to-day might be the minority of to-morrow. Mr. NEWDEGATE should have gone back further in the annals of Obstruction—to the Clerical Disabilities Bill of 1870, when there were ten divisions of more than 3 to 1, lasting far beyond the small-hours, in which many of the present Government had figured in the minorities.

By this time the House—which had waxed wofully thin, under the combined attraction of dinner and repulsion of NEWDEGATE—had dwindled down to five, and the SPEAKER was only saved from having to put the question by Mr. BIGGAR's moving a Count, and turning on the rush of Members from the dining-rooms.

Then the Irish Brigade began their fire, opened by Mr. JUSTIN MACARTHY. They were all for the Resolutions; their only care—the candid darlings—was for freedom of debate and protection of minorities! Obstruction was far more due to mistakes of the Government than misfeasance of private Members. (Six of one, Mr. MACARTHY, perhaps, but certainly a round dozen of the other.)

Mr. SYNAN protested. The main offence of the present minority was that they were Irishmen.

Mr. S. LLOYD wanted a majority of two-thirds on the SPEAKER'S motion for suspension.

Mr. HANBURY thought the Resolutions too weak. He would administer a dose of Hanbury's Entire, in the shape of a far swifter and sharper punishment.

Mr. SULLIVAN worked up an effective retort to Mr. NEWDEGATE out of the statistics of Obstruction for 1870, when, on the Clerical Disabilities Bill, the Education Bill, and the Army Purchase Bill, all the leading Members of the Administration had led, or voted in, insignificant minorities, and kept the House on the trot till daylight. In fact nearly all the occupants of the Treasury Bench had qualified themselves to sit there by their course of obstruction in 1870 and 1875.

Mr. CHAPLIN contended there was obstruction (English, and excusable), and obstruction (Irish, and inexcusable). He gave it Lord HARTINGTON over the head and ears for presuming to fall asleep. He was for throwing the responsibility of penal action on the House instead of the SPEAKER. "*Frappez vite et frappez fort*" must be their motto. (Bravo, most belligerent and un-chaplainlike of CHAPLINS!)

Sir W. HARCOURT was for throwing the responsibility on the SPEAKER, without any appeal to the House. At the same time he would support the Resolutions of the Government. All he and his friends wanted was to improve them.

Lord J. MANNERS thought it best that the SPEAKER should name names, and the House inflict the suspension that must follow that awful rite. The *clôture* was, to his mind, objectionable as unfair to the rights of the minority.

Mr. FAWCETT was ready, without qualification, to support the Resolutions; and Mr. O'DONNELL gave them the valuable meed of his approbation—"as a disinterested spectator." Nor he, nor his, had ever been named by the SPEAKER. He would have the Speaker's decision final. He was prepared to obstruct bad Bills in the present as in the past, and was proud of all he had done in that way. (No accounting for prides any more than tastes.)

The debate was adjourned.

Thus far the tide sets fair for the Resolutions—weak or strong. Whether, with a strong Leader and a stalwart Speaker there would have been any need of them, may be matter of opinion.

Friday (Lords).—Lord BEACONSFIELD is sorry he can't find £2000 a-year to pay for a Gallery of Casts from the Antique, at the prayer of Earl COWPER and other amiable and æsthetic archaeologists. Casts that catch no fish don't suit either Lord B.'s book or the Treasury's.

Lord DUNRAVEN spoke forcibly on Irish suffering, the lack of self-dependence, the ready ear given to agitators, the clamour for help from the State, and the deficiency of private enterprise in Ireland. There was good sense in all he said about the chafe of old confiscations and oppressions; the difficulties of Irish landlords and the unfair measure meted out to them; the inexpediency of forcing peasant proprietorship; and the probable result of Parnellian agitation and agrarian Utopias. His sheet-anchor was emigration. No doubt every emigrant betters himself, and, in all probability, his kith and kin; but in the meantime agitation must be discouraged, law-abiding folk must be protected and law enforced, and that done, Time, "The Old Justice," must be waited for to try and mend all.

This was an uncommonly comprehensive and able summary of Irish ills and their remedies—the former, unhappily, the more easy of discovery. But what a contrast between the tone of the noble Lord and the ignoble agitators who find their harvest in the misery and ignorance of Ireland!

(Commons.)—Obstruction still stopping the way, but a general disposition to get the Resolutions passed and have done with them. To this Mr. SHAW and Mr. GLADSTONE both helped, by hearty acceptance of the Resolutions with some fair and intelligent criticisms of them. Mr. SHAW's speech was an excellent one.

An Amendment by BIGGAR, for suspending the suspending Resolutions after one o'clock, was snuffed out by 290 to 14. An earnest of the fate that awaits Mr. O'DONNELL's Amendment, that 100 Members must be present to hear the SPEAKER name a name.

Mr. COURTNEY spoke sensibly, as he generally does—too sensibly to be listened to very patiently by a tired and heated house. The debate was adjourned till Saturday at twelve, when, let us hope, the Resolutions will be carried—and hung up in *terrorem* over the heads of the Irish Intransigentes. The O'DONOGHUE said, truly enough, they were meant as a rod in pickle for the Home-Rule Members of next Parliament, and small blame to it!

AQUARIUM REFORM.

PEOPLE who delight in witnessing performances dangerous to the performers, will be vexed to hear that Mr. HOBSON, the Manager of the Aquarium, has written to the Middlesex Justices a letter signifying that, on account of the accident which lately befell "ZEO," the Directors had agreed that "all performances with mechanical projecting power should forthwith be interdicted." Apologising for "the ZAZEL and ZEO shows," Mr. HOBSON says that the arrangements for them were believed perfectly safe, and further states that:—"These exhibitions were universally popular, and were witnessed by 1,440,100 persons, including all classes of society."

How were the foregoing figures ascertained? If by any special contrivance for distinctly taking the numbers of those visitors of the Aquarium to whom, in particular, "ZAZEL" and "ZEO" were attractions, and who went there expressly for the gratification of seeing them risk their lives, that popular place of amusement may be supposed to have been furnished with an instrument of registration extremely well answering the purpose of what SYDNEY SMITH called a "foolometer." It would be humiliating to find that such a meter has, in fact, recorded as "including all classes of society," a number of persons amounting to a considerable proportion of society at large. Let us hope these figures may be taken to represent the admissions of the general public at the Aquarium doors, and not the indications of any apparatus designed for the enumeration of a separate class of spectators—the fools.

To Guard our Flocks!

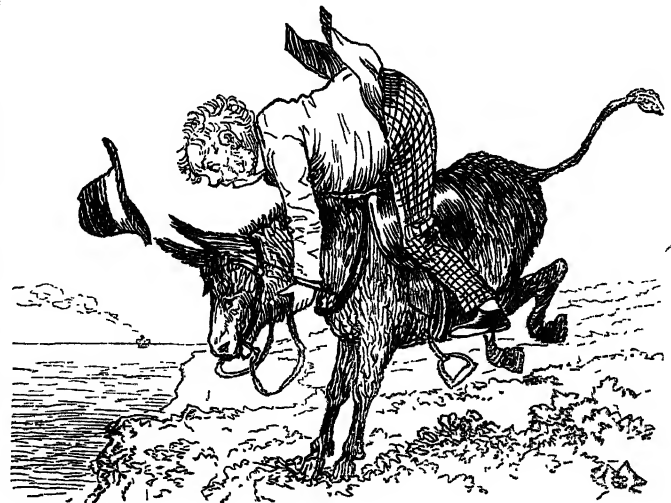
"Sir G. P. COLLEY has been appointed Governor and High Commissioner of Natal and Commander of the troops in the South-Eastern district, in succession to Sir GARNET WOLSELEY and Sir HENRY BULWER."—*Calcutta Telegram*.

WE have heard a good deal about African sheep, and the capabilities of the Transvaal as a wool-growing country. Latterly it has been more celebrated for its stray sheep than its shearlings. Here at last is the COLLEY to look after the sheep—Dutch and English. May the result soon be great wool and little cry, in exchange for the present South-African exports, great cry and little wool.

"HAWKS PIKING OUT HAWKS' EEN."

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE picking holes in Sir JAMES STEPHEN'S Criminal Code.

ONE WORD.



THERE are persons—well-meaning persons too, no doubt,—who complain that *Punch*, in his last week's Cartoon, entitled, "*Impetum et Libertas*," has outraged propriety by insulting an unhappy Sovereign, for whom he feels respect, and the deepest pity.

The donkeys!—not the less donkeys, for their amiable feelings and excellent motives.

When has *Punch* withheld his comment of pen and pencil on events of commanding public interest, because they were in themselves serious or painful, sad, or even appalling?

It is the spirit and intention of his comments, on such occasions, that justifies them; removing them from the sphere of party, and redeeming them from the charge of levity, as suggesting grave thoughts, and questions of deep import for ourselves or others.

But there will always be minds so constituted as to be incapable of distinguishing irony from mockery, and satire from lack of seriousness. All *Punch* can say to these persons is that he does not address them, and that they had better not look into his pages.

They are quite distinguishable from another class of critics, who now and then cry out on *Punch's* comments, because they wince under them, and complain that his arrows are poisoned because they sting. To such critics, *Punch* has nothing to say. His best and only answer to them will be to follow the road he has followed from his birth—the road of right, by aid of the light of truth, as far as it is in his power to choose the one, and to recognise the other.

THE RECORD OF A SILVER WEDDING.

ON last Thursday night, February 26th, the Amateur Dramatic Club of Cambridge University, familiarly known as the "A. D. C.," celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with a grand banquet in the Guildhall of Cambridge, under the gracious and genial presidency of H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, who, on rising to propose the first toast, was received with such prolonged and hearty cheering—from a manly chorus of nearly two hundred voices—as evinced the thorough appreciation of his presence on this most exceptional occasion—this red-letter day in the history of the Club. Mr. *Punch* records the event with pleasure, and more especially as there seems to have grown up, with the Club, an earnest and honest ambition to cultivate Dramatic Art for higher purposes than those of mere recreation and temporary amusement,—an ambition which, if properly directed by experienced guides, is likely to produce such results as will be highly beneficial to the artistic and social interests of the English stage. Floreat A. D. C.! Gentlemen—by all means, but remember *Ars Longa, and Vita—at the University—brevis est*. So let all past and present members who have the dignity of the drama at heart, work with a will, and salute the Club with *Esto Perpetua!*

A DIFFERENCE.

The Roman Dictator was appointed "*Ne quid respublica detrimenti capiat*."

The Russian Dictator is appointed "*Ne quid Imperator*."

RESULT OF THE PERSIAN POLICY PROBLEM (when finally worked out).—*Quod Herat demonstrandum*.



“TRAIN UP A WIFE,” &C.

“I PRESUME THE LADY IS AWARE THIS IS A SMOKING COMPARTMENT?”

“THE LADY IS WELL AWARE OF THE FACT; AND, BEING MY WIFE, SHE KNOWS BETTER THAN TO OBJECT.”

PARLIAMENTARY MAXIMS FROM MEATH.

(Vide Mr. Newdegate's Speech of February 26.)

To retain an Irish Seat.	Be on your legs five hundred times in a Session.
To comply with a Standing Order.	Refuse to sit down.
To prove your respect for the Forms of the House.	Never hesitate to address empty Benches.
To show regard for the SPEAKER.	Always continue speaking until you are spoken to.
To demonstrate your regard for the Chair.	When sat upon, ignore the fact.
To support the Constitution— <i>a l' Irlandaise.</i>	Sit up all night, when possible, and prevent everybody else from going to bed.
To prove you are not yet under Home-Rule.	Never go home till morning.
To make the best of a small number (Irish).	Keep constantly dividing. (N.B. The smaller the number the greater the result.)
To show the perfectibility of the Irish character.	Be always making an Amendment.
To convince the world you cannot be an Obstructionist.	Remind it that, as you sit always below the gangway, it is impossible you should be stopping it.

LEADING IDEAS.

“A man and leader of men.”—TENNYSON.

The Sphinx's soliloquies:—

“LEADER of men! Mellifluous laureate
Of blameless Kings and of ideal Knights,
Piper of high-pitched patriot lays, dost guess
How 'tis by ear and nose, not hand and heart,
Mankind is led? Leading is easy work!
To inspire or to enlighten earth's dull drones,
Might task a new Prometheus; nay, to *drive*
The mulish multitude is Titan's work,
But leading? Bah! 'tis as the carrot-bunch
Held in advance of donkey's outstretched nose
By the adroit urchin in a race.
With words we manage men!—well-chosen words,
Vague, but of sounding vastness, fit to fire
Those ruling passions which, aroused, give rule
To the deft piper who can play on them.
Have I not played,—ye gods, have I *not* played
The stops of BULL's whole gamut up and down,
With firm though most fantastic fingering?
And,—there's the humour on't!—to fine fixed tunes,
Whose score, in my green youth,—which was *not* green—
I set before his slow unseeing eyes.
With that frank daring which so dupes the fools,
And so disarms the wise! Commons and Peers,
The Court, the Clubs, the Crowd, cold friends, hot foes,
The Swells, the Cits, the Blues, the Radicals,
The country Squires, aye, all the stiff-necked lot,
From COWEN stout to caustic SALISBURY,
Stoop to my lure and follow in my wake!
By TUBAL-CAIN, there is no instrument
On which sure touch and subtle mastery
Can play to such strange issues as man's heart.
Heart? The word serves to cover a wild sum
Of eager appetites, to tickle which
Into esurience gives wit a tool.
Stronger than armies or exchequers crammed:
'Tis single strength that sways unto its ends
Multiform weakness—greed and vanity,
The itch for domination, and the thirst
For much noise-making in a noise-witched world;
The larger egoism of land and race,
Stretched but self-centred still, and smartly tricked
In vesture of heroic virtue; fear
That hides with strutting port and swelling speech,
And self-deceptive show of vigilance,
Its inner baseness,—these be dominant chords
To stir a passion in the multitude,
And in a phrase that voices their dumb-will
To point some plausibility of speech,
And fire the mob with self-approving zeals!
That is the way to work on the gross mass
Of coarsely-fibred matter called Mankind.
'We've but to make men *think*,' cries GLADSTONE. 'Think'!
Sisyphus-Sophist, ply thy bootless task!
The skulls that yield *that* brain-secretion scarce
Will give thee back thy lost majority.
Nose-cocked MACALLUM-MORE fills two full hours
And columns six with serried ogeancies—
So the Scot deems them—'gainst my policy.
I, with an airy smile, a neat appeal
To 'Rule Britannia' sentiment, some quips,
And one vague, sounding, well-considered phrase—
'The Gates of India.'—deftly iterated,
Pleasantly put him by, rout all his tropes,
And phalanx close of fine-drawn arguments.
As for the Mob, 'twill find my phrase, be sure,
A handy cudgel to beat foes to silence,
Long after the MACALLUM's volumes twain
And columns six are banished to the limbo
Of weapons obsolete, with old Brown Bess
And BRUCE's battle-axe! So men are *led*!”

PARLIAMENTARY DEMONSTRATION.

IN sending Mr. GRISSELL to Newgate the House of Commons have demonstrated that their displeasure is anything but nugatory. *Quod erat demonstrandum.* High time it should be.

THE ONE AFFECTION IN WHICH THE IRISH ARE DEFICIENT.—*Pa(y)rental.*

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



A CANDIDATE FOR OFFICE—"THE NEW TURNCOCK."

SATURDAY, Feb. 28.—An extra sitting to dispose of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE'S Obstruction Resolutions.

Mr. CALLAN impugned the impartiality of the Chairman of Committees, objecting to the power of "naming names"—as distinguished from that of calling them, to which he has no objection.

Incidental passage of arms between NOLAN, CALLAN, and O'DONNELL. BIGGAR *amicus curiæ*. Sir STAFFORD threw his shield over Mr. RAIKES, and Mr. SHAW poured oil on the waters—not oil of vitriol.

Mr. CALLAN tried to withdraw his Amendment, but Mr. BIGGAR wouldn't let him, and it was thrown out by 191 to 17.

Mr. FINIGAN moved to omit "or otherwise"; but this being negatived without a division, the Irish Irreconcilables threw up the sponge, waived their Amendments, and after an attempt by Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL to leave the right of voting when the right of speaking had been taken away (which found 42 supporters against 172 dissentients); a suggestion by Lord HARTINGTON, by way of strengthening the hands of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, to

suspend for a second instead of a third offence; the addition (on Mr. FORSTER's motion) of a proviso saving the House's ancient powers of procedure against its Members; final protests by Captain NOLAN, Messrs. FINIGAN, and BIGGAR; and an unsuccessful move by Mr. DILLWYN to have the Resolution passed as a Sessional, instead of a Standing, Order, the Resolutions were finally adopted—as originally framed—by seven o'clock. A blessed wind up of the week's work. Henceforth, "What's in a name?" will be a question *with* an answer. Had PARNELL been present the rod had not been so easily tied, to hang up *in terrorem* over the bench of the Home-unruly boys. Remains to be seen how fear or flagellation will operate in promoting the dispatch of business. Thus far all looks well.

Monday (Lords).—Relief of Irish Distress Bill read a Second Time, with a sensible speech by the Duke of RICHMOND, and comment, mostly pertinent, by Lords LANSDOWNE, DUNRAVEN, MONTEAGLE, EMLY, and others.

Upper House discussions of Ireland's difficulties and their remedies



FLATTERY.

Facetious Drover. "BUY TWO OR THREE NICE LITTLE 'UNS FOR THE PARK, SQUIRE!!"

[To the delight of little Binks, who was taking a turn through the Market.—(He travelled for Shortreel & Co. of Manchester!)]

are noticeable in contrast with Lower House faction-fights over the same ground, for their coolness, discretion, and comprehensiveness. It is evidently a subject best discussed by the Olympians. The absence of "friends of Ireland" of the O'DONNELL, CATTAN, and BIGGAR kidney, is an incalculable blessing!

(Commons.)—Poking up of Lord CASTLEREAGH's electioneering relations with the Down Home-Rulers. His Lordship protests he never gave pledges to abstain or be neutral on Home-Rule questions. *Per contra*, Mr. BIGGAR read letters from the deputation of the Ulster Home-Rulers' Association who declare they took his promise of neutrality from his own lips.

Mr. PEASE bore witness to Lord CASTLEREAGH's straightforwardness as an electioneering opponent. But Irish and English election atmospheres are so different. Lord CASTLEREAGH might well be excused an extra pledge or two in the very stress of North-Irish battle—when "he was speaking to hundreds," as he very excusably pleads. The explanation ended in a wrangle, wound up by a vicious kick, in the shape of an allusion to the "infamous CASTLEREAGH," from Mr. FINIGAN, for which he ought to, but will certainly not, be ashamed of himself.

Colonel STANLEY brought on the Army Estimates in a clear, business-like statement. Pending the report of Lord ALREY's Committee, our system remains in *status quo*. Our force has been reduced by 4,000 men; the year's recruits have been fewer, but so have its deserters. Improvements are claimed for our enlistment system, our medical arrangements, and militia training; and our force of reserve officers is increasing. Breach-loaders are to be introduced, and our old materials gradually utilised for arming our fortifications.

Sir W. BARTHELOTT's congratulations were interrupted by an unsuccessful attempt at a Count-Out from Mr. FINIGAN, who is trying to fill Mr. PARNELL's shoes in his absence. Sir W. referred to the hostile passages at pen and wire between Dr. RUSSELL and Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, and said he hoped the Zululand military scandals in dispute between them would be thoroughly cleared up. So does *Punch*; not only for the good of the Service; but for the credit of Captain Pen, a veteran tried and trusted, and Captain

Sword, whose style thus far smacks of the more familiar, and more trenchant, weapon.

Captain NOLAN—*quantum mutatus ab illo Intransigente*—contributed a useful speech on his specialty, Big Guns; and after a brief passage of complimentary rather than critical comment on the speech and its statements, in two hours more millions of Army Estimates than the civilian likes to think of were rattled through—the tottle of the whole being disposed of before midnight, a feat hardly paralleled in the recollection of the oldest representative.

Mr. O'CLERY's Irish Volunteer Bill was rejected by 81 to 12; Mr. O'DONNELL in a moment of rare candour admitting that if passed in the present state of Irish feeling and opinion it would be an unmitigated curse to the country. Instead of giving "the boys" rifles, if we could only take away their shillelaghs, and return their blunderbusses into store!

Tuesday (Lords).—Nil.

(Commons.)—GRISSELL's case under consideration. After his petition (most abject in apology, and humble in submission) had been read by Mr. WALPOLE, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER suggested the very mild punishment of a reprimand at the Bar.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER seconded the proposal.

Mr. E. B. DENISON doubted if this was adequate. Shall WARD in ward be penned, GRISSELL go free, pocket his reprimand, and lightly laugh the Commons' House to scorn? Perish the thought! The House so clearly agreed with him—Mr. RYLANDS being especially emphatic in assertion of the Commons' dignity—that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was fain to knock under; and Mr. GRISSELL, having been forthwith nabbed by the Sergeant-at-Arms, was committed to the Clock-Tower, to be brought up tomorrow, and take what the House may give him. Be patient, GRISSELL, as befits thy name! Thy night spent in the Clock-Tower may be long, thy days in Newgate will be longer still! But why talk of patience, with patient PETER TAYLOR moving, for the ninth time, in a House of game-preservers, the abolition of the Game-Laws! Supporting his conclusion on the same old facts and with the old array of reasons nine times urged, and not the stronger for repetition, he pooh-poohed, as idiotically insufficient, increase in

stringency of the law of trespass, and more legislative insistence on the right of property in game. Total Abolition was the only remedy. Sir W. BARTTELOR moved the inexpediency of stirring the subject just now.

Earl PERCY deprecated a movement that, by destroying country sports, would tend to encourage absenteeism,—

"'Tis game, not work, keeps landlords to their lands."

Mr. READ, speaking for the farmers, claimed for them the right of destroying ground-game, and thought justice might be done by reforming the Game Laws, without abolishing them.

Mr. BERESFORD HOPE thought pheasant-farming as much entitled to protection as land or sheep-farming.

Sir W. HARCOURT chaffed the "farmers' friends," and contrasted their speeches in and out of the House.

Mr. RODWELL declared the farmers, if polled, would be against the abolition of Game Laws, while urgent for their amendment.

Sir M. W. RIDLEY considered Game Laws a discriminating law of trespass, removal of which would render necessary a more stringent and unpopular trespass-law. At the same time, he admitted—with a large-mindedness that does him credit—that the law was sometimes absurd, and ought to be open to revision.

Then there was a merry little game over Division. Sir W. BARTTELOR wanted to withdraw his Amendment, but after Patient PETER's original Motion was negatived by 160 to 87 (*à pur si muove, Pietro mio*), Sir W. HARCOURT moved to omit the "not" from Sir W. BARTTELOR's assertion of inexpediency; and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had gravely to call his larkly boys to order, and get Sir W. HARCOURT's sportive Motion negatived by 135 to 115 before Sir W. BARTTELOR's could be disposed of without a Division.

All this was stopping the way of Mr. CROSS's very big bit of business, the London Water Bill. This is really a large metropolitan measure, and if the Session see it through, which it will not, in all probability, it will not have been wasted—particularly if it carry, besides, the Criminal Code a step nearer to consummation, which we fear, is too much to hope for. A Metropolitan Water Trust is to be created, to take over all the plants and powers of all the London Water Companies—their value to be commuted for something like Thirty Millions of Three-and-Half per Cent. Stock, partly in present value, partly in deferred payments, in consideration for future increment in value. This Water Trust is to be managed by a paid Chairman and two Vice-Chairmen, the first to be appointed by the Government, afterwards to be elected by the members of the Trust, who will be the Lord Mayor, the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, two nominees each of the Local Government Board, the Board of Works, the City Commissioners of Sewers, and the Metropolitan Board, with twelve members elected by the Metropolitan Boroughs, and inhabitants north and south of the Thames not included in any borough. The objects of the Trust are to be the supply

of water for houses, street cleansing, and fire extinction, with provision for constant supply at high pressure. The trust is to come into operation next October, and provision is to be made for extinguishing the debt in eighty years! Thirty Millions is a big figure—too big by a great deal. But this is a "great deal." Possession is nine points of the law, and the Water Companies are masters of the field. It is a case of "Like it, or lump it," says Mr. CROSS. If we are to be masters of our own water supply, we must pay for it through the nose. The public is grumbling already, and, so far, does not seem to like it. *Punch* wishes Mr. CROSS well through the task before him. He has proved himself a good man of business, and an efficient and diligent Home-Secretary thus far. But we fear *this* Bill is no go. And in this last Session, too, so generally foredoomed to Do-nothingness!

Wednesday.—A crowded House, to do

honour to Mr. GRISSELL's call to the Bar! Clutching the pole before him, that lately audacious and defiant gentleman, now a limp and flabby-looking a piece of gristle as ever did discredit to his name—made the most ample (not to say abject) submission that could be put into words, and was ordered off in charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms; while the House unanimously agreed to the Motion of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, seconded by Mr. FORSTER, consigning this daring defamer and defier of the Commons to Her Majesty's Gaol of Newgate, on Mr. SPEAKER's warrant, till such time as it please the House to release him. This done, the House emptied as fast as it had filled, leaving Mr. MACARTNEY to explain to all but empty benches his Bill for shifting the presumption in favour of Ulster Tenant Right from landlord to tenant which, for a wonder, was agreed to by all the Irish Members, and not opposed by the Government. When our Irish friends do agree, their unanimity is wonderful. At least, Mr. MACARTNEY is to be congratulated.

Thursday (Lords).

—Second Reading of Lord CAIRNS's Settled Estates Bill, under a cold-water douche from the Marquis of BATH, who doesn't see

why owners as they ought to be should want to sell settled land; and sprinklings of warm encouragement from the Marquis of RIPON, Lord CARINGTON, the Earl of MORLEY, and other stirring youths, who feel the burden of tied-up land, and the blessing of ready money instead of unprofitable acres.

(Commons).—After dashing through a slough of questions, the House got into Committee of Supply, and ran the votes off the reel, till pulled up by Mr. O'DONNELL on the vote for the Irish Constabulary, against whose services in support of law in the person of the process-server he protested.

Naturally, as maintainers of order and authority, the Constabulary are odious to Mr. O'DONNELL and Mr. BREGAN.

Mr. SHAW thought the speeches at recent anti-rent meetings had been too great nonsense to justify the presence of a police force. He forgets that the hearers as well as the speakers were excited if not united Irishmen.



Mr. SHAW's pooh-poohing and pshaw-pshawing of Anti-rent oratory was very painful to the O'DONOGHUE, who declared it would cause deep displeasure in Ireland, which it may,—in certain circles.

Mr. O'DONNELL's opposition was bowled over by 172 to 30.

Mr. SHAW is showing himself far too sensible for Ruler of the Home-Rulers.

Friday (Lords).—Lord EMLY on Irish Distress, with complaints of neglect of duty by some Irish Boards of Guardians.

The Duke of RICHMOND promised to look into it.

(Commons).—A squabble over the exclusion of reporters from executions in prisons. Mr. BRIGHT lost his temper with Mr. CROSS, and all the big-wigs got drawn into the wrangle, and reprimanded each other.

Mr. CROSS protests against sensational reporting of hangings. And so say all of us. Let provision be made for satisfying the public that the last doom of the law has been dealt, whether by newspaper report, or otherwise, and let us have no pandering to the vile human appetite for horrors.

Sir WILFRID moved his Local Option Resolution.

The House, seeing in the Local Option Resolution a shoeing-horn for the Permissive Bill, after a discussion not unworthy of the seriousness of the subject, in which Lord HARTINGTON, Messrs. GLADSTONE, LEATHAM, BRIGHT, MUNTZ, WHEELHOUSE, RODWELL, BULWER, CLARKE, and CROSS took part, negatived the Resolution by 248 to 134. Much as *Punch* hates intemperance, he feels that the House has done wisely in deferring legislation on the subject.

ATHLETICS IN PROFUNDIS!

(From a Story of the Future, with Mr. Punch's Compliments to Ginx's Baby.)



THE Mayor and Constable of Slocum-on-the-Ooze were flabbergasted. The orders had come direct from the Home-Office, and there was but one thing to do—to obey them.

"Very well, your Worship," said the Constable, after receiving his final instructions, "you will hear by the shouts of the people—who ain't accustomed to this sort of thing, mind you—that I have done my duty."

With this the Policeman departed, to be hurriedly called back by the Chief Magistrate of Slocum.

"Leave your staff here, Constable," his Worship ordered. "You might fall down, and hurt yourself with it. You should be the last to infringe the provisions of this new and most grand-maternal Act."

The Guardian of the Peace grumblingly complied with his superior's request, and finally made his exit.

"Can't allow that!"

he exclaimed, as he noticed a maid-servant cleaning the window of the second-floor back of the Police-Station. "POLLY, come down at once! You might tumble further than six feet! Now no impudence—see clause six in the new Act!"

Having seen the slavey safely released from her perilous position, the intelligent official continued his promenade.

"Now this is too bad!" he shouted, as he observed an urchin about to take a back over a youth of considerably greater stature than himself. "Stop, you young rascal! What do you mean by endangering your precious life—taking a jump like that?"

"We was only having a game at leap-frog!" whimpered the small boy.

"Leap-frog! It's misdemeanour!" And having, with yard-rule, measured the height of the human obstacle over which the delinquent was about to project himself, the constable conveyed both his culprits to the Station-House.

"Come, that's a good beginning, at any rate!" he murmured as

he continued his walk. He had not gone far when he was stopped in front of a Ginger-Beer Emporium, by the appalling spectacle of a youthful customer attempting to swallow a pint of Imperial Pop from the bottle direct! "A performance with an explosive projectile!" he exclaimed. And buyer and seller were both quickly conveyed to the lock-up.

On resuming his official rounds, he suddenly found himself in a field where a number of young men were engaged in savagely knocking about a globe of leather. "Hallo! What's all this?" he demanded, sternly.

"Football," said one of the players, as he paused for a moment to rub a broken shin. "We are only going to get a goal."

"You mean a gaol!" returned the official with grim humour. And he returned to the cells with a fresh batch of prisoners.

An hour later the Mayor and the Constable were once more together. The former was receiving the report of the latter. The Policeman had reached the last page of his list.

"Any more?" asked his Worship.

"Yes. There were the twenty-two cricketers. I thought I'd better take up the umpires and scorers."

"Quite right," replied the Mayor: "they were certainly aiders and abettors in a dangerous exhibition."

"Then, your Worship, I found a young man rowing in a boat, and as the water under him was at least ten feet deep, I ran him in, too."

"Quite right—he might have been drowned! Any one else?"

"Yes, your Worship, some young chaps bird-nesting on the bough of a tree, three yards from the ground. And then there were a couple of dancing-girls on stilts. Then, there were some labourers going up a ladder to the top of a house. After that, I called to a scientific gent in a balloon to come down—but he wouldn't."

"We must telegraph to the next county at once and have him arrested on his descent!" exclaimed the Mayor. "Shameful! shameful!"

"And then I ordered the divers working in the river on the wreck of that 'ere lighter to come out. And they have. They are drying themselves in front of the station-house fire. And I arrested a young girl who was climbing a hill at a trot. And the back-yard is full of bicycles. And I have got a whole crew of sailors in the pound. I seized them as they were doing something or other to a lot of sails ever so high up on a mast of a ship in the harbour. And, please your Worship, that's all."

"I see—a grand total of two hundred and forty prisoners—eh, Constable?"

"Right you are, your Worship; and as we hadn't accommodation for all of them, I have put half in the Town Hall, and what was over in the Vestry."

"Very inconvenient! But I suppose it can't be helped. And, now, while I go to explain matters to the Vicar, mind you keep your eyes open for dangerous occupations and amusements."

With this the officials separated.

"I hope Mr. JENKINS will be satisfied!" said the Mayor to himself; and then he added more brightly, "one thing is certain, the new Act rendering it penal for anybody to do anything dangerous will give the authorities lots of work!"

UN-CLASSICAL CONSTRUES.

DEAR PUNCH,

THE Governor always says I'm to make my classics useful. Don't I? Look here. What but Obstruction was VIRGIL thinking of when he wondered—

"Quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere Soles
Hiberni, vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet."

Anglicè—"Why are the sons of Hibernia in such a hurry to show themselves at sea, or why all this obstruction in our late sittings?"

And here, from HORACE, is a crumb of comfort for Channel passengers—

"Non si male nunc, et olim
Sic eris."—*Odes*, II. x.

"If ill this passage, that's no reason you should be sick next."

Tuus semper,

ANIMOSUS INFANS.

OUR SIGNS OF SPRING.

(Not the "*Locksley Hall*" ones.)

In the Spring the fierce North-Easter strikes a chill in many a breast:
In the Spring the hardy Briton buys himself another vest:
In the Spring coughs, colds, bronchitis, do their office of disaster:
In the Spring a young man's bosom finds relief in mustard plaster!

THE ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF DIAMONDS.—*Abortive.*



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—2. THE ART-CRITIC.

Prigsby (contemplating his friend Maudie's last Picture). "THE HEAD OF ALEXIS IS DISTINCTLY DIVINE! NOR CAN I, IN THE WHOLE RANGE OF ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL, OR MODERN ART, RECALL ANYTHING QUITE SO FAIR AND PRECIOUS; UNLESS IT BE, PERHAPS, THE HEAD OF THAT SUPREME MASTERPIECE OF GREEK SCULPTURE, THE ILYSSUS, WHEREOF INDEED, IN A CERTAIN GRACIOUS MODELING OF THE LOVELY NECK, AND IN THE SUBTLY DELECTABLE CURVES OF THE CHEEK AND CHIN, IT FAINTLY, YET MOST EXQUISITELY, REMINDS ME!"

Chorus of Fair Enthusiasts (who still believe in Prigsby). "OH, YES—YES!—OF COURSE!—THE ILYSSUS!!—IN THE ELGIN MARBLES, YOU KNOW!!! HOW TRUE!!!!"

ALWAYS READY TO LEARN, AND DEEPLY IMPRESSED BY THE EXTENT OF PRIGSBY'S INFORMATION, OUR GALLANT FRIEND THE COLONEL TAKES AN EARLY OPPORTUNITY OF VISITING THE BRITISH MUSEUM, IN ORDER TO STUDY THE HEAD AND NECK OF

MOLTKE ON MICHAEL.

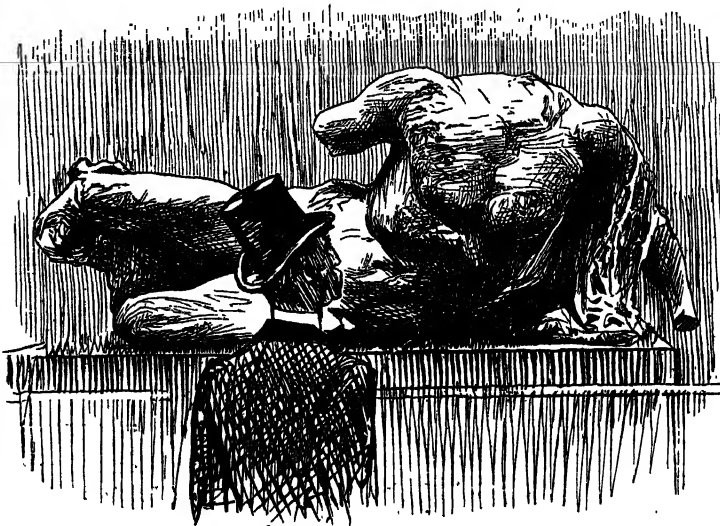
It may seem difficult to pick a hole in the dignified, sensible, and splendidly short speech delivered on the Army Bill by Count VON MOLTKE to the German Parliament. But have we not a weak point here:—

"Has the German MICHAEL ever drawn his sword except to protect his skin."

In invading Denmark did the German MICHAEL draw his sword to protect his own skin, or strip off his neighbour's?

Was not the Danish side clearly the side of MICHAEL in that business, and the German as manifestly the other side? Did not Victory attend the big battalions, and was not MICHAEL the Vanquished?

Nevertheless, on the whole, Count MOLTKE'S speech beats anything that has ever been heard in the Parliament of



THE ILYSSUS!

THE SHARPEST OF SHARP PRACTICE.—That of the Oxford and Cambridge Crews for the University Boat-Race.

the United Kingdom since the Duke of WELLINGTON. What a blessing it would be if every Member would imitate the great German strategist in brevity. Then we should have a House of Commons of which it would not be true to say that all the principal speech-makers are more or less Obstructives.

Our Representative.

A KINDLY and learned Critic was trying to account for the failure of a certain Comedy. "It was a matter of opinion," he said. "Some liked it, some didn't. *Laudatur ab his*—" "Ah," interrupted Our Representative, "then that *his* must have been horribly ironical."

The subject dropped.

THOROUGHLY PRACTICAL.—The real elevation of the Drama at the Haymarket:—Putting the Pit into the Gallery.



“THE BANDITS.”

(SENSATION-SCENE FROM THE EUROPEAN MELODRAMA.)

DUET.

(BY TWO PERSONS OF QUALITY.)

*First Person of Quality.*

YOUR Grace, we have important information—
Sing hey, the silly Liberal that you are!—
About a certain intimate relation
Between the artful Afghan and the CZAR.
Sing hey, the artful Afghan,
The crafty, treacherous Afghan,
The sneaking, dangerous Afghan and the CZAR!

Second Person of Quality.

My Lord, in your romantic vein you're speaking—
Sing hey, the wily Hebrew that you are!—
We don't believe there's any kind of sneaking
Between the virtuous Afghan and the CZAR.
Sing hey, the virtuous Afghan,
The well-intentioned Afghan,
The harmless, truthful Afghan and the CZAR!

First Person of Quality.

YOUR Grace has not a spark of patriot feeling—
Sing hey, the factious Radical you are!—
Or you'd know we cannot letters be revealing,
That touch a friendly Potentate, the CZAR.
(*Con espressione.*)
Sing hey, the friendly Monarch,
The much-respected Monarch,
Our best of foreign relatives, the CZAR!

Second Person of Quality (con furia).

My Lord, we give you fair and timely warning—
Sing hey, the Tory criminal you are!—
We'll talk to the Electors, one fine morning,
About the ill-used Afghan and the CZAR.
(*Lagrimando.*)
About the ill-used Afghan,
The much malignèd Afghan,
The loyal faithful Afghan and the CZAR!

THE WRONG MAN IN THE WRONG PLACE.

"NEVER give your reasons," was a wise diplomatist's advice. The Dean of WESTMINSTER would have done well to bear this in mind before he gave his reasons for declining to grant the prayer of Mr. FORDHAM's petition against the erection in the Abbey of the monument to the PRINCE IMPERIAL.

It is the first time we have seen Dean STANLEY figuring in a mess—a military mess, too, and the figure he cuts is not edifying, particularly when tackling that standing dish in most messes, humble pie.

Of this we have not often seen a larger helping than that served to the Dean by the niece of THOMAS CARLYLE, who has informed the Dean that she appended, at her uncle's request, her uncle's signature to Mr. FORDHAM's petition, on which the Dean, unluckily, fastened as a forgery. He may rely upon it, not only that THOMAS CARLYLE's signature was genuine, but that the five thousand names which accompanied it, and which he injudiciously attempted to discredit, represent the common sense and right English feeling of the vast majority of those whom the Dean is accustomed to respect, and who are accustomed to respect the Dean. It is never too late to mend—a

mistake. Till we see the Prince Imperial's statue in our National Valhalla, we will not believe that Dean STANLEY is not intelligent enough to see that he has misread public feeling, and courageous enough to own it.

WAIFS FROM THE WATER-BUTT.

To-day's haul.

"Companies which have only pecuniary gain for their object, may continue to provide a commodity so polluted by organic matter as to be unfit for drinking or cooking."—*Times.*

Is that the Analytical Chemist in the cistern?

Why does this coffee taste of gasworks?

Ah! Here comes the Doctor with the antidotes!

I would prefer the soup without the *Bacteria*.

Why does the Water Company evade the provisions of the Poisonous Drugs Act?

I am afraid the Teetotaler will not get through the night.

It is extremely expensive to feed the pig on *Apollinaris*.

I never saw the gold-fish look so ill.

This paper is a summons for the water-rate.

The symptoms you describe are of a distinctively typhoid character.

You may show in the Coroner.

To-morrow's.

"But the Water Trust will fail signally to realise expectations if it does not make a great change for the better. The ratepayers will demand at its hands pure water for household purposes, and a supply abundant enough for all the exigences of the largest city in the world."—*Times.*

This is the best cascade on the terrace.

I have sent the whole of the champagne to the Lunatic Asylum.

Is that the Soda-Water Manufacturer in the Bankruptcy Court?

Why does the filter-maker jump off Waterloo Bridge?

I never saw the Teetotaler in better condition.

The Duke's Wedding-breakfast must have been a great success—with such a pump!

It is quite pleasant to see the death-rate steady at 13'04 per 1000.

What do you say to seven warm baths a week?

Ah! here is the good old Water-Rate Collector. Heaven bless him!

A NOBLE OFFER.

SIR,—I am informed that Dr. RICHARDSON is still at a loss in what way to utilise the invaluable collection of old wines left in his trust, for scientific purposes, by the late Sir WALTER TREVELLYAN. Surely, there need be no difficulty in finding men of science able and willing to make the necessary experiments to solve all the really interesting questions on which light is likely to be thrown from the Wallington cellar. Should the fiduciary of this embarrassing trust be really as anxious to discharge it as he is reported to be, he may readily hear of gentlemen willing to make all needful sacrifices to help him. In our University Clubs and Cathedral closes, our Rectories and our Common Rooms, such devoted votaries of science still abound. They should be sought out, and, under proper scientific supervision, should be invited to undertake the experimental testing of, say, a dozen or so apiece of these curious old alcoholic and vinous compounds. Dr. RICHARDSON would then be in a position, by comparison and careful diagnosis of the different testing processes and their results, to judge of the effects of the alcoholic poison in these interesting examples. Pending this practical test, many of our cloth still cling to the antiquated notion, that it is in the abuse rather than in the use of wine that the alcoholic poison-germs are to be sought.

I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

A COUNTRY RECTOR

(*Old, high, and dry*).

P.S.—I feel bound to prove the sincerity of my self-devotion by volunteering to begin myself on a dozen of the oldest Trevelyan port; and therefore enclose my card for Dr. RICHARDSON's information—"Rev. BARDOLPH BIBBER, Soakum-in-the-Clay, Dampshire."

A Nursery Rhyme for the Time.

SCENE—A Foundry. Stacks of Scrap Iron in background. The Cylinders and Girders for a great Viaduct are being taken from their moulds, to have "lugs" burnt on. Enter SMASHER & CRASHER, Contractors. They sing.

AIR—"Pat a Cake, Pat a Cake, Baker's Man!"

PUTTY crack, putty crack, Moulder's man,

Paint on the bolt-heads as neat as you can;

Burn on a "lug" or two, mark it with "Pay,"

And so build a bridge cheap that's bound to give way.

WHERE'S THE MYSTERY?



FARMERS COULD LIVE THEN.

Value of Produce:—Oats, 17s. 6d. per qr.; Barley, 23s. 6d. per qr.; Wheat, 18s. 6d. per bag; Cheese, 42s. 6d. per cwt.



FARMERS CAN'T LIVE NOW.

Value of Produce:—Oats, 26s. per qr.; Barley, 45s. per qr.; Wheat, 24s. per bag; Cheese, 80s. per cwt.

"THEY ORDER THESE THINGS BETTER IN FRANCE."

IN Paris M. BRISSON has been making a model speech on re-election as President of the Budget Committee. He had some delectable *bonbons* to offer to the French Chamber and the French Nation.

Listen, Mr. JOHN BULL!

Taxes to the amount of 110,000,000 francs remitted during the last four years.

Surpluses, nevertheless, accruing to the tune of 245,000,000 francs. Liberal portions of these surpluses devoted to such homely, useful, and pacific purposes as country roads, school buildings, postal and telegraphic reforms.

110,000,000 francs still to be appropriated. Fortunate France!

There was a time when, on this side of the Channel, similar agreeable statements could be published, year after year, by an English Finance Minister to the English Parliament and people.

When will such a happy time return? Not, we suspect, this Easter.

It is Lent, so perhaps this comparison between England and France, though mortifying, may not be unseasonable, nor, let us hope, unprofitable. The longest *jour maigre* must have an end.

A TRUE BILL.

"RIGHT you are, BILL!"—or, we should say, Dr. WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, when you say in your *piece justificative* of Monday, March 1:—

"I do not believe he (Sir GARNET) really supposes that soldiers who commit offences, and find they cannot be flogged, come up to report their offences to the Civil Powers, and to insist on being put in prison."

When the British soldier degrades himself to the level of a cowardly garrotter and a wife-beater, he should be treated by military authority as one of Queen Bess's own recalcitrant Bishops would have been treated by that excellent woman, "un-frocked"—or to apply it in a military sense, "un-uniformed"—

and then delivered over to the tender mercies of the Cat. Flogging is abolished, as the rule, in the Army, but it should be restored for exceptional cases, or the soldiers who have subjected hapless civilians, male and female, to gross brutality, should be drummed-out and at once delivered over to the civil power for a dose of the Cat-'o-nine-tails—*pour encourager les autres*.

Bad men bring discredit on any system, civil or religious, to which they may belong; but that system should have it in its power to bring them out and deal with them summarily and—sufficiently. The *Daily Telegraph*, of course, backs its own BILL; and so the gallant General may be considered as still labouring under an attack of "D. T."

LADIES IN DIFFICULTIES.

We often hear *Materfamilias* complaining that good servants are not to be had. No wonder desperate Mammas in quest of a treasure in the nursery have grown so humble that they are glad to come down even to the Upper Ten! Here is a case of abject humility from the advertising columns of the *D. T.*:—

WANTED, in a Gentleman's Family, a Superior Person as UPPER-NURSE. Must be a good Needlewoman, able to cut out and make children's clothes. *A Lady not objected to, providing she does not object to carry an Infant.*—Address, &c.

Poor Lady!—the advertiser, we mean—not the "Superior Person." And here is another case (picked out of the same widely-spread channel for wants), in which the poor advertiser is actually reduced to seek a Nursemaid among the very abject class in which governesses are usually looked for!

NURSEMAID WANTED, about 18, for Two Children, six-and-a-half and four. Thoroughly domesticated, useful at her needle, and to teach piano.—Address — Street, Grosvenor Square.

Can anything show real distress more strikingly than this! Close to Grosvenor Square, too!

PROPOSED EPITAPH FOR THE PRESENT PARLIAMENT.

BY SIR W. LAWSON.

(*Apropos of Mr. Cross's Water Bill.*)

HERE REPOSES
a
Parliament
Of Conservative Taster,
which,
BRED upon BEER,
Endeavoured to support its
Constitution
by an appeal to
BRITISH SPIRIT
and
IMPERIAL MEASURES,
and
in its Seventh Year
took to
WATER,
and
DIED!

"Caput Apri defero,
Reddens Laudes Domino!"

THE St. Gothard Tunnel is completed! Let the bore of Mont Cenis hide its diminished hole! The bore of St. Gothard is admitted to be the biggest bore in the world, and it unites several great countries! The Alps could not resist it. Only let your bore be big enough, and what can stand against its penetrative power? Yes, the St. Gothard Tunnel is the *Apex Aprorum*—the Bore's Head *par excellence*—the crown and climax of that most widely extended and most formidable of zoological genera, the genus *Apex*!

IF YOU WOULD BE SO OBLIGING.

"Weather Authorities prophesy that the coming Spring will be mild, and not characterised by the periodic gales we are at present experiencing."

AMERICAN papers, please copy.



NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES.

'Bus Driver (to Regular Rider). "YOU 'EAR THEM 'ERE FORREINERS ON THE KNIFEBOARD, SIR? AIN'T IT WONDERFUL AS THEY DON'T GET TIRED O' JABBERING AWAY LIKE THAT THE 'OLE JOURNEY —AND NOT AN INTELLIGIBLE WORD FROM FUST TO LAST!"

THE ALPS IN AN UPROAR.

THE great European chain of mountains, of whose links one of the largest is Mount St. Gothard, becomes, during a thunderstorm, according to Lord BYRON, endowed with the power of speech. *Teste poetâ* :—

"Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud.
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!"

What the Alps on this occasion told Jura, and what was the reply made by Jura to the Alps, the witness to this conversation between them has left unrecorded. However, if, as he tells us, the Alps can talk, we may be quite sure that some of them must have had something to say on the opening last week of the St. Gothard Tunnel; that being the second eye which engineering skill has drilled through an Alpine *aiguille*. This second triumph of human ingenuity and enterprise over the natural forces of refractory rocks was more than enough to make the Alps cry out. Of course, with one accord, they exclaimed, "Bored again! But what of that, when the thoroughfare, so enormous a bore to us, is an advantage of proportional magnitude to Europe and the world? Huzza for the tunnel of Mont St. Gothard! Huzza for the tunnel of Mont Cenis!"

The giant mountains then gave three cheers for Mont St. Gothard and three for Mont Cenis, with one cheer more; in which Mont Cenis and Mont St. Gothard heartily joined.

SORS FOR THE CZAR.—*Utere Loris.*

PUTTING IT THE OTHER WAY.

TOUCHING the extradition of a certain fugitive, demanded by the Russian Government on the charge of having fired the mine intended to blow up the CZAR on the Moscow Railway, that great modern "Master of the Sentences," VICTOR HUGO, has published an appeal to the Government of France in the following compendium of concise propositions :—

"You are an honest Government. You cannot give up this man. You cannot; the law is between you and him. And above the law there is right. Despotism and Nihilism are two monstrous aspects of the same fact, which is a political fact. Extradition laws stand still before political facts. Those laws all nations observe; France will observe them. You will not give up this man."

To this obtestation the authorities invoked might with more force reply—"Yes, we are an honest Government. We cannot refuse to give up this man. The law is behind us, not before him. Above the law there is justice. Murder and treason may be two distinct aspects, political and social, of the same crime. The political crime does not cancel the social. Extradition laws take cognizance of social crimes. Those laws all nations ought to respect. France will respect them. We certainly shall surrender this runaway, on sufficient *primâ facie* evidence of his criminality."

"Sic Itur ad Astra."

THE two following paragraphs may be read in the same number of the *Guardian* :—

"St. Petersburg.—Clergymen of foreign faiths have received threatening notices, warning them that their churches will be blown up."

"Wanted, an Assistant-Chaplain for St. Petersburg. Apply to, &c."



LOCAL OPTION.

Captain of Clyde Steamer (to Stoker, as they sighted their Port). "SLACK AWEE, DONAL, SLACK AWEE"—(he was interested in the Liquors sold)—"THEY'RE DRENCKEN HAURD YENOO!!"

A CURACY ON CASTORS.

HERE, from the columns of the *Field*, a more appropriate channel than the *Guardian*, the *Record*, or any of the more exclusive clerical organs, is what may be fairly called a "sporting offer" for a curate, which ought to attract a rush of applicants. We have seldom seen the recommendations of a curacy to a young man of high tendencies, ecclesiastical and social, more temptingly and tellingly piled up than they are in this model advertisement:—

WANTED, a Gentleman, an earnest-minded Churchman of experience, as CURATE for the Parish Church of —, Cheshire. Daily matins, weekly celebration, eastward position; salubrious climate, pretty neighbourhood, good society. Last three Curates left for preferment within the past two years. Liberal stipend offered.—Address "The Rector," —, Cheshire.

Well may the site of this curate's paradise be Cheshire. Such a berth is indeed, in every sense, "the cheese."

UNPAROCHIAL PARTIES.

MR. PUNCH, 'Oner'd Sir,—As a starnch Conservative, pleeze allow me for a moment to Call your Attention to the mistake of a word some of the Horgans of the Conservative Press is in the Abit of aplyin to the Pollytics of them Adwanced Libberals as goes in for Noninterwention with Foring Afares and Peees at enny Price. They calls em that name in the Sence of a opperoborous Ixpression, whereas it trowly sinnifies the werry Ighest possibel Respectability. Meanin to stigmatize and not recommend the Vews and Conduct of them Unenglish and Unpateriotic indiwiduals they're continually a callin of 'em "Porochial." Sir, in the hinterest of the British Dixonary I beseach you to remonsterate with them there well meanin but dredful Illiterit Scribes agin the orrible perwersion and Miss Use they ignerantly makes of a part of Speech understood by hevery rite-minded Party as the most Important epythet of Aprobation in the Hole of the Abuv Vollume. Not to ide my ed under the coverlead

SMELLING A RAT.

JONES, Jingo-smitten, leaves the ancient ranks,
And straightway proffers Pharisaic thanks
That *he's* an Englishman, whole-soul'd and hearty,
And not, like some old friends, the Slave of Party.
Well, JONES, a man by *conscience* driven to part
From long-loved ranks, will feel some pangs of heart,
Nor, ass-like, lift his heels against old masters,
Or bray forth triumph at his friends' disasters.
You pose as patriot-martyr, my good JONES!
A patriot voice is tested by its tones,
As trees by fruits; your tones are sour, thrasonic,
And spiced with spite, invective's finest tonic.
You love the old cause yet? Well, truth to tell,
That passion you dissemble passing well.
Urgent indeed must be the inward pricking
Of love that takes so much delight in kicking!
A soldier who from the old ranks falls out
Will scarcely at his comrade's blunders shout;
A rat, who leaves a ship that's sprung a-leak,
May, when he thinks her sinking, raise a squeak
Of selfish rat-rejoicing. Comes the question—
Ah, Jingo-JONES, pray pardon the suggestion!—
If kicking ancient friends and old foes patting
Can lend a patriotic grace to—Rattling!

"CUM GRANO SALIS."

WE hear that the divine SARAH has obtained permission from the Worshipful Company of Salters to place their Motto over the door of her Exhibition in May next—"Sal sapit omnia." *Anglicè*—"SARAH brings taste to everything."

"A MIGHTY MAZE, BUT NOT WITHOUT A PLAN."

THERE is one line in WORDSWORTH's poem, *The Tables Turned*, which the Poet would never have written could he have foreseen the constant growth of the South Kensington Museum—

"Enough of Science and of Art."

THE NEW DEAN.—THE PRIME MINISTER has made an excellent "use" of Sarum—*pace* those members of the High Church party who feel Ryled at the appointment.

of an anonymous Co-Respondent, I remane, Onnerd Sir, yure ever faithfulfull, dutyfull, and obegent Umble Servent, boath porochially and pussonally,

BUMBLE.

P.S.—I allways considerd "Porochial" and "Conservative" as I've eard a Scollard call 'em Conwertible Turns. But peraps our Frends means it for Sattire.

Wanted a Phoenix.

This appears in the *D. T.* :—

REQUIRED, a LADY IN WAITING, of pleasing manners, appearance, and address, for an invalid gentleman. She must be strong, active, rather tall, a good walker, amiable, and accomplished, music and singing. One accustomed to rise early. A greed for salary not desirable.—Address, &c.

Pleasing manners, appearance, and address, strength, activity, a good height, a graceful walk, amiability, accomplishments, music and singing, the habit of early rising, a soul above money!—the Gentleman who requires all this is not easily satisfied. But surely if there be such a paragon, she can hardly be "in waiting for an invalid Gentleman!" She must have been snapped up by a healthy Gentleman as a wife of ten thousand long ago.

LOCAL OPTION.

(As deduced from Sir Wilfrid's Meeting at Cambridge.)

LEAVING the Guildhall, or having one's head punched by irate Publicans and rowdy Gownsmen.

AN EXAMPLE OF CONTEMPT.

THE House of Commons has taught Mr. GRISSELL that it is not to be trifled with. May the anti-obstructive Resolution of the House teach Obstructive Irish Gentlemen the same lesson.

ADOLPHUS ON THE BOAT-RACE.

[The Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race will be rowed at 7.50 A.M. this year!]



AT, tat, tat, tat! Was that a rat, or somethin' in the skirtin' there? Or beastly mouse all over house! A cat I must be settin' up. P'waps was a dweam. There ain't a gleam of light comes through the curtain there. Aw—m'm, oh yaw!—confounded baw!—it can't be time for gettin' up! Tap, tap, tap! Eh? What's that you say? It's six o'clock. Well, what o' that? Six 'clock—aw right! Jus' so. Goo' night! It's time you were in bed, I think! Roostin' early makes hair curly. Fine old crusted motto that! What d'ye say? It's Boat-Race Day? You ain't quite right in head, I think!

Bang, bang, bang, bang! Again? Oh hang! Just when a fellah's snoozin' off!

This is too bad! No sleep I've had—eh? What the doose the matter now? Down the River? Makes one shiver just to think of cruisin' off *So late at night.* You must be tight, or mad as any hatter now!

Drum, drum! Oh lor! You'll smash that door! You seem to mean your knocks for 't, man!

What? Early purls and jolly girls? Oh yaas, an' nice dishevelled beaux. Gurr! You may shout. I won't turn out, for Cambridge or for Oxford man! Don't care a rap! Goo' night, ol' chap! Come to breakfas'—devil'd bo—
[Left snoring.]

HINTS FOR A NEW AND ORIGINAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

CHAPTER X.

Heads of Lecture:—Introduction—Point—Points—Supposing—Press—Critics—Public—Established Favourite—Fatal Error—Authors—Flare-up—Advice—Trick—Carelessness—Fat—Real Turtle—Edmund Kean—Important—Runs—English language—Decoration—Expense—Behind—Before—Time up—Farewell Announcement.

PROFESSOR DAVID JAMES may be expected to address his class thus:—

Gents all—I mean Gentlemen—I come before you as your own partic—I should say your own Professor, to lecture on certain particular subjects. It's just this, you see. I'm free and out-spoken, I am; there ain't none of the flowery about me. I mean, Gents—that is, Gentlemen—that what I have to say will be right straight to the point—regular rumbo, and no mistake. "Rumbo," Gentlemen, is a technical term, implyin' "correct card," "all right," "no deception, no spring, or false bottom," "no kid about it," and so forth. ("Hear! hear!") I said, Gents—I mean Gentlemen—that I was comin' straight to the point. "Point" will be my first subject in this lecture. Most Actors think they ought to study points just like a chap on a railway line. Don't make any bloomin' error, there ain't a bigger mistake made by a "Pro,"—I mean a Professional,—than this very identical one about "points." Take this bit of advice, not as from a Professor sort o' chap, but from your own particular pal—I mean quite in a friendly way. (Applause.)

Supposin', Gentlemen, as any one of you was already in the profession, and had made your mark in one part; supposing that thereupon the Press—good fellows, perhaps, but not to be kootoo'd to on any account—supposing that the Press has praised you up to the flies—as they will do if they once make up their minds to it, bless you—supposing that they declare there never was such a genius, such an Artist—as you,—and all on account o' this one performance o' this one part—then mind you take the greatest care in future to avoid every part resembling the one in which you've been so successful. (Applause. The Lecturer resumes, with a confidential wink at the audience.) Don't you go having any "companion pictures" to it done for you. (Shakes his head with an air of disgust.) It don't do. I tell 'ee it don't do. (Cheers.)

When you have got a new part which is in every respect different from the old 'un, don't you make the fatal error of gettin' the Author to write it up by introducin' the very "Jack Simmily," as the gal said, of the points where you've made your hits in the first piece. (Applause.) You know what I mean—if you've made one great success with a burst of passion, a big speech, and a regular dash out of an exit—flare-up no end, in fact—don't you insist on having that same sort o' business written in for you in every other piece, but (forcibly) you have it cut out if it's in; and if you've thrilled an audience with a burst of sentiment—I don't mean the upperarf of a statue when I say "bust," but a genuine gushing-out, broken-voice, staggering, knock-me-down, utterly heart-broken business—and drawn tears from their eyes, then don't you

go repeatin' this in every piece you ever play afterwards. (Winks confidentially and emphatically.) Just take it from me, as a pal. (Great applause.) It don't want the Wizard of the North to tell you that you can do the cleverest trick in the world just once too often, and that very few tricks bear repeating to the same audience. And, don't make any mistake, it is the same audience that'll come to see your second piece, on the strength of your success in the first. (Applause.)

What does this study of points lead the favourite Artist to? Why, to carelessness and idleness. No larks,—I mean it. He is spoilt by popularity. When the popular favourite gets a part, what does he do with it? Why, he looks at it to see where his bits of fat are! (Laughter.) He is at it like a City man with a basin of turtle-soup, and goes for the green fat. (Laughter.) The green fat is the spoilt favourite's points. Between these points he does nothing, and leaves the character to take care of itself. (Cheers.) O' course the Press and the public still praise him, 'cos they only catch the points, and probably they come down heavy on the poor devil of an Author for not havin' given you enough to do—though, of course, this wouldn't be of no manner o' consequence to an Actor who says to himself, "If I ain't got my usual fakements in this piece, I'll have 'em in the next, and pick it up that way."

Now that's the sort o' thing I wouldn't allow, and wish to guard you against. That spoiled favourite Actor ain't an Artist—not he—he's not in it; he's only a performin' dog—doosid clever performer, maybe—who's learnt a lot o' tricks, and don't get his grub till he's done 'em. (Great and enthusiastic applause.)

Now, for goodness sake, don't any of you Gents—I mean Gentlemen, drop into this error. If you do, then, bless you, after a time you won't be in it. You'll be little Jack in the cart—(laughter)—and left there. The great EDMUND KEAN—I mean the Actor that we've heard spoken of as the great EDMUND KEAN—I've read of him that he tried the sentimental trick once too often. One night the public, who wouldn't be taken in any more, hissed him,—actually hissed him,—and as he came off at the wing he said to a pal—a friend standing by, "D-mme, JACK, they've found me out at last!" That's a pretty strong order, Gents—eh? (Applause.) You won't hear anywhere better advice than you've had from me this morning, don't make any error.

Gentlemen, do your very, very utmost to put down long runs. They're destructive of Dramatic Art. ("Hear, hear!") I wouldn't run a piece more than thirty nights at most, if I had a theatre of my own, which I should call the St. David James's. One down, t'other come on, is my motto. A reg'lar merry-go-round o' variety. An Actor wants a change of dramatic diet to keep him fresh, and in good form. (Applause.) You can't be too careful in speakin' on the stage, which should be the best school of instruction for students of the English lingo,—real straight forward Saxon and no parley-vooving. (Applause.) That's me, George! (Great applause.)

In your professional career, Gentlemen, let your motto be "give and take." Play fair. A true dramatic artist, bless you, he'll be more pleased to assist, by close study and careful performance, the general excellence, and contribute his little quantum to the harmony of the evening—I mean, of the entire picture, than he will be by having his character painted out in glaring colours, which'll catch the eye and be good enough for the exhibition of his own personal and peculiar talents, but which'll be quite out of the picture, and be a regular knock-on-the-head for everybody else engaged all round; or, to quote the words of a dramatic high art cove, "It will be utterly destructive of what was originally a well-considered combination." (Prolonged and enthusiastic applause.) Gents all, I've come to the end of this morning's Lecture, but, before retiring gracefully from the scene, I should just like to say a word on stage decoration and the front of the house.

On the stage spare no expense, either for salaries, or for furniture, or scenes, or properties. Go it, emphatically go it. Be lavish rather than penurious. Spare the property, spoil the scene. Nowadays, in a Comedy theatre, it's the fashion to do away with the fiddlers in front. That's all very well in its way, but that the fiddlers are invisible shouldn't be an excuse for your



ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

"OH—A—JAMES! YOU CAN TAKE THE DOG OUT FOR A WALK."

"IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, THE DOG WON'T FOLLOW ME!"

"THEN YOU MUST FOLLOW THE DOG, JAMES!"

having a smaller number and an inferior lot, to make the audience as melancholy as a cur dog howling at a barrel-organ. Better put your musicians in front again, in evening togs, white chokers all complete, and no kid about it—I mean, no gloves necessary, except for the Conductor,—than have a tinpot affair that wouldn't earn their livelihood at a second-rate watering-place. Every little helps, as the sayin' is, but let every little be a jolly good lot. (*Loud applause.*)

Now for the front of the house. Well, Gentlemen, if some of you come to be Managers, what I say is, take the front of your house into your own hands, place the refreshment-bar conveniently, but out of sight—like the orchestra—and out of hearing. Let "No Fees" be the absolute rule for the officials, and anyone taking a tip must there and then get the sack—I mean, be dismissed. (*Applause.*) The programmes must be given away free of charge, and the amount of civility must not be measured by the amount paid for it by your customers. ("Hear, hear!")

Gentlemen, when you can work it,—I mean, where you may have any influence, or where any one of you may be the Boss of the Show himself,—I advise that guv'nor to have a reg'lar fine picture gallery and slap-up statue-quo-ante-room, to be filled with all the tiptop sawyers of Art that can be found in the United Kingdom. Have your Corregios, and your Arpeggios, and your Take-off-the-edggo's—(*applause*)—your Leonardos, Gambardos, your Canaletties and Can't-i-lettis, Gazettis, Donkeyzetties and Margatejetties (*applause*), and the whole bilin' of 'em, so that in the "waits,"—not the musicians that keep you awake at Christmas time, but the "waits" between the Acts—you know what I mean—which should *never* be one second more than a quarter of an hour,—the audience can give 'emself a gentle refresher in the eye, with a picture or a statue, after having had a B. and S., or what not, at the Bar of the House. ("Hear, hear!") Gents, time's up,—and I dare say by this you've

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX; or, an Enigmatical Career.

He took
"A Leap in the Dark"
being
DIZZY,
is now
Earl of BEACONSFIELD
LUX ET DUX
Of the Conservative Party,
and as a
"Man of Light and Leading,"
confident in his power
to keep his following in the dark,
looks forward to
DISSOLUTION
to
Retard the Decomposition of the
Empire,
Revive the vigour of the Constitution,
and secure
The reattainment of his own Majority!

Wood and Water.

So the stocks of the Water Companies, in consequence of the breakdown of their intended purchase by Government, have fallen as far as they rose. Stocks they may well be called—for the Companies and the Cabinet both have put their feet into 'em.

Sweet Girl Graduates.

(See Marian Aldis's Petition.)

ON Cambridge honours, so say some,
The ladies soon will seize;
When "students unattached" become
"Our girls," and take degrees.

But when in college larks and lore,
With men these maids are matched,
I fear though "unattached" before,
They'll soon become attached!

THE LATEST CHEMICAL REACTION.—The British Government, insoluble in Alcohol (C_2H_6O), soluble in water (H_2O), with a slight tendency to precipitation.

had quite a dose of JAMES's powder. (*Laughter and "No, no!"*) It's near luncheon, and, after talking, I shan't be sorry to take a little bit o' garbage and a shove-in-the-mouth,—I mean, a little grateful refreshment for the inner man myself. (*Cheers.*) Gents all—I should say Gentlemen Students, here's luck! Good morning.

[*Exit the Professor, proceeding from labour to refreshment, while the Students, highly pleased, retire to ponder over his admirable advice, and on the first opportunity to put it in practice.*]

BEER AND WATER.

An Election Eclogue.

INTERLOCUTORS.

BUNG, a Bold Bacchanalian. CROSS, an Amateur Aquarius.

Bung. BACK you? Why, bless your barnacles, dear boy, To back the friends of Bacchus is my joy.

Cross. Thanks, thanks, my Boniface! I knew you would; But still your stout assurance does me good.

NORTHCOTE was right; your craft is ancient, glorious; And with your aid we're bound to be victorious.

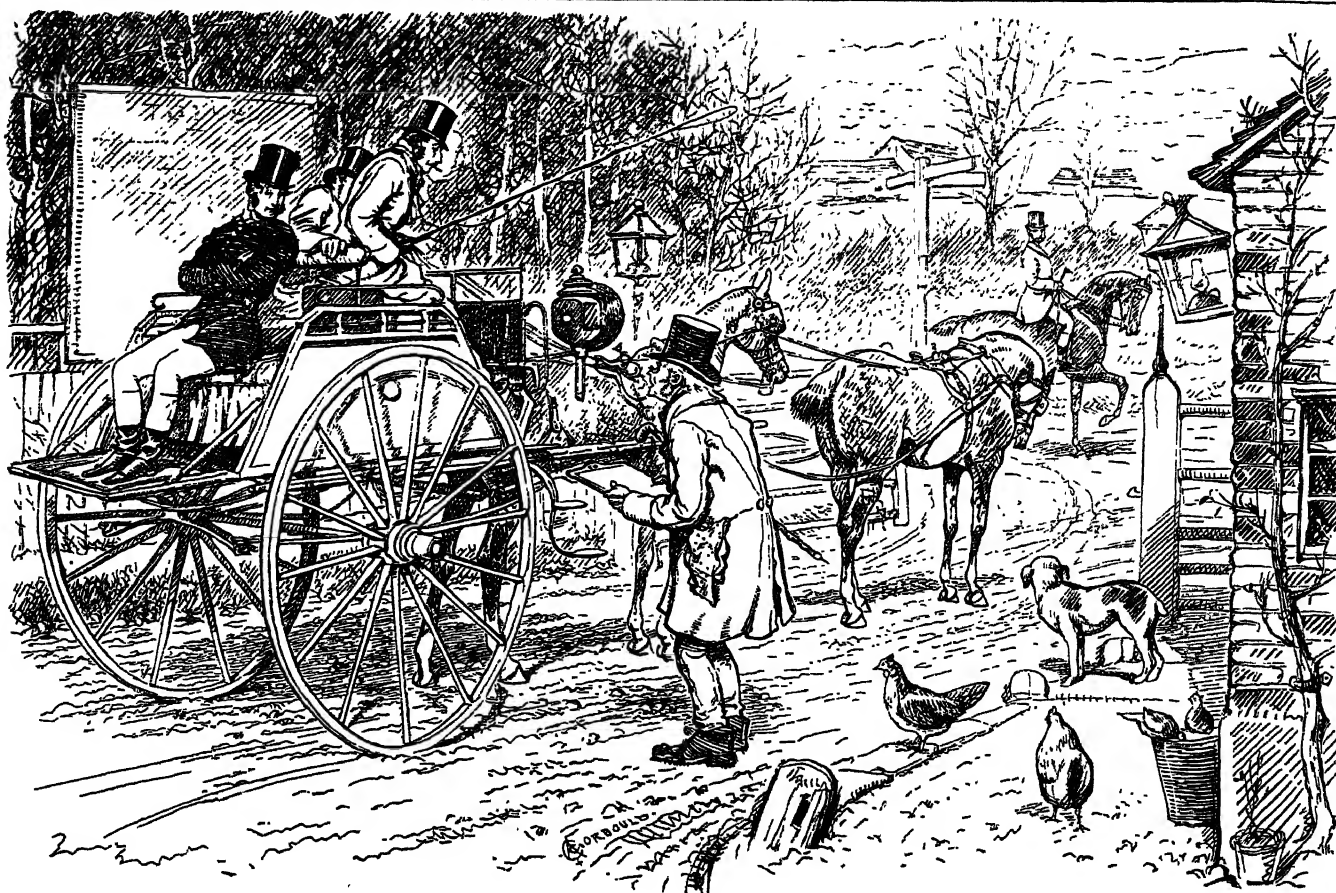
Bung. Ah! I should think so. But, I say, look here. None o' yer water-games! You stick to beer! Twig?

Cross. Well, ahem! I've some slight inkling—yes, My Water Bill was *hardly* a success.

Bung. No bottles, my dear boy!

Cross. No bottles?

Bung. That means no good—slang patter, don't yer know.



TO COVERT WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS.

Driver of Tandem (to ancient Rustic, on for the day at the toll-bar). "How much!"

Rustic puts on spectacles, takes up the board, and reads:—"FOR ONE HORSE, PONY, MULE, OR DONKEY, IN CART OR CARRIAGE, SIXPENCE. FOR A PAIR OF HORSES, &c., &c., ONE SHILLING."—(Soliloquises).—"TISN'T ONE, FOR 'TIS MORE THAN ONE; AND 'TISN'T A PAIR, AND YET 'TIS A PAIR, LONGWAYS. S'POSE US SAY 'HAAV'!"

Cross. Ah! ah! A pretty idiom.

Bung. BEN's a trump!

But don't you go a pottering with the pump.
No good comes out o' that.

Cross. Of course I never

Meant to compel—

Bung. Of course not. Far too clever!

A reg'lar 'ot potato, eh? and so,
Rayther than drop it, you wind up. I know.
'Tain't the first time as Water's caused dissolving.

Cross. I like your wit. But it was facts involving
Imperial interests—at least BEN says so—
That made us shorten our last Session's days so.
You've read his manifesto?

Bung. Have I? Rather!
Oh, don't he just know how to froth the lather?

Cross. "Froth!" "Lather!" Really, your facetious trope
Is slightly too suggestive of soft soap.
I do assure you, men of light and leading
Like—may I say myself?—and SMITH, whose breeding
Was business-like, would never follow—no!—
The lead of a political Figaro.

Bung. Where are you driving? Figger oh be blown!
I like the style in which BEN shows the road:
No knuckle-down in him! Cook o' the walk
Is England's post, says he. Ay, that's the talk.
BUNG to the backbone, game all foes to trounce,
And let 'em have your weight to the last ounce
Straight from the shoulder. ABE BELASCO never
Hit half as hard as BEN, or sparred as clever;
And ABE was no bad bruiser, was he?

Cross. Well,
Mr.—the gentleman of whom you tell—
Was—?

Bung. A smart Ikey Pug, though to JACK RANDALL

He proved to be not fit to hold a candle.

But BEN's a slommocker!

Cross. I—ha!—hum!—just so.

He is, he is—at least I'm sure I trust so.

Bung. But what's this 'ere about "Consolidating
Co-operation"? Hope 'tain't nought relating
To those dashed Stores?

Cross. Oh dear me, no.

Bung. That's right.

Cut Rads and fads, and on your side we'll fight.

No Local Option nonsense, if you please!

(I call it Local Hop-shun! Not bad cheese?)

No GLADSTONE games with grocers—hang that fellow!

His werry name makes Wittlers' gills turn yellow.

No WILFRID LAWSON humbug! Make a clearance

Of all the bogus schemes for interference

With Us! In fact, cut Water, stick to Beer,

And we bold Bungs 'll pull you through, no fear!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(At the Court Theatre and the Prince of Wales's.)

MR. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager of the Court Theatre, is to be congratulated on having produced a really interesting Five-Act Play, *The Old Love and the New*, written by an American dramatist, Mr. BRONSON HOWARD. Mr. ALBANY has "adapted it for the English stage." Each of the first three Acts ends with a telling dramatic situation. The fourth would be wearisome but for the admirable acting of Mr. COGHLIN, who carries it through triumphantly. The truth seems to be, that the audience is, from first to last, interested in the hero of the Author's creation, *John Stratton*, through Mr. COGHLIN's masterly representation of the character, but never sympathises with either the Author's or Miss ROSELLE's *Lilian*.



THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.

Old Parson (who had once been Curate in the Parish). "HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO GET ON IN THESE BAD TIMES, MR. JOHNSON?"

Farmer. "WELL, SIR, ABOUT AS BAD AS CAN BE! LAST YEAR WE LIVED ON FAITH; THIS YEAR WE'RE A LIVIN' IN HOPE; AND NEXT YEAR I'M AFRAID WE SHALL HAVE TO DEFEND ON CHARITY!"

One fault of the piece is the awkward way in which the quarrel between the *Count de Carojac* and *Harold Dacre* is brought about, and the weakness of its motive, which is not in any way strengthened by the Actor's interpretation. The last two Acts, but for Mr. COGHAN, would be decidedly dull. Mr. EDMUND LEATHES is admirably made up as *Le Comte de Carojac*; but whether he is carrying out the Author's (or the Adapter's) instructions, or whether he is evolving a French Count from his own inner consciousness, it must be a mistake to render ridiculous in the eyes of the audience so seriously important a personage, and to bring him down to a level with the exaggerated posturings and grotesque mannerism of Mr. ANSON's *George Washington Phipps* ("of New York"—may your fellow-countrymen forgive you, Mr. BRONSON HOWARD!—or is *this* the Adapter's idea?)—and so make him, as it were, a rival of the low comedian. That *Mrs. Brown*, brightly played by Miss WINIFRED EMERY, should laugh at the *Count*, is right enough, and the audience should laugh at *him* only when it laughs with *her*. Mr. EDMUND LEATHES, however, redeems the character by his gallant bearing in the fencing scene, forcibly recalling the late Mr. ALFRED WIGAN as *Château-Renaud*. It would be better for the piece if this French Count bore throughout a stronger resemblance to his prototype.

From no point of view can much sympathy be felt for *Harold Kenyon*, as presented to us by the Author and Mr. ARTHUR DACRE, whose sole merit is, that, as an unpolished young Englishman in *very* rude health, he is a good foil for the French Count—only the French Count wields a better foil, with which he punishes our unmannerly fellow-countryman too severely for his contemptible and cowardly conduct in the drawing-room,—and before dinner too!

Mr. EDMUND PRICE, as *Mr. Babbage* (without his calculating machine), is good; but why *M. Montvillars*, a Parisian Art-Critic, and *Dr. Beaumarchais*, a French doctor, should both speak English as only Englishmen can speak their own language, while the well-educated and polished *Count* is distinguished by a most marked

HOW TO BECOME A GRAIN OF THE COLLECTIVE WISDOM.

(Notes for the Use of Brand-New Candidates, by an Experienced Outsider.)

HAVING selected your Borough or County by digging at any published list of the constituencies with a pin with your eyes shut telegraph your resolution to a local agent, take a Parliamentary ticket, and start for the next train.

On your way down read *Demosthenes*, taking care to fill your mouth with pebbles before starting, and to miss no opportunity of speaking on every platform you come to.

Once on the spot buy a new hat. This gives you a colourable excuse for going to the poll. The latter is generally only to be found by a voyage of discovery, and necessitates the employment of a highly-trained crew, scientific apparatus, an experienced commander with a balloon, and a considerable amount of lime juice. Leave all this to the agent.

When, however, you have got safely to the poll, bear in mind that the return is the difficult point, as Commander CHEYNE will admit. In the meantime try to get up the electoral steam, though, ultimately, you will probably have to trust to your canvass. With a view to this, some resort to ticking. We recommend ready money. Russia duck is not to be relied on.

Now address your constituents. Point out to them that you have been standing for the borough several hours. Do this significantly, and you may perhaps induce the best bred among them to offer you a seat. If they do, take it at once, and, without further delay, putting "M.P." on your card, insist on the Railway Company regarding it as your return ticket, and start for town.

If you arrive after midnight, knock up the Speaker, who is bound at all hours to show you to your seat, call for something at the bar for the good of the House, and, getting the Common-Serjeant to stir a little mace into it, by way of giving it a flavour, ask him to call you a cab.

Urge privilege when asked for your fare, celebrate your return by supping on a three-and-ninepenny lobster, without division, and then go to bed and toss uneasily all night, dreaming that after passing through the agonies of Dissolution, you are paying the *post-mortem* penalties of corruption in the shape of the costs of a petition against your return.

accent, is as mysterious as the conduct of the entire party of gentlemen who suddenly leave the drawing-room for the billiard-room just a quarter of an hour, or so, before dinner! As a truthful illustration of English manners, even at an Englishman's private house in Paris, it is about as absurd as though M. SARDOU were to represent *Sir Jones* in his own mansion in Leicester Square, saying to his guests, "Come—dinner will not be served for another quarter of an hour—let's go and have a game of skittles!" Some better device might have struck either the American Author or the English Adapter than this for leaving *Lilian* and *Kenyon* together, in order to lead up to the challenge.

Charles Westbrook, the conceited, fashionable, vain, weak, selfish, frivolous old father, is a well-imagined picture of such a type as found a more powerful illustration in the father of *Frou-Frou*, and our old friend, Mr. DAVID FISHER, plays it admirably, except for occasional unnecessary exaggeration.

But, taking it as a whole, this play cannot fail to interest and amuse; and those who profess a respect for the Actor's Art should not miss the present opportunity of studying Mr. COGHAN as *John Stratton*.

Having advised everyone to see the piece at the Court, I most strongly recommend all lovers of the Dramatic Art to lose no time in seeing Miss GENEVIEVE WARD in her powerful impersonation of *Stephanie* in *Forget-Me-Not*.

The piece itself is far from faultless; everybody is always telling a story to everybody else; and there is a Corsican Paul Pry, of a villainous type, who is perpetually appearing when he's not wanted, always hoping he doesn't intrude, and who, having the secret to tell, finally lets it out by the merest accident.

The Corsican Paul Pry, called *Barratro*, and not *Paglo Priuli*, as might have been expected, is played by Mr. FLOXTON, whose make-up is simply admirable.

If the piece has the demerit of commencing with mystification, it has the great merit of gradually interesting the audience by having

supplied Miss WARD with a character, in which it would be very difficult for her to find a rival who could hold the audience in two intensely dramatic situations, which tread so closely on each other's heels as to risk an anti-climax.

But how is it that Miss GENEVIEVE WARD bursts upon us with all the pyrotechnic surprise of a Diz-solution? Did she not play at the Adelphi, and at other theatres? Did she not even astonish Paris in a translation and adaptation of the *School for Scandal*, and even in *Lady Macbeth*, given half in English, half in French? And yet London hails with a semblance of surprise her singularly powerful performance at the Prince of Wales's, in the part of *Stephanie*, in Messrs. MERIVALE AND GROVES's *Forget-Me-Not*! Is it that these Authors have given Miss GENEVIEVE WARD exactly what she can do? Is it that *Stephanie*, which this Actress has been performing for some months past in the country, after its production in the "off" season at the Lyceum last year, gives the best measure London has yet had of Miss WARD's talents? The part in which Miss WARD has thus leapt into public favour was written for Miss ADA CAVENDISH, who, for some reason or other—perhaps the age of the Machiavellian heroine—refused it; and the Authors have been most fortunate in falling in with Miss GENEVIEVE WARD, who, should she never succeed in any other part—though I cannot imagine anything but success for her in *Lady Macbeth*, *Constance*, or *Volumnia*—has made her mark in this, a mark not easily effaced.

There are, however, two decided blots on her performance—and if they be corrected, the impersonation will be as nearly faultless as possible. The first blot is this—and those who have seen the piece will know what I mean without entering into details of situation—where, expecting a reply from *Sir Horace*, who is silent, she exclaims, ironically, "Dumb!" and then breaking into an artificial laugh—purposely artificial—makes her exit. With the monosyllable she "plays to the gallery" for the first time in the piece; and by over-forcing and prolonging an unnatural laugh, she irritates the audience and robs the exit of its dramatic point. It is an old stage trick, which should be beneath an artist like Miss WARD.

The second blot occurs in that situation which, as I have already said, risks an anti-climax. The situation is this:—The man who would assassinate her, has given his promise *not* to turn round and look at the woman who is about to cross the room and make her escape by the door. She is terrified for her life, and has to steal away from the curtain at the back to the door in front, scarcely daring to breathe, but her eyes fixed on the man of whom she goes in mortal dread. That she should stagger under this strong physical fear, and that her limbs should tremble as she makes her way, is all natural enough, and most effective; but when she reaches the door, all hesitation should vanish in the sense of relief, in the return of life and hope, and she should dart through the door without a moment's pause. Instead of which, she delays at the threshold, she hangs fondly on the panels, as if loth to part with the audience, at whom she takes a last fond look, as she cries out, in an audible stage whisper, "Saved!" and so very gradually disappears—very gradually, for there must be a couple of yards of satin train left behind her, which has scarcely dragged its slow length along before *Barratro* turns, and Mr. CLAYTON has said to Miss VERNEX, "Wife!"—which had far better be omitted—and the curtain drops.

This finish of hers is sufficiently dangerous to jeopardise her triumph. Miss GENEVIEVE WARD's last words at the door, addressed to her old flame, *Sir Horace*, might well be—"When she who adores thee has left but the train." And *Sir Horace*, when the outskirts have disappeared, could say, by way of tag, "Well, she who adores me has left for the train, and I hope she'll catch it." Whereupon, *Barratro*, the Corsican *Paul Pry*, might see a chance for himself, and, exclaiming "Catch it! She shall!" might vanish down the steps at back. *Fiat justitia!*

By the way, Miss PATTISON is invariably being spoken of as "the pale-faced ALICE," and being told to her very healthy face that "she lacks colour," when, from first to last, she is evidently in the most perfect milkmaidish health quite equal to Mr. JOHN CLAYTON, who is the very type of a robustious sturdy *Sir John Bull*. Miss PATTI-

SON might easily give some colour to these personal remarks with a little touch of white.

And so, having finished my review, I can only repeat my recommendation of both pieces; adding, for the convenience of intending playgoers, that *The Old Love and the New* begins at eight, and *Forget-Me-Not* commences at twenty minutes to nine exactly, both hours most suitable to late diners and

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

BETSY'S BATTLE BLAST.



HIGH it's come, and my soul's up in harms, my umbrella is furl'd for the fray, As to "springing a mine," that's all rubbish, the season's hit right to a day.

For what can my BENJY do wrong? is he ever mistook, bless his curls?—Here's his 'elth, and confusion to all as would bother my sweetest of Earls!

What a letter he's writ to the Juke! Oh, my BEN's composition's that fine I could flop on my knees at each sentence, and drop a tear over each line. The style of my smartest young men ain't a patch upon his'n, I own, For heppygrams pootily put, and for mettyfurs gorgeously blown.

"Consolidate Co-operation"!!! 'Ow lovely, 'ow truly sublime! My "safeguarding the Empire" ain't nowheres, I fear, though I fancied it prime. My use of the hadjective "splendid" I flatters myself is uneek, But compared with my BENJAMIN's dickshun 'ow wain are all words, and 'ow weak!

Then his sperrit!! "Ascendency"!! Ah! that's the motter to write on our flag!

Though the traitors who'd haul down our buntings may 'owl about bunkum and brag.

Oh me! with what shame I now think of my own unregenerate days, When I used to pull BENJY to bits, and poke fun at his words and his ways!

I remember one leader I wrote, which I own it were sarcy and scurvy, On much sech a 'pistle as this, which I laughed at and turned topsy-turvy. I called it a-ringing the changes on rubbish and rhodomontade; Which I was but a skittish young thing, and sweet BENJY were then in the shade.

But now, he is top of the tree, BETSY PRIG is a patriot now! With 'er and on 'er high-swellin' buzzum, her bonnet, bay-trimmed, on her brow,

Her gingham "at charge," and her heyes glaring wrath on the Rus and the Rad, Like a Fenthesilea in pattens, she wires into WILLIAM like mad.

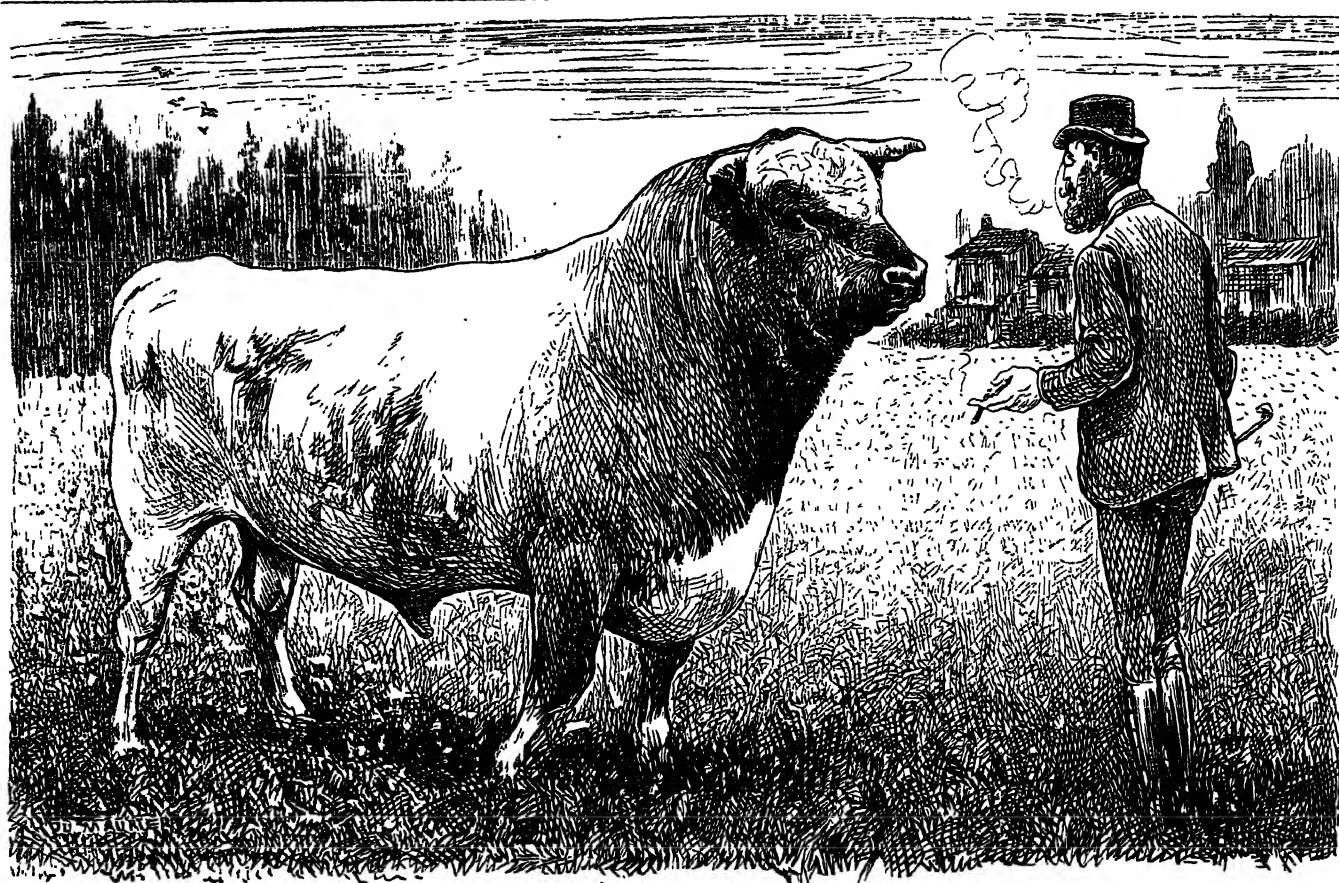
Hup! hup! for the honour of England. "Integrity!" Yes, that's the cry (In course 'tis of empire I mean—not of dealing, for that's all my heye). No Disintegration! Fine word, one of BEN's. Write it big, write it black, And pin it, a damaging badge, on each bragian Liberal's back.

Of course they'll complain, and protest, and putend at the charge for to scoff, But when BENJY 'as fastened it on 'em in wain would they wriggle it off. That's where he's so hartful, dear pet! You daub "traitor" on anyone's door, And though 'tis washed off the next morning, the world will ha' twigged it afore.

He knows 'ow to tie a tin-kettle or dishelout to any dog's tail, To stir all the street up agen him, and set half the town on his trail; He knows how to make his mud stick, and his dirt and his darts for to lodge; And talking about "light and leading" to fog fools with darkness and dodge.

"Let in WILLIAM the Woodman," sez he, "and the dread dual bogey'll come, One face means effacement abroad, and the other defacement at 'ome." St. Ben for Old England! 'Tis he as the two-headed dragon will slay; So ye patriots rush to the poll, and plump boldly for DIZZY! Hooray!!!

DEFINITION BY A SERIOUS M.P. (not Mr. Gladstone).—Dissolution: "A Return to your Original Constituents."



HAPPY THOUGHT! LET US ALL HAVE A VOICE IN THE MATTER.

Noble Breeder of Shorthorns. "WELL, YOU ARE A SPLENDID FELLOW, AND NO MISTAKE!"

Prize Bull. "SO WOULD YOU BE, MY LORD, IF YOU COULD ONLY HAVE CHOSEN YOUR PA AND MA AS CAREFULLY AND JUDICIOUSLY AS YOU CHOSE MINE!"

SCENE FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

(At the Imperial Theatre.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TOUCHSTONE (with cuts and gags)	The Right Hon. the Earl of BEACONSFIELD.
WILLIAM (a woodcutter)	The Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE.
AUDREY (a rustic maid)	BRITANNIA.

Touchstone. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter WILLIAM.

William. Good even, AUDREY.

Audrey. God ye good even, WILLIAM.

Touchstone. Good even, Woodcutter. Is thy name WILLIAM?

William. WILLIAM, Sir.

Touchstone. A fair name. Art thou wise?

William. Ay, Sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touchstone. You do woo this maid?

William. I do, Sir.

Touchstone. Art thou learned?

William. Aye, Sir.

Touchstone. Then learn this of me: To have, is to have: For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he: now you are not *ipse*, for I am *he*.

William. Which he, Sir?

Touchstone. He, Sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you Woodcutter, abandon—which in the vulgar is leave,—the courting,—which in the common is, spooning—of this woman—which together is, abandon the spooning of this female; or, Woodcutter, thou art undone; or to thy better understanding, art walked atop of; or, to wit, I over-crow thee, make thee sing small, translate thy confidence into shame, thy gain into loss . . . I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will defeat thee in a hundred and fifty ways; therefore, tremble—and depart!

A PATRON SAINT FOR SCIENCE.

(Elected, on the Pope's recommendation, the other day, at the Vatican, by an Assembly of Papal Philosophers and Scientific Men.)

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, who was he? No fool, man.

A deep mediæval Divine and great Schoolman;

A Professor of Sacred Theology, famed

For his learning, and *Doctor Angelicus* named.

He discoursed of all things and some others, expounding

The last-named with lucidity superabounding.

As to some of the former his views were mistaken.

But his method was prior to that of Lord BACON.

The old Tree of Knowledge he caused grow no fruit on,

Like the crops of discovery commencing with NEWTON.

Yet philosophers now, by the recommendation

Of the POPE, are harked back upon *his* cultivation.

Suppose they find out all the fruit that they've gotten—

NEWTON's apple inclusive—mere poison, or rotten?

That themselves, with the Fiend in unholy alliance,

Have been practising Magic, misdeeming it Science?

How 'twill stick in your experimentalists' gizzards,

When they thought themselves wise men, to learn they were wizards!

Mechanics' and chemistry's miracles all

Mere demons' deceits forged to compass men's fall;

The light named electric a wildfire designed

By the Spirits of Darkness to humbug mankind;

Mr. CROOKES's discovery of "radiant matter,"

A scheme of the former to ruin the latter.

St. Thomas's method, if duly applied,

Will prove GALILEO to've been a blind guide,

Make out TYNDALL and HUXLEY together no go,

And DARWIN a duffer convincingly show;



AS YOU LIKE IT. (?)

TOUCHSTONE. "THEREFORE, WOODCUTTER, ABANDON THE SOCIETY OF THIS FEMALE, OR THOU PERISHEST. I WILL BANDY WITH THEE IN FACTION; I WILL O'ERRUN THEE WITH POLICY; I WILL KILL THEE A HUNDRED AND FIFTY WAYS; THEREFORE TREMBLE—AND DEPART!"

Confute all the ascertained facts of geology, Square Science with Faith and the Hebrew chronology. So, unless you'd exhibit yourself as a fine ass, You'll believe in and swear by St. Thomas Aquinas.

A RACE IN THE DARK.

Private and Confidential.

DEAR EDITOR,

NOTHING very new to say about the race eh? The "Blue Riband of the Thames," and the "Modern Isthmian Games" (Isthmus wasn't a river, by the way, was it?) have been done to death. So have had to fall back upon the hour. As a rule, the Varsityes prefer their feathering after sunrise.

Yours sincerely,

YOUR OWN MAN.

[From Mr. Punch's Prophetic Reporter.]

The light was burning brightly in the Clock Tower, as the most obstructive of the Obstructionists put on his coat, and, leaving the Government whip to keep a House, made his way towards Putney. He smiled to himself as he passed under the glimmering gas-lamps and thought of the disappointment in store for the weary Cabinet Ministers.

"When they rise, bedad 'twill be over!" he murmured, as he with difficulty avoided the contact of a carriage containing a young couple returning prematurely from a small and early dance. At this moment Big Ben boomed a very small hour in the morning. "Ah, thin," he added, "if I hadn't been a master in the art of Obstruction that might have been very bad," as he hailed a Hansom, to which a new night horse had just been harnessed.

The vehicle swept along in the direction of the river. The roads were thronged with a motley crowd of patricians and plebeians. Spring carts, cabs, and carriages of every description clashed and collided in the gloom. The moon was veiled: not a star was visible in the sky. Here and there a coffee or a roasted-chestnut establishment flung for a few feet round its ruddy glow of lighted charcoal, occasionally an obliging constable would dissipate a narrow circle of the darkness by a wink of his bull's eye. But take it all in all the picture was dark, dark and dismal.

Now and again a gentleman in evening dress would let down the window of his brougham to ask for a paper. Then came a rush of newsboys, anxious to sell the remaining copies of the Special Edition of the *Evening Standard*. It was impossible to say who was present. The most respectable members of society, ashamed to be found abroad at so late an hour, tried to hide their identity. An occasional glimpse might be caught of a canonical hat, once even a pair of archiepiscopal gaiters seemed to twinkle through the gloom. But, as a rule, among the Upper Ten, concealment was the order of the day, or rather night.

The scene on the river was worthy of the Nocturnal Art of a WHISTLER; it was an arrangement in black and dark grey, with here and there a splash of red or a streak of yellow, to represent the glow of a coffee-stall or the glimmer of a street lamp. The short, sharp puff from the chimney, the splash of the paddles, or the throb of the screw, were the only indications of the approach of a hundred-guinea steamer. The police-boats could only discover the



MANNERS.

Master George (a very naughty boy, to new French Nurse). "CAROLINE, COMPRENNY-VOUS L'ONGLAY?"

Caroline. "NON, MONSIEUR GEORGES."

Master George. "QUEL DOMMAGE! PAS UN MOT!"

Caroline. "PAS UN MOT, MONSIEUR GEORGES."

Master George. "ALORS APPORTY-MOI MES BOTTES, SI VOUS PLAY, YOU OLD BEAST!"

whereabouts of obstructive barges in the University fashion—by bumping. The wonder was, how the course was ever cleared.

As the hour approached for the start there was a hush all along the line, broken only here and there by a more than usually irrepressible yawn. These signs of fatigue, it was observable, came from the more aristocratic sightseers. The rest of the crowd, composed largely of artisans enjoying an unwonted diversion before commencing their day's work, was wide-awake, and even lively. Our Obstructionist had patiently waited at Mortlake for some time when he noticed a movement amongst the bystanders. He pulled out his watch, and by the aid of a cautious policeman's bull's-eye, managed with difficulty to make out the hour. "Faix, it's too bad! It's almost time to go to bed!" he exclaimed. Then turning to the policeman, he asked "When they were coming?"

"Is it the crews, Sir?" replied the Constable, in whom he was pleased to recognise a compatriot. "Sure the race is over!"

"Over—and I've had to pay my cab for nothing!" angrily cried the M.P. "Sure 'tis just the way the Saxon always treats us?"

Curiosity, however, conquering indignation, he deigned at length to ask his fellow countryman.

"But tell me, which is the winner—Oxford or Cambridge?"

"Devil a one of 'em knows that, Sir," said the Constable, scratching his head. "Nor anybody else. It was too dark entirely to see the finish! But sure, Sir, you'll be able to read all about it by-and-by in the morning papers."

And wishing his questioner Good night, the kindly son of Erin proceeded on his round.

But the Obstructionist was a determined man. The practice in the House had taught him that no man is beaten till he owns to it. Within half an hour he had exhausted inquiries. Alas! his labour was in vain. He tried to find the fountain-heads of information. Starter, umpire, judge, strokes, and the coxswains—all connected with the contest were already fast asleep and snoring!

And so in darkness and doubt ended the University Boat Race of March the 19th or 20th, 1880.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



BUT decimo die ante Kalendas Apriles.

The die is cast! The doom of Dissolution has fallen. But resurrection, strange to say, will precede death. On the 23rd of this month the Parliament of 1874 will rise to sit no more. It was not lovely in its life. In its death it will only be what it was in its life—divided. Let us hope that in the division JOHN BULL will do as *Hamlet* recommends his mother—

“Fling away the worse half of it,
And live the purer with the other half.”

“NOT CAUGHT YET!” (After Landseer.)

seems to have oozed out in betrayal of the Cabinet resolve. So it was like the bursting of a bombshell when, on Monday, March 8, in the Lords, my Lord BEACONSFIELD, as curtly as words could do it, and in the Commons the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, with less economy of breath, announced that Government, having settled its Irish difficulties, got its Military and Naval Estimates passed, and its Supply within reach of a vote on account, had come to the conclusion that Easter would be the pleasantest time to perform the *Hari-Kari*, and April, month of smiles and tears, the fittest for fights big with the joy of victory, and the dumps of defeat.

So the writs will be out before the end of March, the “roaring month;” by All Fools’ Day the country will be elbow-deep in the mess and muddle of its Elections, and early in the merry month of May a brand-new Parliament will be at work with its new broom, and perhaps—who knows?—a new set of hands, officers and petty officers, in charge of the good ship *Britannia*!

The issue is in the hands of JOHN BULL. Before May he will have to audit the accounts his servants render, and set his seal to them by retention of his present stewards, or refuse it, by the appointment of new ones.

A difficult task it should be, seeing that, according to the organs to whose tunes we listen for the case of the Ins and Outs, if not for the ins and outs of the case, the Opposition are the party of decomposition, bent on dismembering the United Kingdom, putting JOHN BULL in the hole abroad and in Queer Street at home; cutting the tow-rope of the Colonies; severing the consecrated ties of Church and State; upsetting our most cherished institutions; throwing up the sponge in our quarrels, and generally eating dirt and humble-pie in the face of the foreigner—while, on equally unimpeachable and unprejudiced authority, the Government have, for the last six years, been doing everything they ought not to have done, and leaving undone everything they ought to have done; missing their tip in the East; drifting helplessly into war in Africa; making ruin and letting loose anarchy in Afghanistan; singing small or sounding the wrong note in the European concert; and while breeding wars and fomenting disturbance in Europe, Asia, and Africa, neglecting



REGIMEN.

Old Lady (to Eminent Physician). "TELL ME, DOCTOR, WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER THE MOST IMPORTANT RULE OF ALL FOR HEALTH?"
Doctor (whose ideas run much on the hygienic properties of Soils and Air, &c.). "MY DEAR MADAM—ALWAYS LIVE ON GRAVEL."
Old Lady (whose thoughts take a more gastronomic turn). "OH, DOCTOR! I'M SURE I COULDN'T DIGEST IT!"

domestic legislation, accumulating deficits, postponing obligations, humbugging interests, and increasing burdens.

Such, according to the views of Lords B. and H. respectively, being the monstrous treatment and melancholy prospects of poor BRITANNIA at the hands of the Outs and Ins, it really seems very little odds how the next month's struggle may end. Whichever comes head (according to the one) she can't win, and whichever turns tail, according to the other, she *must* lose.

Punch can only hope and pray that all is not yet quite so U.P. with J. B., as the Whig and Tory oracles proclaim; that life may be still worth living with Lord B. in office; and that Domestic Legislation and Foreign Policy, Country and Colonies, Church and State, Army and Navy, will not have to go straightway to the dogs under the lead of Lord HARTINGTON. Let BRITANNIA cling to the comfort that whichever way the fight may fall out, there will still be

"A sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
 To keep watch for the life of poor JOHN;"

which his name is—no—modestly forbids our putting it in full; but we will only say it begins with P., and it ain't *Pall Mall*. In the meantime the Essence of Parliament has evaporated, even as the wind of the House has been knocked out by the chill touch of the Angel of Dissolution. *Punch* need only state, in as few words as will carry the matter, that on Monday both Houses received their sentence: the Lords with the calm resignation befitting Olympians who have no seats to fight for, and no election bills to pay; the Commons with the excitement natural to atoms of Collective Wisdom suddenly informed that within the next few days they will have to set about recombining at a considerable cost, and in the shade of a doubtful future.

Then, (in the Commons,) after the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had promised the Budget for Thursday, Mr. CROSS intimated that the Water Bill would be dissolved even before the Parliament, and that as London evidently did not like it, he and the Companies must lump it, after a sudden rise, and then a fall of 80 per cent. in shares and reputation.

Close upon this ignominious collapse of Cross and his Water-

baby, the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY, the best man of business in the Cabinet, moved the Navy Estimates—"Economy and Peace Estimates," as he insisted—at an insignificant reduction on last year's charges. Lord High Admiral SMITH promises—not on paper only, let us hope—useful economies in the administration of the Admiralty, regulation of Promotions, and reduction of Naval Cadets, with many improvements in the armouring and arming of our ships, the proportioning of cost between building and repairs, and the keeping up more proportion between heavily armoured Colossuses and Polyphemuses, for the ramming of rivals and the smashing of iron-sheathed sides with monster projectiles, and of light, swift-sailing, and handy cruisers for the protection of convoys, colonies, and commerce.

The great SMITH, after receiving, unharmed, the cross-fire of the P.M., the HAY, the Big BEN, and the REED, came gallantly out of action, carrying, under his wing, his whole convoy of Naval Estimates, in a few hours. Never have been seen two such rapid Acts as Colonel STANLEY's and Lord High Admiral SMITH's, in these latter days of a dying Parliament. Twenty-five millions of Army and Navy Estimates—there or thereabouts—knocked off—no, added on, we should say—in a couple of nights, without either Hon. Colonel or Lord High Admiral turning a hair, to the thinnest of thin houses—hardly over the baker's dozen to each batch of millions! But perhaps that explains it.

After the firing of Sir STAFFORD's Dissolution torpedo, Parliament had suddenly adjourned from the House to the telegraph-office, and for several hours Members were fighting for the wires, and flashing the news of Dissolution over the three kingdoms. We have not heard that any of the five clerks of the Westminster Palace telegraph-office have died of it; but never had poor fellows a more "wiry time"!

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord HOUGHTON had another grumble over the lack of due provision for publicity in intra-mural executions. Lords BEAUCHAMP and CRANBROOK contended that nothing more is wanted than what is secured by the law of 1868—the presence of a full body of officials to see the convict hanged, and a coroner's jury to sit on his body afterwards.

Lords ABERDARE and KIMBERLEY thought the Visiting Justices, and not the High Sheriff only, should have a discretion as to granting admission to representatives of the Press. It certainly seems the very irony of legislation that reporters should be excluded from the press-room.

(Commons.)—Mr. CROSS performed the Happy Dispatch over his Water Bill. Poor little Bill! "Born but to bloom"—no, to blush—"a single day!"

Sir J. LUBBOCK asking if the War Office meant to lend the Volunteers great-coats for the Easter Monday Review, Colonel STANLEY reminded the House that armed assemblages being forbidden at Election times, there could be no appearance of a Volunteer body, and therefore no need of a great-coat, next Easter Monday.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said that Order would be taken for resumption, or suspension of Private Bill Committees, according to the circumstances of each case, and intimated that Government would require nearly all the fag-end of the Session.

Sir J. MCKENNA trotted out his Hobby—the often renewed attempt to make out that Pat bears twice his load of Imperial taxation.

Sir JOSEPH was unhobbed, in a thin House, by 58 to 36—a narrow majority (against him) of 22.

Mr. RAINES rose in the vain effort to call attention to the need of better provision for legislative compensation to Railway Servants injured in the performance of their duty. There is no class of men, *Punch* believes, so hardly worked, and so insufficiently protected, as Railway Servants—none so much at the mercy of Corporations, who have, as a rule, far less mercy than private employers, and none on whose behalf there is more need of better legislative provision for compensation for injuries, in many cases due to no avoidable fault of the sufferers, but to too exclusive an eye to the saving of expense and swelling of dividends on the part of the companies, their employers.

Naturally, the House, not being railway servants, and having its heart, not on its legislation, but its electioneering, was Counted Out.

Wednesday.—Mr. ANDERSON brought in a Patent Amendment Bill, to withdraw it without a division.

Sir SELWYN LEBETSON moved a supplementary little Bill of four millions and a-half for last year's South-African war expenses, but frankly confessing, on being put to the question, that he hadn't an idea how much of the money was for the Zulu war and how much for other items, he was glad to withdraw his demand till to-morrow.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL brought in his Bill to legalise Cab Hire at Elections. A concession to the long-purses—most of them on the right side of course. Looks fishy, but no doubt will be carried as voters ought to be.

Thursday (Lords).—Ancient Monuments Bill, introduced by Lord STANHOPE, resisted by the Duke of SOMERSET and Lord REDESDALE, to the DE LA WARR cry of "Proputty!" and sent to a Select Committee for its schedule to be sifted, like any other kitchen-midden or ash-heap of antiquity.

Bill for restricting Beer-dealers' retail licences. May it conduce to the restriction of Beer-drinkers' wholesale licences.

(Commons.)—The Budget. As you were: no taxes laid on, none taken off. The difference between income and outlay (anticipated and realised) for the current year rather above than below £3,300,000. Eight millions of accumulated deficit to be provided for by renewing bills for two millions, and paying off six by terminable annuities ending in 1885, adding £800,000 to the permanent debt, and suspending Sir STAFFORD's own pet sinking fund.

Not a brilliant Budget by any means, in fact, supplying what should be a very good stick to beat the Government book-keeper. The most comfortable item *Punch* can find in the national balance-sheet is the falling off of £700,000 in the Customs' Duties on foreign spirits, and £800,000 in the excise on British Spirits, and £940,000 on malt. With the alcoholic barometer going down at this rate, there is at least diminution of drinking to set against the reduction of revenue.

Friday (Lords).—The Government, the Duke of RICHMOND explained, can't be expected to see their way about Roads till they see what road the Elections are likely to take.

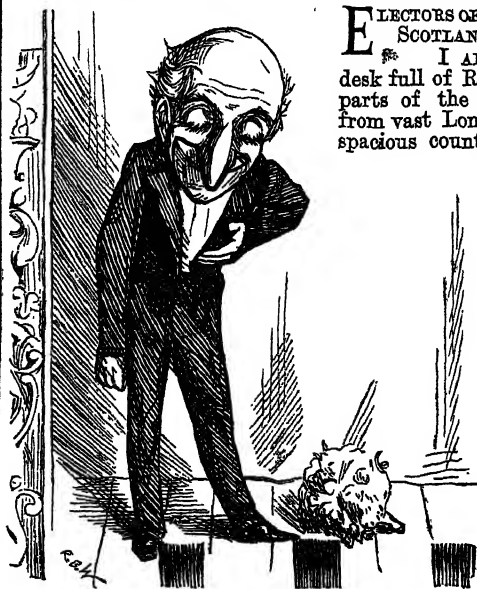
Lord BURNER objected to Lord GALLOWAY's talking about Lord ABERY's Report on the "break-down" of the Short Service system.

"Break-downs" belong to burlesques, not to War Office Reports. The Report is a profound secret, and meant to be kept so for the present.

(Commons.)—Government is to have every day next week, and will then adjourn. The House can't be expected to do any work with the sword of Damocles hanging over its head, as Mr. FAWCETT found last night, when he, with Mr. GLADSTONE to help him, had to withdraw his proposal to relieve India of some part of the cost of the Afghan War, finding nobody could settle to anything.

THE RELIGION OF NATURE.—In Spring—Buddhism.

ANOTHER ELECTION ADDRESS.



ELECTORS OF ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES,

I ADDRESS you from a desk full of Requisitions from all parts of the United Kingdom—from vast London boroughs, from spacious counties, from manufacturing metropolises, from ancient Cathedral sees, and seaports,—soliciting me to become their Member in the new Parliament, and that without either cost or canvass.

I appreciate these tokens of the good sense and gratitude of my countrymen, and shall bequeath them, in handsome frames, as heirlooms to a proud and admiring posterity.

I have declined all these invitations, preferring to preserve my independence, and to continue to act as the guide, philosopher, and friend of you all.

In this, my old and favourite character, I have now something to say to you touching the coming momentous General Election.

Awed by the flattering but solemn assurance of a noble Earl, in an "electioneering address" despatched to a brother peer in Dublin, that "the power of England and the peace of Europe will largely depend on the verdict of the country," I admonish you, as The Eye of England, to remember that the eyes of Europe are now upon you; I charge you, Chippenham, to be careful not to aggravate Prince BISMARCK's neuralgia; Wednesbury, I tell you that the *cafés* and *salons* of Paris resound with your name, and speculate on your choice; Petersfield and Peterborough, St. Petersburg awaits your "verdict" with an intensity of feverish suspense.

Let us have an exemplary, a model Election. Let us show that the public weal is not inseparably bound up with the public-house; let us break neither heads, windows, nor promises; let us abandon personation and personality, fighting an opponent fairly and stoutly, without reminding him that his great grandfather was a tailor or an early and involuntary settler in New South Wales; let us vote for the man who best goes along with the general current views and wishes, although he may not think as we do on single points, such as Local Option, Co-operative Stores, Deceased Wives' Sisters, Licensed Victuallers, Female Suffrage, Sugar Bounties, and Sunday Closing; and, above all, let us not imperil a seat by scattering our votes among two or three candidates, instead of concentrating them on one.

England—beware beer and bribery. Ireland—the force of a vote does not depend on the strength of a shillelagh: give up Home-Rule—try Self-Government. Scotland—I have unbounded confidence in you, but put the whiskey-bottle away. Wales—do nothing to discredit your Prince and Princess.

And may we all, both *Punch* and People, so vote and poll, that hereafter we may be able to look back to the great "May Meeting" of 1880 at Westminster as the beginning of seven tranquil years of peace and prosperity, of renewed surpluses and cheerful Budgets, of fewer figures of speech and more comfortable figures of arithmetic, of a "spirited" home policy, of a "rectification" of many abuses, grievances, and anomalies, of wise work and restrained talk—and of a fresh series of inimitable Cartoons in

PUNCH.

In Prospect of Dissolution.

"Oh, happy Ass!" puzzled JOHN BULL may say,
"Betwixt two loads, and only two, of hay!
See me, unhappy Ass, whose soul in stress is
Of all these contradictory addresses!
Oh, how that ass 'twixt his two loads must laugh
At me perplexed 'mong all these loads of chaff!"

OUT OF THE FOG (where Lord B. must have got it)—"The Man of Light and Leading."—The Linkman.

ELECTIONEERING À LA MODE.

(The Diary of a Day spent in a very Parliamentary Train.)

Rose early after a good night's rest, in excellent trim for my Northern campaign.

Arrived at the terminus, I found that the arrangements were excellent. The public had been refused admittance to the platform, and consequently a large crowd had collected outside the station. Seized the opportunity to deliver a forty minutes' oration. It was received with enthusiasm, except by a few malcontents, who declared that they would be late for their trains. These selfish Obstructionists were speedily bonneted by the more energetic of my supporters.

Having concluded my peroration, I disappeared, and (by arrangement with the Railway Officials) took up fresh ground. When the doors were thrown open, I was found in the Booking-office. A number of travellers immediately collected round the pigeon-hole asking for tickets. I gave them something better. In a few well-chosen words I explained my policy, denounced the tactics of the Government, and sketched the history of Parliament from the earliest days. I was just warming to the subject, when the Traffic Manager informed me that my train could not conveniently wait any longer, as it was already forty minutes behind its time. Hearing this, I immediately retired from the Booking-office, and hurried to the Saloon Carriage which had very courteously been placed at my disposal. Then, after heartily thanking the Traffic Manager and the other officials for their consideration, I gave the signal for departure, and the train steamed off.

Our first stoppage was at Slocum, where we waited ten minutes for refreshments. Thanks to the admirable arrangements of the Railway Company I found the *buffet* ready to receive me. The young Ladies cheered loudly as I took my stand on the counter. In a minute the room was completely filled, and I had an opportunity of explaining my views at some length. The meeting was a great success. It is true that an angry old gentleman who wanted soup, and a Materfamilias with a large family clamouring for buns, raised a certain amount of confusion, but they were forced to withdraw by an attendant policeman.

We were an hour or more late on leaving Slocum, and put on extra steam to Flamborough. Here, as a rule, the train stops five minutes for water. On this occasion, however (thanks to the kindness of the Railway Officials), the wait was considerably prolonged. I had time to receive four deputations in the Waiting Room, to make a long speech to an enthusiastic audience of non-electors from a window in the Station-Master's private apartments, and to lunch with the Mayor and Corporation in the Telegraph Office. Everything passed off admirably, and the enthusiasm was enormous.

Some two hours behind our time we steamed out of Flamborough, and my speeches at Muddleton (where we stayed forty minutes, by

the kindness of the Railway Officials); at Longwyndham (where we stopped three-quarters of an hour), and at Hazeborough Junction (where no record of the time was kept) were received with the loudest of cheers.

As it was represented to me, shortly after leaving the Junction, that our earlier stoppages had rather interfered with the ordinary traffic on the line, I suggested that we should proceed direct to our destination. This concession was gratefully acknowledged by the Railway Officials, who, however, insisted that I should have a final opportunity of addressing my fellow-passengers. Feeling that I had no right to refuse this proposal, I consented. The train was stopped at the junction of several lines, and danger-signals were hoisted in all directions. In less than an hour, some dozen trains coming from various parts of the country, had stopped behind and in front of ours. The passengers having descended, I addressed the meeting from the signal-box. I was listened to with great attention by everybody, with the exception of those who had travelled by my own train, who rudely declared that they had heard what I was saying before! Having finished my speech, the passengers returned to their respective carriages, and the traffic on the line was resumed.

The remainder of our journey was without incident. We arrived at our terminus only five hours late. On entering the Station I was received with the most enthusiastic applause. The Railway Officials immediately interviewed me, and suggested that I might then and there hold a meeting. As I was rather fatigued by my exertions, I pointed out that the only persons I should like to address (as my local arrangements were all made) were those who had accompanied me. I added that I feared the passengers would be fatigued, and that, in fact, I found myself falling off to sleep. I therefore decided upon going to my hotel forthwith. I was escorted to a carriage-and-six, and the procession (which included six brass bands and two hundred torch-bearers) started for the Stentors' Arms, where I close this page of my diary before going to bed. I must get a little sleep, as my first meeting is called for daybreak to-morrow morning.

Rather too Kind.

A CONSERVATIVE morning journal thus announces

"A HOME-RULER'S MISSION.—The Home-Rule Confederation Executive decided yesterday to send Mr. F. H. O'DONNELL, M.P., to some of the Northern towns to speak at meetings on behalf of the Liberal Candidates."

The idea of sending an Obstructive to promote Liberal interests is a little too Irish. Save the Liberal Candidates from their friends, especially those who are likewise Home-Rulers! *Non tali auxilio!*

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

A LARGE number of Members of Parliament have gone to the Country.

In many cases, their return is so uncertain that they have only taken single tickets.

EVERY ONE TO HIS TRADE.

It is announced that the Grocers' Company have awarded a fifth donation of £100 to the Ventnor Consumption Hospital. The Grocers would gladly check all consumption but that of tea, sugar, and other groceries.

AN EMENDATION (*from the Indian Taxpayer's standpoint*).—"Imperium et Paupertas."

DISRAELIAN SYNONYM.—"The policy of decomposition"—"Utter Rot."

WHAT LONDON RATEPAYERS ARE IN THE HANDS OF THE LONDON WATER COMPANIES.—Water-Babies.

THE OFFICER COMMANDING (*at the Easter Review*).—General Election.

BRUMMAGEM BRAVERY.—"The Charge of the Six Hundred." By Major BURNABY.

THE BEST EXAMPLE OF LIGHT AND LEADING (*into Sloughs of Despond*).—The Will-o'-the-Wisp.

EASTER EGGS FOR CANDIDATES.—Not rotten ones, let us hope.



A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Edwin. "DULL PAPER THIS MORNING, AIN'T IT, ANGY?"

Angelina. "YES! NOT A SOUL ONE KNOWS MENTIONED!—NOT EVEN IN THE DEATHS!"

MORE LIGHT!

APPROPOS of the present perverse stoppage of Park Lane for wood paving, when the most appropriate blocks would seem to be the heads that directed such a work at such a time, the *Daily News* sensibly remarks:—

"There is plenty of work by which London might be improved, and Londoners at this season not tormented. Certain vestries have adopted an admirable system of indicating street nomenclature on the lamps at the corners of thoroughfares. The idea is so good, the cost so moderate, and the result so satisfactory, that of course the other vestries have held back, and possibly the originators may be induced to cancel the benefit they have offered the public. In the meantime the Paris authorities, following the example of Brussels and Antwerp, have ornamented the street corners of a capital not half so wealthy or so busy as our own with conspicuous clock-dials. But in London—where time is money—Hamilton Place is blocked, and Park Lane a *cul de sac*."

Punch has been hammering at the urgency and practicability of this form of light literature—street-lettering on street-lamps—for many a long day, and is ashamed that he has still to cry to the deaf ears of the West-End Vestryman, "Light, more light!"

SAWBBATARIANISM AT DUNDEE.

THE Land of Cakes lays claim to be likewise a Land of Logic, not unduly; but the syllogistic faculties of Scotchmen are apt to fail them in the consideration of any question relative to Sunday. It is painfully evident that the Sawbbatarians have not arrived at a sane view of the Tay Bridge accident.

"On Wednesday, by 15 votes to 13, the Dundee Presbytery adopted an overture to the General Assembly acknowledging the hand of God in the disaster, and asking the Assembly to devise means for removing temptations to Sunday travelling and traffic. One speaker said he regarded the disaster as a judgment of God upon mercantile trickery in building a bad bridge."

From the division, however, we are glad to see that even in the Dundee Presbytery a considerable minority declines to pronounce a

THE LOST DERBY.

(By "a Party that was Jockey'd.")

THE Scion of a Distinguished Sire,
his Blood, Birth, and Breeding
seemed worthy of
A GREAT RACE,
and
his STABLE Reputation
being backed by the Country,
he was thought capable of fulfilling
Many Foreign Engagements,
but,
in a critical struggle,
he
Failed to keep pace with his Leader,
Dissented from "the Movement
of the Fleet,"
Bolted from the Right Course,
and has since, in consequence,
Changed Hands, mounted
Fresh Colours,
and again figures in quotations
as a likely Candidate for a Place,
but,
though Liberally supported,
his Radical want of Pluck
has for ever forfeited the confidence
of
"THAT STOUT OLD TORY PARTY,"
he Left in the Lurch.

HILLS AND HOLLOWES.—About the most disgraceful thing in London (of many disgraceful things).—the Paving of the Edgware Road.

All the Difference.

"The letter is apocryphal . . . it is too epigrammatic for an Oriental."—*Lord Beaconsfield, House of Lords, March 16.*

In a letter from *SHERE ALI*

Epigrams show unreality:

In a letter from *DISRAELI*

Do they prove its Disraelity?

Sawbbatarian opinion upon a calamity which they have no warrant whatsoever for supposing to have been occasioned by other than natural causes. These, perhaps, were intended to be signified by the speaker who represented the fall of the bridge as a supernatural visitation upon mercantile trickery. Unfortunately for this view, the parties responsible for trickery in building the bridge did not happen to be travelling over it when it fell.

As for the Sawbbatarian majority, they can only be regarded as an additional example of a crotchet about Sunday so national that it may well be called the Scotch craze. This, when excited, agitates its victim with such violence as to cause the clatter of a loose slate in an upper storey otherwise sound; or, to put the same fact in a different figure, causes a hum of the biggest bee that every now and then buzzes in SAWNEY'S bonnet.

HINTS FOR A NEW AND ORIGINAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

CHAPTER XI.

On the Platform are tastefully arranged various Property Eatables. Enter the Lecturer, very quietly, by a side-door. He is dressed in over-coat, muffler, and opera-hat, which he slowly and thoughtfully removes, and appears in evening dress. Applause.

The Lecturer looks about, as if in search of something or somebody, smiles blandly, and then commences quietly—

WELL, Gentlemen—um—(rubs his chin meditatively, and regarding a perfect stranger in the third row of the class with a vague but affable smile)—well—Gentlemen—I've come to give you a lecture—(it suddenly occurs to him that this sounds too severe)—oh, no, don't be afraid; I haven't come to lecture you as if you all had been very bad boys. Oh dear, no! (Puts his hands behind him, throws back his head, opens his mouth and shuts his eyes, as if he were playing the children's game of seeing what Providence will send him, but in reality for a hearty guffaw at the absurdity of the idea of their being bad boys whom he has come to lecture.) Oh dear, no! (Shakes his



LEADING THE FIELD.

Jealous Old Whip (coming up). "WHY, MASTER FRED, HOW CAME YOU HERE?"
Master Fred. "I ALWAYS WAIT DOWN WIND. WHERE WERE YOU, JIM?"

head, and sways himself forward and back.) Oh dear, no—not at all—not at all! Ha! ha! ha! (*Laughs—then resumes very quietly, and smiling cheerfully*)—On the contrary, you're very good boys. As my friend, Mr. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, would say, "Lawk-a-mussy, I never saw such very admirable boys!" (*"Hear! hear!" and laughter. Lecturer smiles, and continues*)—Let me see—um—(*considers*)—suppose we take, as the subject of this lecture—costume—yes—costume—(*rubs his chin thoughtfully*)—or—business—um? Suppose we say business. Of course I mean "stage business." We might take business first, and—(*smiling cheerfully*)—pleasure afterwards. Um? (*Laughing benignly, and looking round the room at the class gradually*) Business first—and—pleasure afterwards. (*Thoroughly satisfied so far*) Very well. Or—stop a moment—(*reflects—regards the properties on the table*)—Ah—yes—the use of "properties." We might consider that first—unless—no—(*makes up his mind suddenly*)—no—we'll begin with stage-business. (*Puts his hands behind him, as if he were a boy at school ordered to say some lines off by heart, then throws his head back, looks at the ceiling, opens his mouth as if about to deliver himself oracularly, then pauses. Disappointment of the class. Then he begins*) . . . On the stage, Gentlemen, there is such a fault as overcarefulness—of being guilty of the untradesmanlike—(*smiles apologetically as he repeats*)—the untradesmanlike falsehood of too strict an attention to business (*appears pleased, hums part of a tune quietly to himself then resumes*).

To worry yourself as to what you shall be doing when the Author has given you nothing to do,—what you shall pretend to be saying when the stage direction sets down of such and such a character that he "talks apart with Mrs. So-and-So,"—to trouble yourself about the use of a pocket-handkerchief, as to which pocket you shall use, or whether you shall use any; or whether you shall stir the fire or only stand on the hearth-rug without stirring—(*smiles pleasantly and bows*)—I don't mean without moving, but without stirring the fire—which action, if often repeated, would make it a very stirring part—(*throws his head back and laughs suddenly*)—ha! ha!—(*reduces his hearty laugh to an amiable smile as he repeats*)—a very stirring part. (*"Hear! hear!" and laughter.*) Um—(*considers*)—well, Gentlemen—(*looks about, suddenly recalls to mind his subject*)—Oh,

yes, of course, I was saying, if you bother yourself about these minutiae—(*pauses and considers whether he is right in saying minutiae, or whether it oughtn't to be "minutia"*)—decides on choosing another word—about these insignificant details, you'll never be a great Actor.

When an Actor is once imbued with the spirit of the part he has to play, all his movements come spontaneously, and he need never trouble himself off the Stage with thinking how he will behave on it. Wasn't it the great Mrs. SIDDONS—(*doubtfully*)—I think it was the great Mrs. SIDDONS, who, let me see—(*thinks over it*)—yes, of course, she never troubled her head with what she was going to do as *Lady Macbeth*, or how she was going to do it, but, putting down her—her—let me see—yes—(*reflects*)—yes, it was knitting she used to do—yes, putting down her knitting, she would go on to the stage and become at once *Lady Macbeth*. (*Cheers.*) We hear a great deal about "study." Well, um—(*bending himself angularly and looking up at nothing in particular, then still with his hands behind him, giving a side-glance at his auditory without changing his position*)—I can't see the necessity of study. If you get your words by heart as well as by head—(*altering his position to another graceful curve, and taking another three-quarter side-ways look at his class*)—as well as by head, then, all you've got to do—(*elevating his eyebrows, confronting the audience, opening his mouth, and throwing up his hands*)—is, to play it! (*Shuts his mouth suddenly, he retains his attitude during the applause which follows, and then swaying himself round, replaces his hands behind him and resumes*)—um, yes—(*smiling*)—I think so,—don't study, let the business come naturally. Let me see—(*meditates*)—yes—"Reading and acting come by nature, so give Heaven thanks and make no boast." (*Smiles, elevates his eyebrows, hums a snatch of a melody, loses himself in thought—finds himself again, and resumes.*)

A good entrance, Gentlemen, is of considerable importance, but a good exit is better. If you come in like a lamb, take care to go out like a lion. (*"Hear, hear!"*) Not too much like a lion, however. Do not reserve all your force for your exit. Avoid plain level acting throughout developing into a noisy climax. Against that you need no warning. If you are unable to make a point by a quiet exit, you will never force an effect on an audience by suddenly



A CONSCIENTIOUS ARTIST.

The Dean. "MR. SNIPPE, I WANT YOU TO MAKE MY SON A HUNTING SUIT; JUST WHAT YOU USED TO MAKE FOR ME, YOU KNOW."

Clerical Tailor. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, MR. DEAN. MAY I INQUIRE IF THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN IS IN HOLY ORDERS?"

The Dean. "No."

Clerical Tailor. "AH! TO BE ORDAINED SHORTLY, I SUPPOSE!"

The Dean. "No, no; HE'S NOT THINKING OF ANYTHING OF THE KIND."

Clerical Tailor. "THEN I'M SORRY TO SAY I MUST DECLINE THE ORDER, MR. DEAN!"

throwing up your arms, shrugging your shoulders, elevating your eyebrows, rolling your eyes, and exclaiming "Ah!" Such actions might suit one particular character, but not all the parts you have to play. (*Applause.*)

Now, much of the business of the stage depends on properties. Perhaps you are not aware that all banquets on the stage consists of property eatables and property drinkables? (*Smiles, and nods slowly.*) This is as it should be. The stage is the place for the exhibition of works of theatrical Art, and not a museum for the collection of Realities. (*Cheers.*) Who wants to see an Actor eating a real chicken, carving a real ham, or munching a genuine pie from FORTNUM and MASON'S? (*Stretching out both hands appealingly, bending his knees, and throwing his head back. Applause. Continues in this attitude.*) Is there any Art in such an exhibition? No. (*Cheers.*) Is there a chance for the Actor showing how admirably he can simulate eating a chicken, how perfectly true to Nature in his imitation of devouring a pie, or of drinking out of a flagon if the real articles are actually placed before him? No! (*Cheers.*) The Lecturer sways himself into his former confidential attitude, with his hands behind him, and resumes.)

Gentlemen,—um—(*considers*)—yes—of course—there is no Art in smacking your lips after drinking a good glass of wine. But there is considerable Art in smacking your lips and looking pleased and satisfied after emptying a glassful of some nauseous stuff—(*makes a genuine expression of the most intense disgust*)—made of heaven and the property-man only know what, and which, for aught the Actor can tell, may be highly injurious in its effects. Ugh! (*Shudders.*) Gentlemen, to smile after such a draught, and to say heartily, "Master Boniface, thou hast some good stuff in thy cellar! Another bumper, Sirrah! Here's to thee and thy pretty daughter!"

and then, to be compelled by the business of the scene, to empty another transparent glass of the abominable mixture—the mixture as before—ugh!—(*makes another face*)—ugh! and yet to smile and smack your lips, and swear heartily that it is "nectar for the gods!"—this, Gentlemen, is true Art, highly meritorious in the individual, and for which display there would be no opportunity were the wine real good sherry, or port, or champagne. (*Applause.*) Um—yes—(*meditates*)—and these remarks apply also to eatables. The Actor is never called upon for a more difficult, a more trying, or perhaps a more telling exhibition of his Art—than—when—(*meditates sideways, eyes his audience askance, and, stooping slightly, bends forward as if looking for some one to come suddenly from somewhere round the corner*)—yes—than when—let me see—um—(*slowly*)—than when he has to make a hearty meal off a canvass-backed—(*smiling slyly*)—off a canvass-backed duck, with pieces of bread let into the back for him to make-believe with, as the Marchioness did with the orange-peel in the *Old Curiosity Shop*. (*Still with the same smile, and the same attitude.*) There's a taste of the glue about it (*reflects*), or the paint-pot—(*makes a grimace*)—or something nasty—and the nastier it is, the greater the Actor's chance for showing his mastery over his Art. (*Applause.*)

I will now proceed to give you a few practical illustrations. (*Eyes the properties. Immense and prolonged applause.*) These properties—are all—um (*touches them*)—excellent—as properties. The paint,—are gum, or glue, or whatever it is on them, is not yet dry. As *Hamlet* says, "And smells so!" Pah! (*Applause.*)... So—(*meditates*)—so—I think—with your kind permission—I'll—yes—(*touches a few more, and makes a grimace*)—I'll defer this part of my lecture till another day,—and then—(*seeing the disappointment of his class*)—I'll go through them all. (*Cheers.*) He smiles affably, hums, and then suddenly looks at his watch.) Dear me, I didn't

THE ELECTION BREW.

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble."
Macbeth.

From floods of speech and smother
Of broad-cast posting-bills,
Where each side proves the other
Author of all our ills;

From clash of cross-addresses
And clang of clamouring tongues,
From mud of party-presses
And strength of party-lungs;

From candidates and agents,
From canvassers and touts,
From reverend and lay gents,
All hot for Ins or Outs;

From public-house Committees,
And public platforms' bray,
Through counties, towns, and cities
Resounding night and day;

From talking of Elections,
And reading of the same,—
Dissolving views, in sections,
Of Party's little game;

Oh "roaring month" deliver us,
'Till, after All-Fools' Day,
Time's scavenge-van, omnivorous,
Shall cart the mess away.

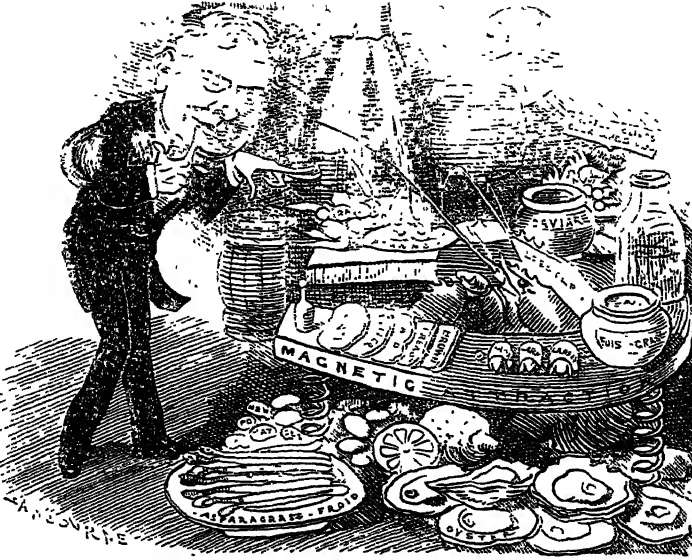
And in the teeth of his doom,
From the black cauldron's haze
Rise a Collective Wisdom
Distilled in wondrous ways!

RECIPROCITY.

IN 1874 the country came to Lord BEACONSFIELD for rest. And now Lord B. returns the compliment by going to the country, as his friends say for the rest of his lease of power, or as the Opposition hope, for the rest of his natural life.

PROBABLE CONSEQUENCE OF HARTMANN'S ARRIVAL IN LONDON.—
Extra-edition, if not Extradition.

know it was so late. Um—the fact is, my friend Mr. WALTER LACY is very anxious to address you; but as we have both to lecture at the Royal Academy



of Music this afternoon—he on singing and I on dancing and deportment,—and as we are both returning to town together, perhaps you wouldn't mind—if I—eh? um! (*Applause.*) Then I will—thank you—(*opens side-door, and calls*)—Professor LACY!

Enter Professor LACY. He bows with the utmost courtesy to the class, shakes hands with Professor CECIL, deposits his hat on the table, throws his gloves into it, runs his hand through his hair, opens his chest, and confronts the audience. Loud applause, whereupon Professor LACY places his hand on his heart, bows to the audience, then turns to where Professor CECIL is sitting with one glove half on, applauding with his umbrella. He bows politely to him, evidently including the umbrella in this act of politeness, and commences—

[Professor LACY's lecture, "in our next," by the kind permission of Professor ARTHUR CECIL, who, during its delivery, retains his seat on the platform, as both Professors have to return to town together by the same train.]

REASONS FOR VOTING BLUE.

(Collected from various quarters, and commended to the attention of free and independent Electors everywhere.)

BECAUSE the sole hope of the world is that BULL should be top of the tree, And because the right person to give him that dominant perch is Lord B.; Because WILLIAM GLADSTONE's a traitor, a coward, a fool, and a sneak, Who, neglecting to spifficate Russia, would prose off our silvery streak; Because DIZZY's deucedly artful, and game to give GORTSCHAKOFF fits, Take the shine out of any ANDRASSY, and bang grim old BISMARCK to bits; Because but for BEACONSFIELD's foresight, pluck, patience, and patriot care, The Russ would be now on the Bosphorus, *we*, the deuce only knows *where*! Because quiet sense and plain dealing, and fondness for freedom and right, Make the foreigners think we're effaced, and would sooner be kicked than show fight;

Because all these foreigners praise us (who used to condemn and pooh-pooh), As, BEN having spoiled all their games, it is natural, quite, they *should* do; Because, as these foreigners hate us, and seldom indulge in sincerity, Their verdict on BEN is impartial and final as that of posterity; Because the grim Muscovite Ogre is hungrily waiting to see If England's still sweet upon DIZZY or nuts upon W. G.; Because if blind BULL choose the latter for Leader, the big Northern Bruin Will collar Stamboul like a shot, pocket India, and leave us to ruin; Because if we once let in GLADSTONE he'll smash up the Empire like crockery, Give us disintegration at home, and abroad degradation and mockery; Because that fortuitous concourse of atoms, the Liberal Party, Can ne'er pull together for England in unity, loyal and hearty; Because 'tis a horrible Hydra, with goodness knows how many heads, And a poisonous bite that inspires all true patriots with doldrums and dreads: Because there is only one Hercules—BEN—who that Hydra can slay, Who absent, no being can baffle the brute, or its ravages stay; Because those detestable Paddies, conspiring to pull down the State, Will do so with Liberal aid, if the Tories don't spare 'em that fate; Because this unholy alliance is plainly more dangerous far Than a compound of Earthquake, and Famine, Draught, Pestilence, Murrain and War;

Because, though Lord HARTINGTON's honest, he's awfully led by the nose; And because Mr. BRIGHT always dances when England is dished by her foes:

Because false ARGYLL would rejoice to see Cossacks encamped in Hyde Park:
Because acid GRANVILLE would look on the sack of Cheapside as a lark:
Because vengeful HARCOURT's in favour of rending the Kingdom in halves:
Because, "Perish India!" FREEMAN would have us all slaves to the Slavs:
Because Mr. GLADSTONE—oh! gr-r-r! likewise enough!!!—incoherency here
Is a symptom of patriot zeal, and a proof of state-virtue severe—
Because Mr. GLADSTONE—oh! horror! the syllables make us feel bad,
Oh! stay us with P. M. G. leaders to save us from going stark mad!—
Because Mr. GLADSTONE—'twould seem as if Providence made a mistake
In allowing poor innocent letters such concatenation to take!—
Because that man G. is a—well,—is a,—dash it! oh, where is the word
To express what a horror he is, and how false and how base and absurd?
Because this unspeakable Blank, this Hiatus, this Asterisk Dash
Is so bent upon spiting Lord B., and on sending his country to smash,
That every true man *must* Vote Blue, were it only to baffle his game,
Who, by post-cards and speeches at Stations, is bringing Old England to shame!!!

HITS FOR MISSES.

As nothing but politics will be talked until after the close of the Elections, it might be well for the Ladies to get up the subject a little. With a view to the assistance of his fair friends, Mr. Punch suggests a few appropriate questions which they may ask at any social gathering with the most pleasing effects. After each query the Lady has only to wait for the answer. When a reply is finished she will put another poser. By this simple means she may obtain the reputation of being "quite a politician."

What is the difference between Liberals and Conservatives, and Whigs and Tories?

What has Mr. GLADSTONE been talking about at such an awful length?

Is Lord BEACONSFIELD *really* such an awfully artful creature as the other side say?

Can you tell me *all* about Home-Rule?

What has Mr. CROSS been doing with the Water Companies?

Why are the Scotch Members always bothering about Hypothee?

What do you think about our Foreign Policy?

Will you put me up to all about the last *five* Budgets?

What does Sir WILFRID LAWSON want?

Can you let me know *some* of the political allusions in the novels written by the Premier?

Why is everybody so angry with everybody else?

And oh! isn't it all quite too awfully *dreadful*?

A Cheer for the Two Colours.

COULD such early birds be jolly,
Punch would say to both brave crews,
Away with melancholy,
But a benison on the Blues!

Their race they wisely put off,
Lest through fog to grief they came;
If Election steam *we* shut off,
For like cause, were *we* to blame?

A PARTY CRY (*since Cabs to the Poll have been legalised*).—"Get your Carriage, Sir?"

THE NEW BLOCK SYSTEM.—Making Speeches at Railway Stations.

Is It?—Solution of the Political Problem.—Diz-solution.



ALAS !

PRETTY GRANDMAMMA ROBINSON

AS SHE WAS (1851).

AS SHE IS NOW !

AS SHE MIGHT (AND SHOULD) BE.

CORRUPT PRACTICES (ELECTION).

(Not Noticed in the New Act.)

CONDOLING with poor old Mrs. CORKWELL (voter's wife) on her rheumatics, and promising to send her a specific which has been in your family for the last hundred and fifty years.

Admiring the crewel-work of the Misses LAMBLEY when you call for the third time to see their brother (a wavering elector), and gazing in rapt surprise at the view (limited) from their drawing-room window.

Buying the Poems—*Whispers and Sighs*—of our talented young townsman, ALGERNON BYRON TRILLER, and reading them previous to dining with his father, an influential and somewhat undecided constituent.

Taking the chair and proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. LYELL MURCHISON DRAWLINGS (grandson of one of the oldest residents in the borough) for his highly interesting, able, and instructive lecture, on the "Geological Features of Cockletop and its vicinity."

Visiting the Free Grammar School founded by EDWARD THE SIXTH, where you received your education and an occasional black-eye, and securing the vote (or rather voice) and interest of every boy in the place, by begging an immediate whole holiday.

Dining with the ancient and unanimous Order of Druidical Odd Foresters (Court Pondicherry, No. 20185), and, in replying to the toast of your health, expressing, amid deafening cheers, your uncontrollable longing to become an Honorary Member of the D. O. F.

Taking tickets for the Rifle Corps Ball, and dancing with the wives and daughters of those electors recommended to you by your Committee, without the least regard to personal or intellectual charms or saltatory qualifications.

Lunching with a different elector every day of your canvass, and always praising the sherry.

Attending the Anniversary of the Society for the Amelioration of Eastern Potentates and Peoples, and in an impressive speech moving the first Resolution, to the effect—"That this meeting desires to place upon record its unalterable adhesion to the principles which have so

long animated the efforts and guided the exertions of the Society (and especially of the Cockletop Branch) in that vast field of usefulness still lying open to it in the great Eastern horizon."

Lighting a weed, and offering your cigar-case to that hard-headed artisan, CLAGHORN, the dyer, while you endeavour to bring him over to your views on the question of Compulsory Vaccination, the one point on which you and he are not in accord.

Having accepted an invitation to a social tea-party of the Dorcas Society, partaking, with heroic impartiality, of "the cup that cheers" and its attendant cake at each of the tables; and then at the end of the entertainment saying "a few words" at the request of the Committee, and trying to be facetious on the subject of button-holes.

Hiring a spirited animal, and riding to the meet, at the Half-way House, of the Pilton Hounds, to ingratiate yourself with the sporting section of the constituency. With a like eye to business, and at still greater peril to yourself and your companions, joining a party of young farmers to shoot rooks.

Requesting the obliging local florist, GILLYFLOWERS, to send in every morning to your hotel a bunch of violets (your election colour) for your button-hole.

Subscribing to both the local papers—the *Bulwark* and the *Watchdog*—and swallowing, with undisturbed serenity, the syrup of the one and the vitriol of the other.

Giving away your photograph by thousands (great reduction on taking a quantity), with views of your country seat, first taking care to write your name at the bottom of every carte.

Kissing all the babies within your reach.

A Trespasser in Midlothian.

MASTER of tongue-fence! Good at will
Our ears with speech to drown,
Till all must own him greater still
Tongue-fence at breaking down!



THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.



NOT SO EASY.

Put (on hearing a late Trial read to him). "POURED THE BRANDY DOWN HER T'ROAT, DID HE!! FAIX, I WISH SOMEBODY'D TRY TO MURDER ME THAT WAY!"

[The foolish fellow had been drinking.]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

It is a mercy that the flurry of the moribund Parliament must be brief or there is no saying how much mischief it might do. In a week it has added £800,000 to the permanent debt, and £700,000 to the Probate Duties, making what was monstrously unfair already—*probatum improbatum*—unfairer still, and has driven a procession of hack cabs right through the last Corrupt Practices Act.

The sooner the sword of Damocles falls and puts Parliament out of power of mischief-making the better. The SPEAKER has had the House all but to himself occasionally; but unluckily there were always just enough Members present, or within call, to do mischief. Once, on Monday, it came to a literal *tête-à-tête* between the Chair and Sir GEORGE BALFOUR, till Mr. CALLAN moving a Count, brought in the needed forty from the back-slums of the House.

What last drops of Essence *Punch* and the SPEAKER between them have been able to distil, must needs be black and bitter—the lees of lees, the dregs of an effete Parliament in a hurry to wind up its work anyhow, and be gone to its electioneering.

Monday, March 15 (Lords).—Lord BURY re-assured the Volunteers. The Government have discovered that the only barrier between our Citizen soldiers and their Easter-Monday Review is a War Office regulation, which can be abrogated as easily as it was made. The only days armed men may not meet are nomination and polling days, and the first will not come at Brighton before Easter Tuesday. So on Easter Monday the Colonels' backs, which were up in the sulks, will be down on the Downs, twenty thousand of our army of Defence not Defiance will overflow London-Super-Mare, much hard money will be spent, and much blank-cartridge burned, and the British Constitution will survive it. Why the Government did not find out sooner that this was possible, Lord BURY did not tell us.

Perhaps hints that a good many Volunteers carry votes in their knapsacks may have sharpened their wits. But there has not the less been a gross bungle somewhere.

Lord REDERDALE did his best to stop the Second Reading of the

A COMMON SENSE CANDIDATE.

(In reply to a Requisition from a body of Electors inviting him to become a Member of Parliament.)

GENTLEMEN,

I HEREBY acknowledge the receipt of your application requesting me to stand for the representation of our County.

As the office of a Member of Parliament is laborious, tiresome, and unpaid, I am very loth to accept it. However, since the men who solicit it are not fit for it, whereas I am, and, being well-off and unemployed, can afford to take it, if I were to refuse it I should decline a duty.

But the work of a Member of Parliament is so hard and so heavy, that of the two situations I would really rather be saddled with that of High Sheriff.

I hope, therefore, you will all understand that, in consenting to let myself be proposed as your Representative, I confer upon you a very great favour.

As my political principles may not be known to every voter, I will send a statement of them to a newspaper, whence you can, if you please, extract it, and print it for distribution. If necessary, I will also declare my opinions at a public meeting, which can be called for that purpose. But, as they can be expressed in few words, I shall make only a short speech, not wishing, when I have little to say, to let myself be known for a fool by my much speaking.

In making that speech, if I am interrupted by any shouts, cries, or idle questions, I shall immediately hold my tongue, and retire.

The expenses of printing and publishing cards, circulars, and other advertisements requesting people to vote for me must be paid by those who desire to have me returned. My constituents, or would-be constituents, must also defray all other charges incidental to my election, or their attempt to effect that object.

In conclusion, I can only say, that nothing but a strong sense of the obligations of my position as an independent man could induce me to undertake an employment, which will withdraw me from my occupations and amusements for six months in the year, besides compelling me to breathe much bad air and listen to much idle talk, nearly every night till past twelve o'clock, and often till three or four in the morning.

I am, Gentlemen, your servant to command,

CORIOLANUS CANDIDUS.

Hypothec Abolition Bill to which, it being a useful and urgent measure, pressed for by the best tenants, and reviled by the worst landlords, his Lordship is constitutionally opposed. The LORD CHANCELLOR rode down his "Non-Content." Lord REDERDALE, always an impracticable, seems bent of late on rising to the dignity of an Obstructive. He has caught it sharply over the knuckles from the Woolsack, and has deserved his wiggings.

LORD ORANMORE ingeniously turned the Beaconsfield Manifesto against its author. If Ireland was in the state described in that remarkable document—which Lord ORANMORE backed up by the unimpeachable evidence of Mr. (Secretary LOWTHER'S) Kendall speech—threatened with a conspiracy worse than pestilence or famine, why didn't the Government give her the comfort of a Coercion Act to put down Agrarian crime, and protect loyal lives?

LORD BEAONSFIELD hadn't the slightest idea what Lord ORANMORE was driving at. The law in Ireland was strong enough to repress disorder. Lord O. had vindicated Lord B.'s letter "in a manner very grateful to his feelings." (To be sure he had! Had he not taken it *au sérieux*? What could be more gratifying?) Then Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL—*et tu Brute!*—the friend of Turks and Treaties, proceeded to scarify the Eastern policy of the Government, laying down with cruel candour Proposition I. That Her Majesty's Government were in a great measure responsible for the war between Russia and Turkey: Proposition II. That the Treaty of Berlin was fatal to the maintenance of Ottoman Authority on the Bosphorus: Proposition III. That the said Treaty raised almost insuperable obstacles to any new and well considered combination by which the Bosphorus might be guarded—Q. E. D. All of which, though *Punch* does most potently and powerfully believe, yet he holds it not honesty to have it so set down by the most convinced and candid of diplomatic Jingoës.

On Lord STRATHEDEN'S hint Lord GRANVILLE spoke—first giving their Lordships a neat dissection of the Dublin Manifesto, which he compared to a bit of clever scene-painting meant to tell at a distance, then passing in review Lord BEAONSFIELD'S foreign policy, which he contended had neither secured European peace nor established English ascendancy. He prophesied Ministerial discomfiture

at the Elections. They had not taken the country into their confidence, and the country would retort. But he felt no doubt (who does?), that, whatever Government came back from the country, would maintain England's honour and England's unity.

Lord BEACONSFIELD replied, that Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL's

speech was made up all along of assumptions varnished with local colour. His conclusions might be sound, if his assumptions had had a base, which they had not. His policy began and ended in war. The object of the Government had been all along, and was still, not to go to war. Lord CAMPBELL had asked for a copy of a letter from SHERE



THE LAST DROP!

ALL to the SULTAN, which was an impudent forgery, and known to be so. Yet on that rotten peg had been hung not only Lord STRATHEDEN's impeachment of the Government policy, but Lord GRANVILLE's "amiable remarks on public affairs." Government had good and sufficient reasons for dissolving, Mr. Cross's Water

Bill not being one of them. Had Lord B. thought water could have washed away a Parliament, he WOULD have felt that the country was in danger! His Dublin letter had been well weighed and sincerely felt. The policy of the late Government had embarrassed the Administration, and the language of some of the Opposition—present



THE USE OF THE TELEPHONE.

(Bell rings.)

City Gent (through Telephone). "YES."—(*Listens.*)—"OH!—EH?"—(*Listens.*)—"AH!—EH?—I DON'T QUITE—WHAT?"—(*Listens again.*)—"CAN'T HEAR WHAT YOU SAY!"—(*Listens.*)—"UM!—EH?—CONF— HERE, STOP A MINUTE!—I'LL SEND A CLERK ROUND TO SEE WHAT YOU WANT. NIBBS, RUN ROUND TO DRAPER'S GARDENS, &C., &C.—!"

company always excepted—had encouraged the belief abroad that England was divided at home.

Lords KIMBERLEY, CRANBROOK, RIPON, CAIRNS, and SELBORNE, took part in one of the smartest little *conciones ad populum* the Upper House has turned out, and, as usual, our Lords, in the conduct of their last week, stand in favourable contrast with our Commons.

(*Commons.*)—A calm correction of one of Government's blunders—about the Easter Monday Volunteer Review—by the Commons' cool of the evening, Sir JOHN HOLKER; and a calm committal, by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, of another and more serious one, the addition of £700,000 to the monstrously cruel and unjust probate duties on personalty, on the plea of relieving smaller estates at the expense of larger.

Mr. GLADSTONE protested against this tampering with an iniquitously unfair impost, which wanted thorough over-hauling. He showed how the alteration would make bad rather worse than better, both as regarded the pressure on small properties and the unfair distinction between personal and real estate. He knew his protest would be useless, but must make it for comfort of his conscience.

Mr. CHILDERS backed Mr. GLADSTONE in his protest against Bill and Budget.

Sir SELWYN IBBETSON and Mr. HUBBARD tried to set up a case for the Budget, though the latter would have nothing to say to the Bill, and gave it up as a bad job.

Mr. WADDY criticised, and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER did his best to defend the Budget. It was painful to see Sir STAFFORD's efforts to wriggle out of the mess. He had not extinguished the Sinking Fund, only diverted it for five years. The Government had diminished debt—they really had, though it mightn't be so easy to prove it in figures, and ought to be thanked for not having increased taxation. The country was hard up, and preferred borrowing to paying.

After some desultory talk, during which the House dwindled down to one and the Chair, indefatigable Sir GEORGE BALFOUR being left, like a senatorial Atlas, to bear the Collective Wisdom on his single pair of shoulders, the Bill was read a Second Time, and the House asked addled.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord CAMPERDOWN pleaded for the poor water-drinkers of the Metropolis, helpless in the hands of the hydra of the Companies, who can go on raising rates with rentals, till it seems likely to come to a mournful two-part song of "Bricks and Mortar all around, and not a House to take!" and "Water, water, all around, and not a drop to drink!"—except for the bloated millionaires who don't care how much they pay either for their house-room or their Adam's Ale. Now that Mr. CROSS's Bill was crossed out, was there, Lord CAMPERDOWN asked, to be no buffer between water-sellers and water-buyers?

Earl BEAUCHAMP rather regretted the new Bill, which he thought had been unfairly strangled in the birth, but said that whenever a new Parliament met, Water must be one of its first cares.

(*Commons.*)—To the far-end of a House the Bill for legalising Cab-corruption went into Committee.

Never was a more audacious abuse of the opportunities of an expiring Parliament and an overwhelming majority, than this unhandsome driving of hansoms and much-growled-at invasion of growlers, over the body of the law. Say what they will, it is a change calculated, if not meant, to catch cab-masters' votes, and to give a strong pull to long purses.

The English Opposition, being divided, protested in vain, but Scotch and Irish vetoes, the first country being unanimous, the second past praying for, were successful in taking these countries out of the Bill, into which an ill-advised amendment of Sir JOHN HOLKER's had brought them—the Bill having been originally framed for England only. Wales protested she was at least as poor, and as honest as either Scotland or Ireland, but could not get out. So after various Divisions the Bill passed through Committee, and the Election Law of England is the worse by another advantage secured to long purses, and another facility given for indirect purchase of votes. But if Tory voters submit to be driven, let Opposition voters walk to the poll, and a-top of their Ministerial Opponents!

Wednesday (Lords).—A Lordly passage of arms over the Hypothec Bill, in which Lord CAIRNS called Lord REDSDALE a

dog in the manger who objected to the Bill at every stage, suggested nothing by way of amendment, and contributed nothing in the way of discussion.

Lord REDESDALE retorted that it was discreditable to the dignity of Parliament to hurry Bills through the Upper House with amendments of which nobody, except, *perhaps*, the Noble Lord on the Woolsack and his colleagues, understood a word.

The Duke of RICHMOND lectured Lord REDESDALE for using the word "discreditable" of anything that happened in that exalted House.

To *Mr. Punch* it seems a very pretty quarrel as it stands, with a quite unusual amount of truth on both sides—another peculiarity of the Parliamentary bickerings of the Peerage.

(*Commons.*)—Dr. CAMERON tried to stop the passage of the Cabs through the Election Law. In vain, of course.

General SHUTE took the line that the Bill was meant only to do justice to the poor, the feeble, and the hard-working of the constituents in the big boroughs—was, in fact, a boon to the working man! (Cool assertion.)

Sir H. HOLLAND charged Dr. CAMERON with obstruction for his attempt to stop the Bill. (Cool proceeding.)

While forcing the Probate Duty Bill through Committee, pliable Sir STAFFORD altered his scale of duties. We are used to this whenever anything can be altered. *All* Sir STAFFORD's scales are sliding scales, including his scales of justice, in which probate duties—as they stand—however tinkered in details, have no place.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord REDESDALE had a parting growl and gird at the Hypothec Bill, which the LORD CHANCELLOR courteously said showed that he had never read the Bill, and knew nothing about it.

Altogether, the relations between the noble Chairman of Committees and the noble Lord on the Woolsack seem growing strained in the highest possible degree; and if it should come to fisticuffs!—

(*Commons.*)—Sir STAFFORD promised Lord HARTINGTON to see what he could look up that would be producible from the Greek papers, though the frontier negotiations between Turk and Hellene are still dragging their slow length along, and promise to do so till the Greek Kalends.

The House then set to ramming on Baron RAMMINGEN's Naturalisation Act. The Baron, approved by our QUEEN under the Royal Marriage Act, is to be the future husband of the handsome Princess FREDERICA, daughter of the ex-King of HANOVER, whom Lord BEACONSFIELD proclaims the fittest for an Empress of all living Ladies of blood Royal.

Mr. JENKINS was relieved by Sir STAFFORD's assurance—solely on the spur of the moment though—that we were not going to give this fair and excellent Princess a dowry.

The Cab Bill was driven through a Third Reading, after a final protest from Mr. ANDERSON.

The dodge deserves to fail. May the cabs cost the Ministerial Candidates no end, and not bring them in victorious! And may Opposition Voters magnanimously decline any conveyance to the Poll but shanks's nag, and show they can ride to the head of it on that austere animal!

Friday (Lords).—Flemished up some loose ropes.

(*Commons.*)—After a hoist of the old repeal flag by Colonel The O'GORMAN MAHON, adjourned to Wednesday next.

NATIONAL FUN AND FIREWORKS.

MR. PUNCH,

DID ye read the disgusting intelligence just now wired from Philadelphia, that—

"The Protective Union of San Francisco has completely demoralised Mr. DENNIS KEARNEY's Sand Lot agitators, who no longer pursue their former incendiary course. . . . Mr. DENNIS KEARNEY, convicted of using incendiary language, was to-day sentenced to six months' imprisonment and 1000 dollars' fine. The sentence surprised Mr. KEARNEY, who expected only a nominal punishment."

No man bearing the name of KEARNEY, I'll go bail, was ever heard to use language in reality incendiary at all. Neither has incendiary language at any time issued from the mouth of any man named DENNIS.

"Oh, have you not heard of KATE KEARNEY,
She lived on the banks of Killarney?"

Sure, never did any namesake of that gentle creature, albeit of the masculine gender, permit violent language, properly so called, to escape the palings of his teeth. Mr. KEARNEY was naturally surprised at finding his harmless phillio taken in earnest, and himself basely sent to gaol for six months, and brutally fined a thousand dollars. Any follower of our facetious friend, Mr. FARNELL, would be as surprised to find that he had come in for similar consequences through having given vent, say at an anti-landlord election meet-

ing, to jocular vituperation, unfortunately mistaken by a dense and dull Court of Justice for incendiary language. It is all our playfulness, *Mr. Punch*.

Believe me, Sir, yours truthfully,

PHELM O'TOOLE.

THE WIFE'S WARNING.

EASTER MONDAY, 1880.



ONE moment,
dear, before
thou part
To fight thy
country's
battle,
While I relieve
my anxious
heart
With lov-
ing, wifely
prattle!

One sweet assu-
rance calms
my fears;
One balm my
care can
lighten;
One precious
thought re-
strains my
tears,
The while my
heart-strings
tighten—

At Duty's call
if thou must
go
To London-
super-Mare,

Of one most formidable foe,
Catarrh, do pray be wary!

And promise me, oh, promise me,
Lest o'er the treacherous Channel
Insidious mists should fall on thee,
Not to forget thy flannel!

What if thy comrades jibe and jeer!
Heed not their heartless mockings.
I ask thee, with a gathering fear,
To wear thy woollen stockings!

And oh, remember this, my love,
When glory shall have crowned thee,
There's damp below, East wind above,
So keep thy muffler round thee!

EXTRA-PARLIAMENTARY UTTERANCE.

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND informs us that on the morning of Friday last week a whale, between thirty-five and forty feet long, a very large beast, and covered with barnacles, ran foul of the Admiralty Pier at Dover. This interesting creature "spouted, and made a noise like a steam-whistle of large size, and a fog-horn sound."

What a seasonable utterance on the eve of a General Election! How many candidates for the representation of constituencies are now in course of spouting also, and with about as much meaning for intelligent minds as the whale which made those noises!

STRAINING AT A GNAT.

MAKING a fuss about mustering twenty thousand Volunteers under arms, yet putting all the householders of England under canvass!

AN ANAGRAM—(WITHIN A LETTER).

HOME-RULE.
Mere houl.

DEFINITION IN BUNG'S DIVINITY.—*Vas Electionis*: A Pewter Pot.

BOGEY.

(An Election Appeal from Head Quarters.)



Arch-Mystagogue, loquitur.

HIST!!!

Friends, Britons, Countrymen, lend me your ears!
(They beat good Bottom's own!) List, list, do list!
(And let me slyly work upon your fears),

This is a CRISIS!!!

Pinnacled on the pivot of its fate,
England doth oscillate,
'Twixt starry splendour and *dégringolade*—
Disastrous downfall! Urgent my advice is,
Dash dumb Yahoos who long have yawped and yah'd
Against Imperialism!

Limp Liberals whose loud litigious schism
Must end in chaos, crash, sheer cataclysm!
Horrors are out! I have a special organ
Detective of all shapes of Demogorgon;
And the wild way in which those shapes are flocking,
Is, I assure you, shocking.

Yet do not funk or feel uncomfortable,
To deal with them I—I alone—am able;
The one sane voice amidst a blatant Babel,

The one unfailing cable,

Ship-saviour though the barque be tempest-tost—
Lose me and all is lost!

Dangers? Great Heaven, I'm bound to be oracular,
I dare not trust myself to the vernacular.
Pregnant and compound polysyllables only,

Aided by artful apt alliteration,

Dare I deal forth. Lord of the situation,
Luciferous leader luminous but lonely,
Like firm-based beacon amidst boisterous billows!
Danger? You could not rest upon your pillows
Did you but know what I,—but no, I spare you,

I've no desire to scare you!

Russia! The Radicals!! The rude Home-Rulers!!!
(The new "Three R's" of England's sole sound
schoolers)

There's a tremendous triad of vague terrors!!!

If they "consolidate co-operation,"
Slav hate, Gladstonian gush, mad Erin's errors
Will soon smash up the Nation.

They're the three terms of a demoniac trinity

Whose natural affinity

Must lead to Coalescence. As for him,
That sour, sophistic, savage son of Siva,
Noctivagating newly in the North,
Could he be stripped as bare as poor Godiya,
Touched with Ithuriel's spear, what should come forth,
From all his wrappages of wild loquacity?—
A monster of malignant mad mendacity!
Caliban playing Prospero! Good gracious!
He's a word-deluge threatening to overwhelm
England, and bring rank Ruin on the Realm.

My followers, sweetly, sheepishly sequacious
Of Me,
Agree

That the Arch-Fiend in Scottish breeks, the Russ,
Robed as a Tory, *plus* PARNELL, with pinions,
A triad were less dangerous to us,

And our fair QUEEN's dominions,
Than him of the Three Courses, each one leading
To—but to *name* the place were scarce good breeding!
But 'tis the goal of Good Intentions. Therefore
Let all who England's heavenward tending care for,
Vote for the deft devoted demon-queller,
The second-sighted seer of spectral foes,

Whose nose

Of Brobdingnagian rats is shrewdest smeller;
The patent Anti-Ogre Isle-protector,

Ithuriel Imp-inspector,

Brave Banshee-vanisher, stout scourge of evil,
Great Ghoul-detective, dab at demonology,
And general foe of GLADSTONE and the Devil,

(Though that's tautology)

In fact vote—plump for Me, my poor JOHN BULL
If you'd not sup on horrors full, choke-full!!
(And if that does not fetch the fogged old fogey,
I'll say there is no virtue left in Bogey!)

THE PROSPECT (FROM TWO SIDES).

(Conversation for 1887.)

IF LORD B.'S LEASE IS RENEWED.

DID I understand you that France, Russia, Austria, Turkey, and the United
States had all simultaneously declared war with us this afternoon?

When will the next batch of Sepoys arrive at Wapping?

Does it astonish you to hear that the Income-Tax is only five-and-ninepence
in the pound?

The Alliance with Monaco is so advantageous that it might have been con-
ceived by a MACHIAVELLI.

How capitally the country gets on without a House of Commons!

Which dungeon in the Tower is occupied by the Editor of the *Daily News*?

The Six white Elephants, ridden by the Duke of BEACONSFIELD, are nearly
the finest in the Row.

On what day does Lord LYTTON make his first appearance with his Indian
jugglery, at the Canterbury?

There is something really very *Imperial* about all this showy statesmanship.

Is that the Music Hall Singer dining with the Cabinet?

Surely those two hundred thousand foreign troops landing at Herne Bay,
are not arriving merely to take apartments?

I am extremely proud of the efforts some one has made to promote the
ascendency of England.

Dear me, was that a shell exploding in the back garden?

What do you say to adjourning to the coal-cellar, and singing "*Rule
Britannia*" in whispers?

IF THAT AWFUL W. E. G. CARRIES THE DAY.

DID I understand you to say that five more of the Colonies had declared
their independence this afternoon?

How can I help dancing the hornpipe, with the Income-Tax at only a half-
penny in the pound?

This boy of fifteen appears to have the franchise.

Why is the dis-established Archbishop of CANTERBURY obliged to give
Shakspearian Readings?

Is it the terror of further domestic legislation that has obliged the friends of
yonder householder to lock him up in Hanwell?

I do not like this new tax on umbrella handles.

It is extremely thoughtful of the Prime Minister to light the fire with the
Ultimatum.

Is it a party of frozen-out bricklayers, or of our representatives at Foreign
Courts, who are informing the neighbourhood in chorus that they have "got no
work to do."

I am not surprised that the Turk has declined Cyprus with thanks.

Now that the Game Laws are revised, we get partridges at £1 17s. 6d.
a brace in Bond Street.

Who could have guessed that the Home-Rule Parliament would have so
speedily beheaded Mr. PARNELL?

Why has the Duke of Midlothian reduced the price of post-cards to one half-
penny a dozen?

Can that be an illustrious Nobleman from Argyll, playing an *Io Pæan* on
the bagpipes over the collapse of our Indian Empire?

The reception of the Hero of Berlin into the Order of Dancing Dervishes
will be a very imposing ceremony.

"CONSOLIDATION OF CO-OPERATION."—"Stores" firmer than ever!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



SWEEPING UP FOR THE NEW LODGERS.

ONE more last dribble of dying speeches. Last week *Punch* flattered himself all was over; but the Lords had their "flurry" on Monday (March 22), and managed to make a lively night of it, between legalising a new corruption, and squashing an old delusion. Amongst other Bills to be crammed through their remaining stages—(Bills are not like post-horses, but can go any number of stages on end, if the House will only suspend Standing Orders)—was the Cab-Corruption Bill, which Lord O'HAGAN objecting to, as the hasty reversal of a policy adopted in 1867 and re-affirmed very deliberately in 1872 and 1875, Lords CRANBROOK and BRACONSFIELD defended with as admirable coolness as ever CHARD and BROMHEAD defended Rorke's Drift.

The law as it stood, they said, was anomalous and imperfect. It allowed cabs for County Voters, why not for voters in big boroughs? Practically, the thing was done at all Borough Elections; and who was the worse for it? There being no legal penalty attached to the breaking of the law in this matter, the law, in fact, is regularly broken. The choice of the Government lay between making the law effective, and doing away with it. On the whole, they thought it best to do away with it. After all, it would be a great comfort and convenience to the working man to be carried to the polling-booth, instead of walking to it. Under protest from Lords GRANVILLE and LANSDOWNE, and in the teeth of a Motion by Lord KIMBERLEY,

that the Bill be read that day three months, it was carried by 39 to 24—the last, and one of the worst acts, in a small way, of a highly unsatisfactory Parliament.

[*Punch* does not remember ever to have heard the doctrine so unblushingly laid down that a law having been extensively violated, not because it was bad, but because it had stupidly been left without statutory penalty attached, had better be done away with than amended by appending a penalty. But the legalisation of conveyances favours the long-pursed candidates, and they favour the Government. And, as one good turn deserves another, the Government favours them.]

This cynical defiance of legislative principle deserves to be defeated by results, as *Punch* heartily hopes it may be. May Independence and Honesty, on Shanks's nag, outstrip Corruption in its cab—even though escorted to the Poll by Respectability in its gig!

The Duke of RUTLAND, that honest and unpractical Bourbon of the Peerage, who has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing, gave vent to a last expiring plea for Protection, arguing at great length that Free Trade was a mistake—that England had lost much, or gained nothing worth speaking of, while France had gained enormously, under COBDEN'S Treaty; that trade could never revive nor agriculture survive unless we harked back to the old lines of Protection, or, at least, its modern substitute, Reciprocity.



"OUR RESERVES."

Adjutant (referring to young Militia Officer attached for instruction). "SERGEANT, MR. SKIPLING DOESN'T SEEM TO BE GETTING ON FAST ENOUGH."

Sergeant (Drill-Instructor). "IT'S NOT MY FAULT, SIR, WHATEVER! YOU CAN'T EXPECT IT WHEN HIS EYES IS CONTINUALLY A-RIVETTED ON ALL THE YOUNG LADIES AS PASSES!"

The Marquis of HERTFORD said ditto to the Duke of RUTLAND, and the Earl of BRACONFIELD,—*quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore*,—who had once led the young Marquis of GRANBY to battle under the banner of Protection, and from whose armoury the old Duke had drawn the weapons so impotently flourished this night, civilly, courteously, and round-about-the-bushily, but yet remorselessly, proceeded to knock the poor belated Duke's hopes and arguments on the head.

Reciprocity was impossible now that we had no import duties to surrender. The present cry from the land was due to the recent agricultural depression; agricultural depression was due to bad harvests; bad harvests to bad weather; let all these mend, and distress would diminish, and the cry would cease. The real remedy was to give the tenant farmer security for capital invested in the land, and to adjust his load of taxation to his back. (A word for the County Electors.)

It would be time enough to talk of the legislative changes needful to enable the English farmer to face competition, when we knew exactly *what* competition he had to face.

And so exit the poor Duke, snuffed out, but neither comforted nor convinced.

LORD DUNRAVEN delivered himself of a final protest—though a little after the fair—against our taking Herat ourselves or letting Persia occupy it, which would, in effect, hand it over to Russia, the Persian Cat, like other cats, having a way of letting He-rats slip through its claws after grabbing them.

LORD CRANBROOK said he was disposed to agree with LORD DUNRAVEN. The Government—sanguine souls!—looked forward to a speedy and satisfactory pacification of Afghanistan.

And all this heavy night's work and night's talk their Lordships got through by half-past eight.

*Wednesday (Lords).—*The Lords Commissioners being duly assembled to read the QUEEN'S Speech Proroguing Parliament—"Pro-rogue" has an ugly sound—the Commons tried to make a House, but couldn't muster above eight-and-twenty to receive Black Rod.

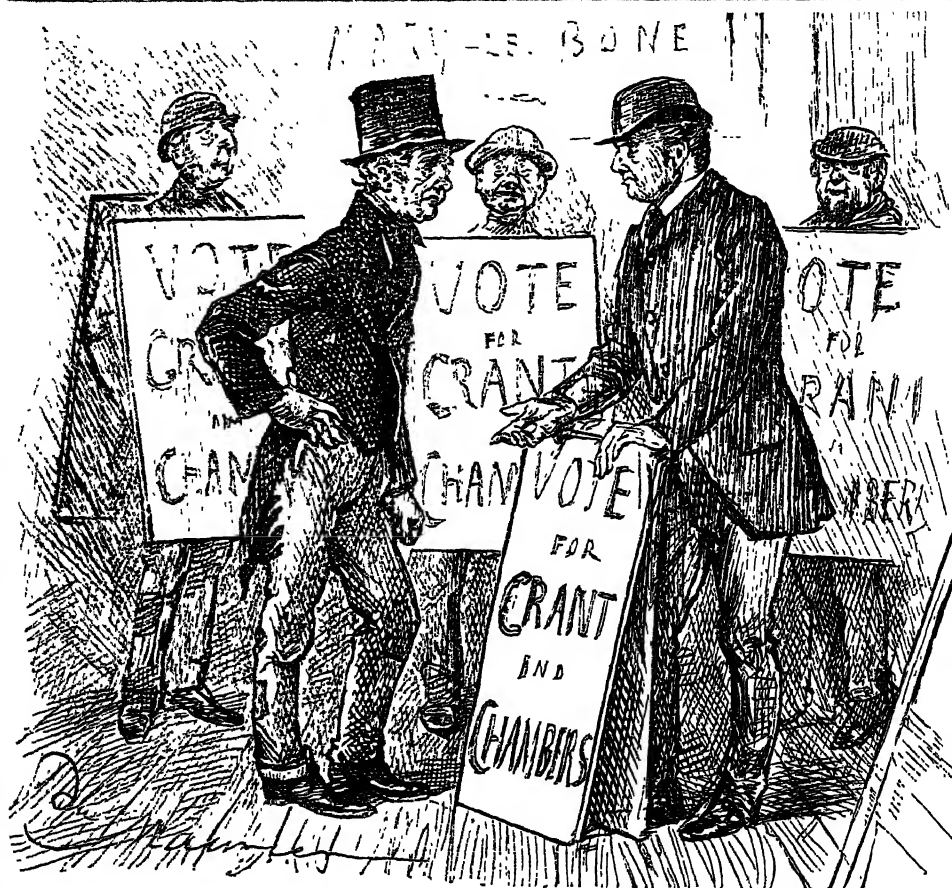
Then this rump of an expiring Parliament having been duly

whipped to the Bar of the House of Lords, by Black Rod ("desired" not "required" to attend, to the great comfort of Sir G. BOWYER), the LORD CHANCELLOR read the QUEEN'S Speech, expressing HER MAJESTY'S deep sense of the zeal and ability of her Six Years' Parliament now proroguing; her friendly foreign relations, "so favourable to the maintenance of tranquillity in Europe"—(*how about the ominous hints in Lord B.'s manifesto?*); her confident hopes of speedy settlement in Afghanistan—("Settlements" in buildings generally mean cracks, and sometimes catastrophes, your Majesty); her satisfaction in assenting to the Acts for the relief of Irish distress; her joy in observing the indications of approaching revival of trade and commerce; the sympathy with which she has witnessed the widespread agricultural distress, and the patience with which it has been borne; her trust in Heaven for a favourable harvest this year, and for good to come out of the Agricultural Commission; and, finally, a fervid prayer for the Electors of Great Britain—(*not yet past praying for*)—that they may be guided by Heaven in their choice of representatives—to which prayer *Punch* appends as fervent an "Amen!" as, with a "*Le Roi Parlement est mort!*"—"Vive le Roi Parliament!" he breaks his white wand, and waits the unsealing of the Seal of the Collective Wisdom, whose collection will begin about All Fools' Day! And then will come the sweeping clean by the new brooms of the formidable accumulation of litter, which this bad old Parliament has left behind it!

OBITU, Wednesday, March 24, 1880,
Aged Six Years and Nineteen Days,
The Ninth Parliament of Queen VICTORIA,
Leaving behind it

An unfruitful record of meritorious Acts,
And an unpleasant memory of Misemployed Opportunities.
R.I.P.

RIVALS FOR THE ELECTION ROAST.—Jingo, Lingo, and Stingo.



A POLITICAL CONSCIENCE.

Indigent Patriot. "I'VE GOT NO FAULT TO FIND WITH THE PAY; BUT I'D SOONER STARVE THAN MAKE A SANDWICH OF MY PRINCIPLES."

THREE MODEL CANDIDATES.

For Hobbyholme.

For the last month the preparations in this important borough have been of the most active character. The most energetic Candidate, if not most popular, is unquestionably Mr. PRICKLES, a gentleman of the largest possible views. Mr. PRICKLES has spent a considerable portion of his time in receiving deputations, and giving promises. He is strongly supported by every one with a grievance. Pledged to put down Co-operation, and to prevent Shipowners from having their own way in anything, he is the chosen Representative of the Anti-Contagious Diseases Association, the Anti-Vaccination and Anti-Vivisection Societies, the Societies for Curtailing the Free Action of the Publicans, the Private House Owners and Occupiers, the Tinkers, the Tailors, the Ploughboys, and the Apothecaries. He has undertaken to bring in Bills to alter all the trade arrangements of the Bakers; and he is a strenuous opponent of the practical monopoly so long enjoyed by the Candlestick-Makers. It is said by his embittered political enemies that his appearance in the House is likely to threaten the comfort, if not the interests, of every class of the community. His principles in Foreign Affairs are those of Non-Intervention.

For the Bawbee District Burghs.

A calm, but intense, enthusiasm prevails in this district. Mr. PAWKIE is the favourite Candidate. His views are cautious and practical. On Disestablishment, while opposed to all Erastian views, he is strongly in favour of giving to CÆSAR the things that are CÆSAR'S, at the same time he does not advocate the forcing of complicated questions prematurely to the front, and acts, in short, on the spirit of WORDSWORTH'S lines:—

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Mrs. PAWKIE is a zealous member of the Free Kirk, while Mr. P. continues to frequent the old Established Kirk of his fathers, but he is quite impartial in his dealings with the charities and benevolent institutions of all bodies in the burghs, being strongly opposed to

alms-giving in all forms, and strongly in favour of the good old Scottish principles of frugality and independence, and the sound maxim, "that every crock should stand on its ain bottom."

Mr. PAWKIE is opposed to Hypothesis, while he feels that the rights of the landlord should be fully guarded, and the interests of all the creditors of the occupier duly secured. He is prepared to support Mr. AGNEW'S Bill, but will not oppose Mr. BARCLAY'S Amendments, if upon consideration he can see his way to support them. He is in favour of the fullest measure of civil and religious liberty, but would not sanction any relaxation of the solemn sanctities of the Sabbath to which Scotland has owed so much of her distinctive position in the Empire, as well as the prosperity of her sons in all branches of trade, commerce and industry. He is opposed to all unnecessary interference with the liberty of the subject, whether in or out of trade, while in favour of checking all facilities for intemperance and vicious indulgence among the working classes.

In foreign policy Mr. PAWKIE would cautiously abstain from compromising the name and character of Great Britain, while throwing the full weight of her influence into the scale of national aspirations and national liberty all over the world.

Some unthinking opponents of Mr. PAWKIE call his scheme of political opinion "wersh" (the term for porridge insufficiently salted), and contrast it with the abundant eloquence and fiery fervour of Mr. GLADSTONE'S candidature, so acceptable to the Liberal electors of Midlothian. But the majority of the Bawbee District of Burghs are a cautious, practical, self-regarding, and self-respecting body, who prefer the *mitis sapientia* of Mr. PAWKIE to the "*perferendum ingenium*" and somewhat tumultuous and turbulent enthusiasm of the aspirant to Lord DALKEITH'S hereditary county-seat.

For Tar-an-ouns-ville.

MISTER O'FLATHER (who prefers to be called *The O'Flather*), having very satisfactory evidence in his own possession of his family's lineal descent from the chief of the sept—if he should not be rather called the king of the region owned and occupied by the sept in the Milesian times, before the Tuatha na Danaan—may be called the candidate of the native affections of this impassioned population. It is not safe to say that black's the white of The

"SIC VOS NON VOBIS."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

It is gratifying to us to learn from you, for the first time, how our play ends. Inferior persons as we are, we wrote this closing speech for *Sir Horace* after *Stephanie's* departure—"My wife, I have fairly won you!" which was wont to please the audience. But somebody else wanted the last word, so that was cut out, not by us. The conclusion, then, becoming idiotic, (one of us was remonstrated with by a "Public" on the impotence of our finish), it was restored, and, till now, we fondly imagined that it remained. After all, we wrote it. The end described by your worthy Representative strikes us as the most idiotic yet devised; but, no doubt, somebody else will yet supply a worse.

As for the final exit of *Stephanie*, which you so graphically describe, it is in all respects precisely what we didn't intend, and don't like.

If you were a Dramatist, *Mr. Punch* (but indeed being everything of course you are), your humorous soul would be much impressed by the common belief of our Actors in their superior knowledge of our art, as well as of their own. On the stage everybody, except the Author, knows the Author's business. Why on earth, then, doesn't everybody, except the Author, write plays?

Yours, with respect,

THE AUTHORS OF "FORGET ME NOT."

THE MOST LEARNED DOCTOR OF THE LAW.—Father Thames. He has fogged both Oxford and Cambridge.



"AVAUNT!"

Free-Kirk Divine (of advanced opinions, who has recently introduced an Organ into his Chapel). "I'M SORRY TO HEAR, MRS. MCGRAWLY, THAT YOU ARE BY NO MEANS SO REGULAR IN YOUR ATTENDANCE AT CHURCH AS YOU USED TO BE."

Fair Beggile (indignant at the Pastor's latest iniquity). "KIRK, INDEED! WUD YE LUURKE ME TAR ROME WI' THE REST O' THEM, WI' YOUR ORGINS AN' ANTHUMS AN' SIOH LIKE ABOMINATIONS? NA, NA, UNTIL YE GIE ME TH' AULD HUNDER' AGAIN WITHOUT THE WHUSTLES, I'LL TAR' MA' SPEERITUAL COMFORT AT HAME!"

O'FLATHER's eye, or to throw the least doubt on his genealogy, founded on such an unimportant fact as the immigration into the neighbourhood from Liverpool, less than half a century ago, of The O'FLATHER's father, at the head of a small capital, which he judiciously invested in the local butter and bacon trade. The O'FLATHER is a strenuous Home-Ruler of the most advanced type, and bears the official stamp of Mr. PARNELL to his being a fit person to represent Tare-an-ouns-ville. He is opposed to the ruinous invasion of English capital, except in the shape of advances to corporations, barony-sessions, boards of guardians, local industries by sea and land, worthy and insolvent tenants, and everybody wanting money—except landlords. His strenuous object, as a legislator, will be to stop all channels through which sums contributed by foreign benevolence can find their way into the pockets of the landlord or his agent. The O'FLATHER owns no land in the district, thanks to the repeated confiscations of the Saxon, which have stripped him of the broad-acres of his fathers, but holds large and judicious investments in local concerns, particularly the Tare-an-ouns-ville Town and County Bank, and all other undertakings having for object the development of native enterprise by judicious advances to the peasantry and tenant farmers, at good interest, properly secured.

The O'FLATHER is the consistent enemy of Saxon ascendancy, and is pledged to take every opportunity of obstructing its insidious advances, excepting in the shape of loans of a national and patriotic character as above described.

The O'FLATHER is opposed to all National Education that is not entrusted to the natural guides and counsellors of the Irish people—her priesthood, acting through her national representatives. He is opposed to repression and coercion and all forms of legal tyranny, whether directed against the impassioned speaking and writing of an imaginative and fervid race, which Saxon stupidity

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

IN an instructive Return indicating very general malversation of Civic parochial funds from the charitable purposes for which they were originally destined to those of eating and drinking, a Royal Commission, quoted in the *Times*, particularises a dinner given in St. Botolph's, Aldgate, by the Churchwardens, out of supplies voted by the vestry, at an expense of £60 annually; the vote being generally exceeded in actual cost by some £30. This banquet is held "on visiting the tombs." In another parish, the Commissioners tell us, eight wine merchants are employed by the local Government, their eight bills, in 1879, having amounted to £63 7s. 6d. Of this sum £2 2s. went in sacramental wine; the rest for the poor and vestry meetings; how much to the former and how little to the latter, or *vice versa*, the parochial account showed not. The Commissioners relate that—"The wine is stored in a cellar at the church." This latter parish is that of St. Sepulchre. There is, indeed, in this juxtaposition of burial vault with wine cellar something peculiarly sepulchral. These orgies are doubtless jolly, if grim. The revellers might almost be conceived quaffing their wine, in the style of Scandinavian heroes of old, out of skulls. Their wine should have a great deal of body in it, though it be *Vin de Grave*, and as such, very different stuff from "King Death's" in the song, which tells you how he "poured out the coal-black wine."

Political Theologians.

MR. EUBULE-EVANS, in common with a certain "MONRO" and some other Scottish clergymen, whilst declaring their respect for Mr. GLADSTONE's moral worth, at the same time express their regret "that he should have advised the clergy to take an active part in the election." They feel, perhaps, that the only election which men of their cloth ought to take an interest in is that "election" which Calvinistic divines contradi-

VERIFYING A PROVERB.

"ILL Weeds grow apace." Evidently true, judging from the quantity of bad cigars smoked by all the 'ARRYS on their Sundays out. As *Hamlet* observes, "And smells so! Pah!"

"TEARS—ARTFUL TEARS."

WHY is the PREMIER like a knowing woman? Because he knows there is no secret for getting his own way like a "good cry."

calls sedition, or the lively outbreaks of that playful Celtic spirit, which the poor-spiritedness of the alien oppressor would put down as disorder. He looks forward to the time when Irish national opinion will be free to assert itself in an Irish Parliament, and all opposition to its dictates will be regarded, as it ought to be, as treason, and punishable accordingly. All his efforts, in and out of Parliament, will be directed to the realisation of this good time coming, and towards it he will press, in co-operation with the illustrious PARNELL and the calumniated BIGGAR.

The Monk of Midlothian.

NOT one of the electors by whom Mr. GLADSTONE was "heckled" in Midlothian has been so perfervid as to revive the question he once used to be asked, whether or no he had turned Papist. After all that WILLIAM has written about Vaticanism, such an inquiry would now be asinine as well as impertinent. But, *Lord Dundreary* might inquire, if the Right Honourable WILLIAM were to go over to Rome, what fraternity might he be expected to join? The Oratory, of course!

"KEEPING THE WORD OF PROMISE TO THE EAR."

LORD B. promised us "Conveyancing Reform" in the Queen's Speech. His Government HAVE kept that promise—in the legalisation of Conveyances at Elections Act.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.—The alleged supernatural phenomena of Knock, and Spirit Rapping.



INSTINCTIVE GRATITUDE.

Maud (an Aristocratic Child). "HOW PRETTY AND CLEVER YOU ARE, MOTHER! I'M SO GLAD YOU MARRIED INTO OUR FAMILY!"

A SIGN AND A WARNING.

MR. PUNCH, YOUR HONOR, SIR,

Wot a sad thing it is for the Liberal Cause that so many of that Party has gave in to them there tyrannical Teetotallers. The Publicans always used to consider the Liberals their Natural Allies. They looked to them, whenever their interestes was Assailed for to take their Part agin the Parsons and the Pantilers. We all supposed the wery wital Principal of Liberalism was Freedom of Life, and we woted at every election unananimus amost like one man for the Libberal Candidate in the sure and sertin ope that he would vindicate our Callin from Ministers of all Denominations.

Now we've got many and some of the most actif of the Libberal Lot a-turnin round upon us; and yet nevertheless they expects us to wote for them as if nothink had appened. Wy can't they leave us alone? There ain't no need of legislation to ruin us. Competition's already a cookin our goose. There's now another Coffy Tavern's jist bin opened at Crouchend. And wot sed Lord SHAFTESBURY presidin on that Ocasion? The name of this here new Coffy Pub is called the "China Cup." He sed:—

"This was a most interesting occasion, and the establishment of the new coffee taverns, now become common, was matter for congratulation for society at large. They produced a great moral and physical influence on the population around them. In the cause of temperance he was happy to see people determined to move in another way than by law, for it was impossible that the law could do everything. They must work by the nobler influences of self-respect. There were great differences in the management of these institutions, but he wished to impress upon them that coffee-taverns must, as far as possible, be of the nature of public houses, the customers must have the same freedom and meet with the same hearty reception."

Avin deliver'd his Sentiments as Abuv, my Lord and his Associates adjurned to the Tavern—the "China Cup"—and sutin axion to wurd and Precept to Example, "*the Earl of SHAFTESBURY drank one of the first cups of coffee.*" Under aristocratic encourridgment like this here the Coffy Taverns is increasin at a rate quite fast enuf, without makin Laws for the Purpus of doin' away with Licensed Wiltlers. The Progres of Temperance some says will injer the Grocers too. But wot they loses by the fallin off in "Gladstone,"

and other intoxicatin liquors, will be made up to 'em by the Sale of Tea and Coffy. But then ow about the Revenu? It ave alreddy fell off in Malt tax and Exsize—owin no doubt in a grate measure to the Increase of Coffy Taverns like the "China Cup." Abolidge the Liquor Trade and ow Supply the Diffyset in the Budgit? By a tax to the reckisit Amount on the People's Coffy and Tee? Or does the Teetotallers perpose for the Nation to make good the loss of \$140,000,000 or wotever it is by payin all that sum of Necessary Inkum-tax for the pleasure of deprivin' their Neighbour of his Beer against his will? Not if the Nation nose it, unless the Nation is a Ass with Bigger Eers that I can possible Conseve. And partickler wen them there blessed Coffy Taverns is a biddin so fair as you may think, but I would rayther say so foul, to take the Bredd out of the mouths of that Arras'd Interest, that Respectabel, but much witu-paratted, bullyragged, and Prosecuted Body, to which myself your umble Servant belong. Please don't you go a callin' of me, wich it is your abit by way of bemeanin of me, BUNG, *Mr. Punch*, but

BONNYFACE.

P.S.—Punch cures the Gout the Collect and the Tizzick. Who can say that of Coffy?

A Prophet and more than a Prophet.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

HUZZA! Look at this, *Mr. Punch*! Ain't it a straight tip for us?

Yours ever, JINGO.

GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLE-CHASE.

Empress . . . Mr. BEASLY.
Liberator . . . Mr. MOORE.
Downpatrick . . . GAVIN.

Won easily by two lengths.

GRAND NATIONAL STAKES.

Empress . . . BEACONSFIELD.
Liberal . . . GLADSTONE.
Down Patrick . . . PARNELL.

Won easily by how many votes?

THE NEW CORRUPT PRACTICE.—Should go out with the Cab-in-it that brought it in.



EASTER EGGS.

"I WONDER WHAT THE BROOD WILL BE!"

HINTS FOR A NEW AND ORIGINAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

CHAPTER XII.

Professor Walter Lacy—Differences—Details—Study—Properties—Reality—Acting—Devotion—Shakspearian Illustration—Comedy—Dress—Manner—Food—Conclusion—Departure—Announcements—Curtain College—Notice up for next Term.

Professor WALTER LACY, having finished bowing to the class and to Professor ARTHUR CECIL, who, with his umbrella, is seated on the platform, commences:—

Gentlemen Students, seated at the feet of Clio and Melpomene, I thank you for the reception which you have accorded to an 'umble but 'onest Professor of the Thespian Art, once, like yourselves, an



aspirant for those honours which a successful career accords to the ardent votaries of the sock and buskin. (*Applause, specially from Professor CECIL's umbrella, which is graciously acknowledged by the Lecturer, who bows to it, and proceeds.*) Gentlemen, the Dramatic Muse is to be wooed and won. For what is she but a poetic idealisation of Feminality—of that Feminality, Gentlemen Students, which I have respectfully studied in all its varied *specimina*—from the pure blonde of Albion to the Day and Martin of the Torrid Zone. (*Applause led by Professor CECIL's umbrella.*) Gentlemen, study is everything on the stage, for there is no acting without the very closest attention to the minutest tiniest atom of every fairy detail. (*Applause.* Professor CECIL expresses dissent, but listens attentively.) The Dramatic Muse is a woman, as I have said, and is only to be won by the assiduity of an 'umble slave, the self-devotion of a sighing Romeo to a languishing Juliet, the abject submission of a lusty Antony to an Imperial Cleopatra. (*Cheers, in which Professor CECIL heartily joins.*)

Yes, Gentlemen, not a jot, not a tittle, must be omitted in your study! Observe the delicate and graceful outline, and the bold conformation of the Muse of Tragedy, while you equally admire the light and facile movements, the gazelle-like glances, and the well-turned ankles that coruscate before your eyes as you view the Muse of Comedy! (*Cheers from everybody.*) No one can be an Actor, no one can have within him—(*tapping his breast*)—the divine afflatus, who has not an eye for beauty, and who, sitting, as is my custom often, on a summer morning in the bay-window of the ancient Ship Hotel, Brighton, with the spray of the sea among my prawns, does not to the full appreciate the queenly walk, the undulating wave-like movement of the fair pedestrians on the parade before him, and feel his heart beat with a sympathetic throb at the vision of a foot that grips the ground like a young Arab, and yet rises in the instep like the back of a wild squirrel. (*Vehement applause, in which Professor CECIL's umbrella heartily joins.* The Lecturer bows, passes his handkerchief lightly across his forehead, heaves a full inspiration and continues.)

Yes, Gentlemen, details are everything in acting, though I have not now time at my disposal to dwell upon them. An Actor is an Actor off the stage, or he is none on. He must be in the day what he is to represent at night. He must be metamorphosed body and spirit. In the curl of a lock, in the breadth of a shoe-string, in the brilliancy of a buckle, lie the fundamental mysteries of our art.

(*Expression of dissent from Professor CECIL.*) I believe, in this respect, I differ from my brother Professor. Gentlemen, we must agree to differ. (*Applause.*) As to properties, I would have everything real—(*waving his hand*)—no shams, Gentlemen, no shams on the stage. Real properties—(*dissent from Professor CECIL*)—and real acting. (*Applause, led by the umbrella enthusiastically.*) On that last point we agree. (*Applause.*) As a student of the happiness of human nature and the progress of dramatic art, I have made it a rule to insist on a clause, in every agreement I have ever signed, making it a *sine qua non* that the Management shall provide a real and genuine entertainment if there were to be a banquet on the stage—according to the epoch in which the piece happened to be cast. (*Cheers, except from Professor CECIL, who expresses vehement dissent.*) As Bluff King HAL, at the sumptuous entertainment given right royally in Cardinal WOLSEY's palace, the board was spread with venison-pasties, boar's-head, braised meats, flagons of Rhenish wine, brown jugs of black beer, and I partook freely of the viands, and quaffed the old ale. (*Applause; and stronger expressions of dissent from Professor CECIL.*) That, Gentlemen, was being, in theatrical parlance, "well supported." (*"Hear! hear!"*) When I appeared in such characters as I may term the *Alfred High-fyers* of modern comedies—with a waistcoat like a volcano, and a cravat like a cataract—if there were a repast on the stage, it was supplied me in the shape of a delicate *côtelette*, cooked by a French chef, from the best restaurant in London, washed down with a glass of port like a crushed garnet—and then, with the feelings of a gentleman and the manners of a man about town, I could go through my part on the classic boards of Old Drury. (*Loud applause.* Professor CECIL shakes his head sadly, and is seen to look at his watch, and examine his A. B. C. guide.)

But, Gentleman, I see my Brother Professor is consulting the bill of fare—or the bill of fares—of the time-table, and we must be wending our way homeward, where, previous to our Lecture at the Academy, a repast awaits us at the Garrick Club, which might well vie with the epicurean delicacies on the hospitable board of the Pompeian LUCULLUS in the palmiest days of ARBACES the Egyptian; and if a tender chicken of the early spring-time be on the menu, then let Professor CECIL take what he likes,—(*"Hear, hear" very heartily from Professor CECIL*)—but, for my part, in the everyday drama of dinner, I am content with the left thigh, the liver wing, and a morsel of the succulent part of the breast, preceded, perhaps, by a flowing bowl of boiling pea-soup, or a little bit of fish—say, for instance, a portion of the gelatinous jowl of a colossal cod, washed down by a cool tankard of foaming porter, which dashes against my ribs like the spray against the prow of a jolly-boat on the ocean. (*Immense applause.* Professor CECIL, with his umbrella, motions the Lecturer towards the door.) I thank you. (*Applause.* The Lecturer takes up his hat and gloves, and bows in a dignified and courtly style, as he concludes.)

My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal!

I thank ye all! (*To Professor CECIL.*) To you, my grave Professor, And these good Students—(*to them*)—I am much beholden.

I have received much honour by your presence,

And ye shall find me thankful. (*To Professor CECIL.*) Lead the way!

Since time and tide for no Professor stay!

(*Insists on bowing out Professor CECIL, then places his hand on his heart, shakes his head in pantomimic expression of utter self-abnegation, and exit after the other Professor.*)

The first Series of Lectures to be delivered at Curtain College—the Ladies' Annexe—would probably include the following subjects for the Lady-Professors:—

On True Tragic Intensity	Mrs. BANCROFT.
On Musical Intonation and Variation of Voice	Miss JENNIE LEE.
On the Art of Walking the Stage Gracefully	Mrs. KENDAL.
On True Dramatic Energy and on Proper Emphasis in Elocution	Miss KATE VAUGHAN.
On Consistency in Representation and the Danger of Trusting too much to Pre-Raphaelitism in Posture	Miss ELLEN TERRY.
On the Danger of Overdoing any Imitation of Great French Originals	Miss GENEVIÈVE WARD.
On Perfect Repose in Acting	Miss NELLIE FARREN.
On the Art of Entirely Concealing Personal Identity in representing various Characters	Miss LA THÈRE.
On the Avoidance of Over-Ingenuousness in playing <i>ingénues</i>	Miss MARION TERRY.
On the Absolute Necessity of Repressing anything like a Tendency to Angularity or Hardness of Style	Miss WALLIS.



AN AFFAIR OF TASTE.

English Church Dignitary. "OH—ER—J'AI BESWANG D'OON LIVRE OU DEUX, POUR LIRE À MA FAMEEL, VOUS SAVVY. QUELQUE CHOSE DE MODERNE, ET PAS DIFFICILE À COMPRENDRE! AVVY VOUS?"

Fair Parisian Bookseller. "OUI, MONSIEUR, NOUS AVONS ÇA! VOICI L'AS-SOMMOIR, PAR ZOLA. C'EST TRÈS GENTIL. OU PRÉFÉREZ-VOUS NANA, PAR LE MÊME AUTEUR—ÉDITION ILLUSTRÉE?"

His Reverence (aghast). "OH NONG, MADEMOISELLE!"

Fair Parisian Bookseller. "NON? C'EST POURTANT BIEN JOLI, MONSIEUR!"

On the Advantage of Creating an Ideal
of Lady Macbeth, the Queen in Hamlet,
and Volunna in Coriolanus . . . Miss LOTTIE VENN.
On the finesse of High Comedy . . . Miss CAROLINE HILL.
On Unreality of Demeanour and Evi-
dent Consciousness of the Presence of
an Audience* . . . * * *

"The hints" will probably be resumed in the May Term, as Mr. IRVING, Mr. KENDAL, and Mr. VENN—all with their Lectures ready, and eager for the "say"—have not yet been heard. But the Easter Vacation has arrived, and for the present the term is ended, though the subjects are far from exhausted.

It will have been already seen, from the foregoing Lectures, that different Professors have different principles. Who shall decide? The ultimate decision must be in the hands of the Venerable Master of Thespian—*vide* portrait in early part of this series.

* Great many names up for this last lecture. The selection will be made by the College Council.

A Matter of Choice.

The question between compulsory teetotallers and beer-drinking Britons may be concisely stated as a case of Local Option against General Malt-and-hopsion.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR ALL PARTIES.

(Now being Asked and Answered Simultaneously.)

OPPOSITION.

Q. WHAT weak and ephemeral Statesman of our times, possessing the inhumanity of a Nero, and the agility of a Rich, is unfit to be trusted with the driving of a common city-omnibus, owing to his gross lack of the first principles of integrity, judgment, and discretion?

A. Lord BEACONSFIELD.

HOME-RULE.

Q. Who is the rising political day-star, who, gifted with the strength of Vulcan, the humour of VANCE, the polish of RICHELIEU, and the eloquence of DEMOSTHENESES, has crossed the Atlantic twice in six months (a feat unattempted by COLUMBUS), and has eharged his down-trodden country nothing worth mentioning for doing it?

A. Mr. PARNELL.

GOVERNMENT.

Q. Who is the escaped maniac who, though he ought to be in Bedlam, has got loose at Midlothian, and, to the everlasting shame and degradation both of the country that has produced him and of the renegades he has cajoled, has refused obstinately to see triumph in Cyprus, ascendancy at Berlin, peace in Asia, or even honour at home?

A. Mr. GLADSTONE.

THE MAN OF LIGHT AND LEADING.

To oblige the Public, *Mr. Punch*, with his customary kindness, published a fortnight ago a prophetic account of the University Boat Race, showing how the result of the contest would not possibly be known on the appointed day, because it would be too dark to see the finish! He spoke the truth, if not the whole truth. It was not only too dark to see the finish, but the start either. *Mr. Punch* (as he always is) was right. The Clerk of the Weather, disgusted at the attempt to row the race before daylight, turned on a fog of the best London quality—November pattern—so much the fashion all last winter, and the blues were merged in the yellows. Fog was everywhere present on the morning of Saturday the 20th of March, 1880, with one exception. That exception was 85, Fleet Street!

The Rising Generation.

The Senior Master at one of our Public Schools having advertised a Lecture on "Our Eyes, and how we see through them," a bold bad Boy wrote underneath, "Or, 'Our Pupils, and how they see through us?'"

A REAL ARCADIAN SHEPHERD.—A Rural Dean.

The Law's Delay.

MR. NOEL lately told Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN that he hoped the New Law Courts will be sufficiently finished to admit of being used by the end of 1881. Some impatient people express a fear that those Courts won't be finished till the Day of Judgment. It is certain, however, that they will be complete before that. Legal proceedings have of late run to such lengths that, even after the New Law Courts have been opened for the dispatch of business, a considerable time is likely to elapse before any day of judgment arrives.

FROM THE EAST LANCASHIRE BILL OF FARE.

A SUBSTITUTE for Cocky-Leeky—Lamb-leeky; or, if we like our menu in bad French, *Agnew au Leake*.

CON. FOR THE CREWS.

Why is this year like the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race? Because there are two Eights in it.

THE COMMON LOT—DRUNK OR SOBER.—To be screwed in our coffins!

THE TRIUMPH OF KING FOG.

A PEAN AT PUTNEY.



[The Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race for 1880 was postponed from Saturday, on account of the fog, and rowed on Monday, in mist and misery.]

King Fog loquitur.

HA! ha! Ho! ho! This is a crowning joke,
 A pleasantry that men will long remember.
 Dolts! did they think to limit my dread yoke
 To the poor rule of one dull month, November?
 This, this will undeceive them: tops my winnings
 This season! I have had a splendid innings!

'Tis lovely to look back on! Stretched my pall
Of poisonous asphyxia over all,
Week after week, unintermittently,
Till mortals, finding that they could not see,
E'en at high noon, or what one noon supposes,
Two feet before their fog-choked frost-nipped noses,
Imagined, growing gloomier, grimmer, glummer,
That day had wholly vanished—following Summer!
Lord! what a lark it was to see them groping,
Like blind black-beetles, beer-bemused to dizziness,
At early, but Egyptian, morn to business!
Sniffing and sneezing, grumbling, vainly hoping
For my departure, air-draughts less pea-soupy,
Lungs less smoke-clogged, and bronchial tubes less croupy.
I raised the death-rates and the gas-bills high,
And lowered vigour and vitality.
Christmas I made a lurid murky mystery,
A sombre, sunless, swart, Serbonian season,
For misty misery unmatched in history.
I almost robbed the artist-world of reason;
Poor painter-men went mad above their madder:
So shall my evil spell extend to May,
When scantier, less saleable, and sadder
Must be the R.A.'s annual Art array.
And now returning in the budding Spring,
When men of course expected no such thing,
Thinking I'd fled, and of my reign left no trace,
I've been and spoilt the Boat-Race!!!
Delicious!!

Didn't my victims look supremely vicious,
As, stealing o'er the reaches of the river,
I made them snort, and swear, and stamp, and shiver—
Their noses bluer than their badges? Drawn
From distant downy beds at early dawn,
So to be sold!

Returning, pinched and peevish, cross and cold,
To tell the world that though men dare to row
The race in rushing rain or blinding snow,
Champions defying deluge, braving blast,
Had to knock under to King Fog at last!
Ha! ha!—how hath my murky empire grown!
The circling year will soon be all mine own.
Easter elections I perhaps—no—steady!
That were sheer waste.

DIZZY, a man precisely to my taste,
Has fogged all issues, and most minds, already.
But Epsom!—happy thought! I'm game to bet
I've not yet reached the limit of my tether.
I've spoiled the Boat-Race with infernal weather,
And—who knows?—I MAY STOP THE DERBY YET!!!

The Mountain Child.

A MORNING paper announces:—

"The St. Gothard Tunnel, the longest in the world, in the construction of which more lives have been lost than in any other similar undertaking, has now acquired the unique distinction of being the scene of a birth."

The wife of a workman employed in the Tunnel, having entered it to see her husband, unexpectedly presented him with this new olive-branch—sprung, to light in the dark. Mother and child are doing as well as could be expected.

Punch, in honour of the event, ventures to fit a new point to the old saw, "*Parturient montes nascetur,*" not "*ridiculus mus,*" but "*parculus infans.*"

Head Money at Salonica.

PUNCH rejoices to learn that Colonel SYNGE is released—for a mere song—to the very pretty tune of £12,000!

It would be interesting to know who has paid the money. Not the English Government. The Colonel is an Ottoman *employé*. Not the Turks. They haven't got it, and would not pay if they had. Can the Brigands have been obliged to SYNGE for it?

Flood versus Fog.

WILL rails at BEN, and BEN at WILLIAM girds;
The wise man owns, what'er his party leanings,
That GLADSTONE's speech has far too many words,
Whilst DIZZY's words have all too many meanings.

A SCRATCH CREW.—That of the boat in which Charon used to ferry souls over ancient Styx to Old Scratch.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF BEER.



No wonder Beer in Burton should be rooted on a rock—the Bass-Rock. BASS and ALLSOPP have it all their own way, not only in that happy borough, which between them they make,

"Illustrious by their names,
And prosperous by their brew."

But in all the surrounding regions—

"Two men they are to all the county dear,
And passing rich on profits of their beer."

While in less blessed boroughs parties and party-leaders are at daggers drawn, if not actually cutting one another's throats, Burton meets in tuneful concord and Brewerly—which seems the best kind of brotherly—love, at the Masonic Hall, in Union Street, (happily named locality) to celebrate the unthreatened supremacy of MICHAEL BASS and SAMUEL ALLSOPP—Liberal and Conservative as they are—in the genial affections of East Staffordshire.

In acknowledging the toast of the "County Members," Mr. BASS talked sense as sound as his beer, and particularly opportune at this time.

"If they were to take all as truth which fell from the lips of gentlemen of both parties, they might indeed tremble for the future of their country. On the one hand they were told that a more truculent, bloodthirsty, or disreputable lot did not exist than her Majesty's Ministers; and on the other hand they were told that a more rascally, dishonest, or dishonourable crew did not exist than the Opposition. Those hard words were really only the language of innocent metaphor, and all that was meant was that the 'outs' would like to supplant the 'ins'; and that if they were in they thought they could do better than those who were at present in. Fortunately, at the present day they did not allow politics to interfere with private friendship, and he hoped and trusted that, however much they might differ on political questions, they would never cease to remember that above all things they were Englishmen and gentlemen, that they should retain a kindly consideration one for another, and have the generosity to believe that there was truth, honour, and uprightness, even in those who differed from them."

Conservative ALLSOPP then rose, and said ditto to Liberal BASS.

This Election Harmony, in Thorough-Bass, is really refreshing. And to think that the source of such sweetness should be the spring of Bitter Beer! The fountain of such light is the flow of the amber-osal nectar of BASS and ALLSOPP!

There is a lesson in this, if philosophy could but find it out. Is it in the saccharine of the malt, or in the wholesome tonic of the hop, that we should seek the secret of this harmonising influence, or is it that such honest Brewers must be honest men, and so equally welcome to their constituents, whatever their political trade-mark, so long as their bottle-label testifies as now to the quality of their beer?

PARVUM IN MULTO.—Election speeches.

NOT TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor does not hold himself bound to acknowledge, return, or pay for Contributions. In no case can these be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope. Copies should be kept.



THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Fashionable London Cousin (surveying Country ditto, a Cornish Vicar's Wife, who has been expiating on the Rocks, the Waves, the Sunsets, the Seals, and other beauties of the Cornish Coast). "AND ARE THERE ANY DRESSMAKERS IN CORNWALL?"

WHICH IS IT?

West End Comedy—adapted from a recent Law Report.

SCENE.—*The Drawing-Room of a Belgravian Mansion. Judicious Duke discovered going carefully over the items of a long haberdasher's bill. Confiding Tradesman waiting obsequiously (R). Beautifully Dressed Duchess toying idly with a parure of diamonds (L).*

Judicious Duke (handing back the bill). You may take this memorandum back, Sir. (*With determination.*) Not a single penny of it will I pay.

Confiding Tradesman. Indeed, your Grace, you fairly surprise me? Surely you do not deny that the articles, as specified in the invoice, have been supplied?

Judicious Duke (with aristocratic bonhomie). Not at all, my good friend, not at all. On the contrary, I am aware that the rich Lyons velvet, trimmed so tastefully with *point d'Alençon*, which Her Grace the Duchess is doing you and it the honour to wear at this moment, comes from your excellent establishment. Ha! ha! 'pon my life you are an obliging firm.

Confiding Tradesman. We trust to deserve that character, your Grace; but now that our usual five years' credit has run out, we should like to see our money.

Judicious Duke (nettled). By the memory of my ancestors who fell at Crecy, have I not told you that I owe you nothing? But as you seem to doubt my dual word, this distinguished legal authority may suffice to silence you.

Enter a Lord Chancellor.

Lord Chancellor. With the utmost pleasure. I presume our fair and gracious hostess (*bows to Duchess*) has been running up this, and possibly other little bills, without the consent, nay, even in spite of the express injunction, of her noble spouse?

Beautifully dressed Duchess (coyly). Ah, my dear Chancellor, *vous avez toujours raison!* Eh bien, I plead guilty.

Lord Chancellor (gallantly). Of course, and as a consequence this worthy tradesman has no case. (*Flinging himself on to an ottoman.*) You cannot recover, my good fellow. By the law of England, the husband is not responsible for the debts of his wife.* So, prithee, retire

* See latest case, *Debenham v. Mellor*, decided on appeal by the Lords Justices.

to your counter, and your reflections, and leave us to our tea, and society-scandal!
[*They laugh heartily at Confiding Tradesman's discomfiture as scene closes in.*]

SAME—EAST END VERSION.

SCENE.—*Interior of District County Court. Experienced Judge discovered on bench disposing of a "Contempt" case. Injudicious Artisan, his Missus, and Officers of the Court in attendance.*

Experienced Judge (having heard all the evidence). Well, it's very clear that you have made no sort of effort to comply with my order. Every halfpenny of your debt of £1 17s. 6d., for gin supplied to your wife, is still unpaid; and this, in spite of the injunction laid upon you by this Court gradually to discharge the whole by weekly instalments of half-a-crown. It is a very bad case. You must go to prison till the debt is discharged.

Injudicious Artisan. Excuse me, your Worship, as I told you afore, it ain't no debt of mine. My Missus here, as she'll tell you, being sober this mornin', she's run up that 'ere tick, right in spite o' me, though I'd threatened her with a good latherin' if she didn't drop her drops.

His Missus (simpering with a curtsy to the Bench). Which he did, your Honour—

Injudicious Artisan. And that's the truth, and the 'ole truth, so 'elp me—

Experienced Judge (looking to notes of next case). That will do. I don't want to hear your explanation. You know as well as I do that by the law of England the husband is responsible for the debts of his wife. If yours will contract them, why don't you look after her? (*To Officer of Court.*) There, that will do. Remove him.

[*Injudicious Artisan is locked up, to the surprise of nobody, as the Curtain falls.*]

SELTZER AND SALETTE.

A CONTEMPORARY announces the commemoration of KAISER WILHELM's birthday at Oberlahnstein, between Ems and Coblenz, by the opening of the Victoria fountain, formed of a new seltzer spring accidentally discovered last year through the large quantity of bubbles in a pond in a brickfield, found to consist of carbonic acid gas. Borings made subsequently showed this spring to be a valuable one. Its water is reported "quite free from iron," and "more like the well-known fiscal Selterswasser than any other yet discovered." Here you have with merely local difference another case of the La Salette fountain, or that of Lourdes, barring their Apparitions. However, though no Apparition attended the birth of this new fountain, its primary spring also first revealed itself by a display of bubbles.

Election Anagrams.

(*By a Bored Blue.*)

Mr. W. E. Gladstone (from Midlothian)—We get on, Lads!

Conservative—Voters can vie.

Liberal—Bear ill.

Radical—Rail, Cad!

Home-Rule—Oh, lure me!

Dissolution—O! is Lion dust?

Parliament—Fat, rile man.

PARNELL'S ROAD TO PARLIAMENT.—*Ab ovo usque ad mala.*

SWEET GIRL GRADUATES.



(See Mr. Gladstone's Letter in reply to Mary Steadman Aldis's Petition, Daily News, March 15.)

A storm was coming, but men's minds were still,
And, in the dim tracts of Utopia's land,
At Merlin's feet the would-be Graduate prayed.

For, yielding to his kindlier moods, the Sage

Had watched her at her petulance and play,
Even when they seemed unloveable, and laughed
As those that watch a kitten; thus he grew
Tolerant of what he half disdained, and she,
Perceiving that she was but half disdained,
Began to break her sports with graver fits,—
Turn wholly blue; and thus she clung to him
Fixt in her will; and so the terms went by.



RELIEF FOR IRELAND.

Mickey Doolan (who has dropped in to see his neighbours the O'Flahertys). "WELL, PAT, HOW ARE YE GOING ON THESE TIMES!"

Pat O'Flaherty. "ILLEGANT! THANKS BE TO THE SAINTS! WE'RE FEEDIN' THREE PIGS ON THE MANSION HOUSE, AND ATIN' THE DUCHESS OURSELVES!"

Then Merlin loosed his hand from hers and said,
 "I never was less wise, however wise,
 Than when I gave you first a footing here;
 For, once allowed, I find you like the gnat
 That settles, beaten back, and, beaten back,
 Settles, till I must yield for weariness.
 But since I will not yield to give you place
 In academic contests and degrees,
 Why will you never ask some easier boon,—
 Private examination *sans* degree?
 Yea, by St. Scott, I trusted you too much."

And VIVIEN, like the tenderest-hearted Miss
 Fresh from the globes and *Mangnall*, thus replied:
 "Nay, Master, be not wrathful with your maid,
 Who feels no heart to ask another boon;
 I think you hardly know the tender rhyme
 Of 'take us all in all or not at all.'
 I heard the PEOPLE'S WILLIAM sing it once,
 And it shall answer for me. Listen to it.

"In Arts, if once examiners be ours,
 To take degrees we must have equal powers;
 The loss of these is as the loss of all:

"It is the little rift within the lute,
 That soon will leave the Girton lecturer mute;
 And, slowly emptying, silence Newnham Hall.

"The little rift in academic lute,
 The speck of discontent in hard-earned fruit,
 That, eating inwards, turns it into gall.

"It is not worth the keeping; let it go:
 But shall it? Answer fairly, answer no;
 And take us all in all or not at all."

"O Master, do you love my tender rhyme?"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(St. James's and the Haymarket.)

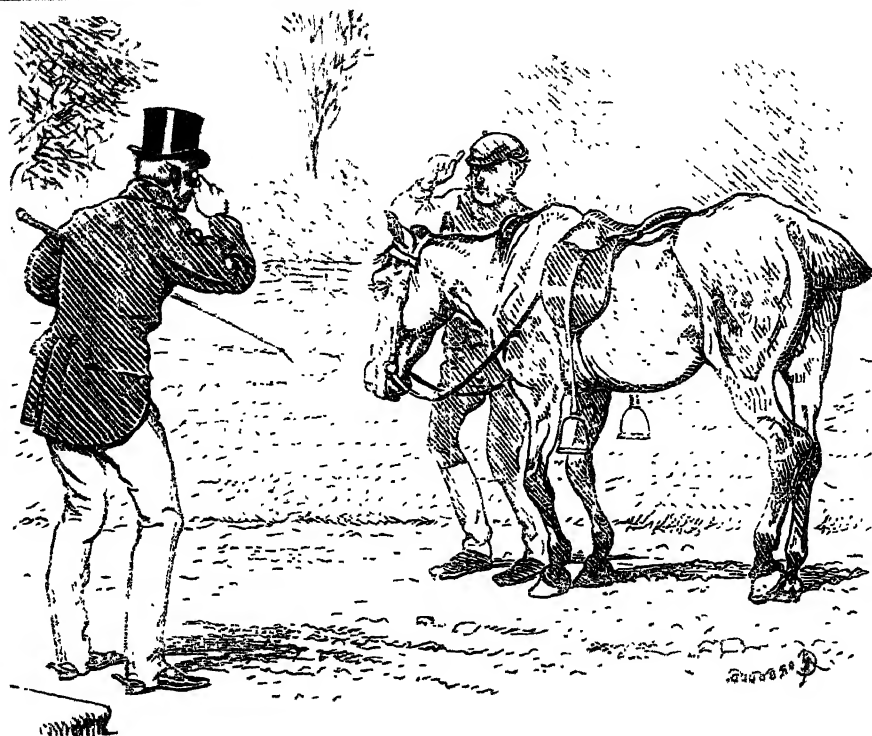
Old Cronies is the title of the duologue, which serves as a most amusing *lever du rideau* at the St. James's. It is brilliantly written by Mr. THEYRE SMITH, and played by MESSRS. MACKINTOSH and WENMAN in admirable taste, and with consummate finish.

The revival of *Still Waters Run Deep*, will interest those who remember its original production at the Olympic, those who have heard so much of it since, those who have seen it indifferently performed by Amateurs—and what set of Amateurs has not tried it at some time or other?—and the Amateurs themselves who have represented it, and who pride themselves on their own original readings of the several parts.

But with how it was first played at the Olympic, when ALFRED WIGAN was *Mildmay*, Mrs. ALFRED WIGAN *Mrs. Sternhold*, GEORGE VINING *Hawksley*, and EMERY OLD POTTER, I have very little to do just now—that is, as far as comparison goes.

Most Theatre-goers are acquainted with *John Mildmay*, *Captain Hawksley*, *Mrs. Sternhold*, and *Old Potter*; and all who know the play are aware, that, in the First Act, *Mildmay* is deceiving his family circle by assuming *le rôle d'un gogo* for his own ends, which it is the purpose of the play to work out to a triumphant finish. Now Mr. KENDAL does not let the audience see that he is only pretending to be a simpleton; he treats them as he treats *Mrs. Sternhold*, and attempts to deceive them as he has deceived her. As the secret of the play is kept from the audience during the First Act, and is indeed only very gradually developed, it is left for the Actors to enlighten us by very marked exhibition of individuality. We soon learn, in the First Act, that *Hawksley* is a villain, but only gradually how great is his villainy, and to what extent *Mrs. Sternhold* has been indiscreet.

If the representatives of *Hawksley* and *Mrs. Sternhold* were, so to speak, to "walk through" their parts, no audience of average intelligence could remain in ignorance of what the Author had intended their characters to be, or what were their motives for action.



"SUFFICIENT FOR THE DAY," &c.

Old Gentleman (to Groom). "WHY, MARTIN, WHAT THE DEUCE HAVE YOU GOT THERE?"

Groom. "YOU TOLD ME YOU'D WANT SOMETHING TO GO A CANVASSING—AND I THOUGHT THE OLD 'UN 'UD DO FOR THAT!"

THE TRUE STANDARD AND THE SHAM.

(Two Ways of taking a Facer.)

STOUTLY, *Standard*, face disaster,
Brave endurance halves the hurt;
Nor like *D. T.* seek a plaster
For defeat in flinging dirt!

Magnify not each small triumph,
Minimise not each bad fall;
Nor to Victors' paeans cry "Humph!"
So to hide how *you* sing small.

Own the truth like a fair foe man,
Who thy coat hast scorned to turn,
And be sure that there is no man
Who with blush for thee need burn!

No—our scorn is for the bluster,
Blatant blundering meant to hide,
For the finking masked in fluster,
And the prophecies gone wide.

For the reams of rubbish wasted,
Burst of drums bethumped in vain;
Windy bags of words bombasted,
Blown but to collapse again!

Prove the worse the better reason,
Pass thy bray for Lion's roar;
Rave, as fits thy name, till season
Comes for turning coat once more!

A COMING EVENT THAT HAS CAST ITS
SHADOW BEFORE.

THE Post-Office is about to get rid of its MANNERS. (The young Ladies in our Branch-Office got rid of *their* Manners long ago.)

Not so with *Mildmay*. He is a mystery in the First Act, just as much as the letter brought by *Hawksley* is a mystery, and the audience know as little about the one as the other, unless the actor shows us distinctly *when* he is playing a part to deceive *Mrs. Sternhold*, *when* he is carrying out his "*laissez faire*" principle "too far" as regards his wife, and *when* he is really *John Mildmay*, the upright, honest, strong-willed, keen-sighted, and politic Lancashire lad. This is the single fault that can be found with Mr. KENDAL's impersonation.

Mr. HARE as *Old Potter* is inimitable, that is, if *Old Potter* is to be represented as an octogenarian. "There is only twenty years difference between us," he says to his sister, *Mrs. Sternhold*, who, in spite of all *Mrs. KENDAL* can do to herself in the way of "make up," does not look a day more than thirty-five, though, according to Mr. HARE's appearance and the dialogue, she ought to be sixty. Either Mr. HARE's *Old Potter* is too old, or *Mrs. KENDAL's Mrs. Sternhold* is too young. Supposing we say thirty years' difference, and consider *Potter* as an old seventy?

Then, again, Mr. TERRISS, as *Hawksley*, is too young—at least he was when I saw him on the first night: I am informed he has grown older and wiser since then—and he rather enlisted the audience's sympathy with his pluck when, in his own room, alone with *Mildmay*, he, slight figure as he is, raises his hand against Mr. KENDAL, who puts him down at once, telling him not to try that again, as it is a contest between a hale Lancashire lad and "a battered London roué"—which character was scarcely borne out by the appearance of Mr. TERRISS's *Captain Hawksley*. In fact, supposing *Mildmay* a champion heavy-weight, and *Hawksley* a champion light-weight, the latter a trifle superior in science, the knowing hands would be inclined to back the Captain in a set-to.

Miss GRAHAM's *Mrs. Mildmay* struck me as being exactly what a young girl would be who had been brought up by such a couple as Mr. *Potter* and *Mrs. Sternhold*. She is a mere cipher in the house, just one step above the more recently-introduced cipher, her husband. Taken altogether, the performance is most satisfactory, as being interesting and decidedly amusing. Mr. HARE's *mauvais quart d'heure* before dinner is capital.

Of EMERY in this situation, CHARLES DICKENS said, just twenty years ago, "I don't think I ever saw anything meant to be funny that struck me as so extraordinarily droll. I couldn't get over it at all" (p. 429, vol. 1., *Letters of Charles Dickens*). This opinion would be equally true of Mr. HARE's *Potter* before dinner. I fancy, too, that if a trifle less intentionally droll than EMERY's, it is truer to nature.

In the theatrical magazine, *The Theatre*, this month there is a pleasant discussion on the Pit of the Haymarket, which might have been headed, "*What has he done with it?*" or "*What will he do without it?*" The editorial summing-up seems to be that Mr. BANCROFT possesses an undoubted right to do what he likes with his own property, at the same time implying a recommendation to him *not* to do it again. The Haymarket restored—without the Pit restored—is splendid and luxurious. The public has yet to get accustomed to such magnificence, and is at present inclined to whisper its approval with "bated breath, and to applaud most decorously with velvet palms. Only the utterly farcically comic scenes in *Money* rouse the audience outside the gilded frame, when they applaud vigorously and laugh heartily.

Evelyn, with his Polytechnic lecture on gold, and his false story of the Sizar at College, and *Clara*, with more human nature in her than her lover possesses, but overloaded with sentiment, are two beings whom it is not possible to produce as realities in ordinary life. MACREADY and HELEN FAUCIT—stilted declamation and affected posturing—these were the original *Evelyn* and *Clara* of Lord LYTTON's play, and so they will remain. Make them less than these made them, they shrink to nothing, and the play lives on *Lady Franklyn*, *Graves*, *Sir Fwedeck*, and the reading of the will.

Yet I never saw Miss MARION TERRY to greater advantage than in *Clara Douglas*. Whatever could be done with this character in our natural modern style she did, and not a sign of that over-straining after ingenuousness which was so specially noticeable in *Duty*, and gave a semblance of affectation to the Officer's wife in *Ours*.

Mr. ARTHUR CECIL is to be commended for making *Graves* a gentleman, and Mr. BANCROFT's *Sir Fwedeck*, if occasionally overdone, is for the most part decidedly funny. Of course it is a caricature, of a type like those in *Vanity Fair*.

In *Mrs. BANCROFT's Lady Franklyn* is contained the spirit of the piece, without which it would be intolerably lackadaisical. That the part for its most successful points relies on broad farce is the author's fault, and *Lady Franklyn* has craftily contrived to shift most of the farcical responsibility on to the unhappy *Graves*, who, heaven knows, has enough to bear already, with his eternal "Sainted Maria!"

Mr. KEMBLE's *Stout* and Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON's *Lord Glossmore* are excellent as caricatures, the former being a trifle too exaggerated, while the latter's make-up is wonderfully good, though perhaps not quite what the noble author had in his mind when he wrote the character.

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.



"MASTERLY INACTIVITY."

First Elector. "PLUMP FOR SLOKER, WILL YOU!—YOU DON'T MEAN THAT!"

Second Elector. "CERTAINLY—HE'LL SAY NOWT! AND HE'LL DO NOWT—AND HE'LL SPEND NOWT!!"

SIR LANCELOT AND SIR JINGO.

A COLLOQUY AND A CONTRAST.

INTERLOCUTORS—*The shade of SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE, a Knight of Arthur's Court. SIR JINGO DE PALL MALL, a Patriot of the Period.*

Sir Lancelot. Knight of a later day, I bid you hail!
Although not plumed or panoplied in mail,
As was our earlier fashion, you, belike,
Have knighthood's spirit, proud and prompt to strike
In high and honourable cause, and yet,
Gentle, and just, and generous.

Sir Jingo. Well, you set
The standard high, but, no doubt, both are game
To whip the world, and that is much the same.

Sir Lancelot. Nay, not entirely, Sir; in such a fight
Suppose the world, not you, were in the right?

Sir Jingo. And why suppose such rot? Enough for me,
To back our own side, and let beggars see
What "Rule Britannia" means.

Sir Lancelot. And what is that?

Sir Jingo. Why, BULL erect and foreign foes all flat,
Like tumbled ninepins, or the knights you shot
From saddle in the lists at Camelot
One after t'other, if old tales tell true.

Sir Lancelot. Pray let that pass. The knight his sword who drew,
Or laid his lance in rest, for a bad cause,
Not in defence of violated laws,
Or weakness that lacked champion, won no praise,
Victor or vanquished, in our earlier days;
So fail I, whatso'er his skill or force,
To see his claim to honour who'd divorce
Knighthood and simple justice.

Sir Jingo. Come, I say,
That's GLADSTONE's line, the LANCELOT of our day,
As some enthusiasts swear; though, were it true,
'Twould seem a doubtful compliment to you.

When your Queen GUINIVERE,—nay, never blush!—
Called for her Champion, did you care one rush
Whether her cause was righteous or was not?
Not you! Well then, to each true patriot
England's a GUINIVERE; for her he'll fight
And never stop to fuss about the right.

Sir Lancelot. Sheer sophistry! Be sure the worthier love
Of loyal hearts sets honour high above
All other counts. To know his land forsworn,
Faithless, or self-awayed, open to men's scorn,
Though strong, successful, scathless, to true knight
Should bring, God wot, as little of delight
As vision of his Lady, hailed by fame
Queen of all lists yet stained by secret shame,
Like that which marred my knighthood, cankering all
The generous gifts of nature.

Sir Jingo. You talk tall!

But such fine cobweb-weaving's not my style.
My lot is cast in this sea-circled Isle,
And what its interests claim I'm game to back;
And as to foreigners,—a priggish pack!—
Old England, when her monkey's fairly up,
Cares not a curse for Chassepot or for Krupp;
She'd lick the lot, Sir! When it came to blows,
Was it *your* fashion, pray, to count your foes?

Sir Lancelot. No, nor to vapour loudly in advance.

The Knight most like to battle *à outrance*
'Gainst heaviest odds, we held, was ever he
Who heeded most the checks of chivalry,—
Lover of fair Cause, fair Speech, Conflict fair,
Courteous and calm and gravely debonaire.
Of all you teach, what moves my marvel most,
Is that a Gentleman should stoop to boast.
Your style thrasonical had stirred the scorn
Of TRISTRAM: colder than a grey March morn,
Had gleamed King ARTHUR's eyes in mute reproof
Of knight applause in his own behoof,
Or vauntingly contemptuous of a foe.

You wake my wonder, Sir; I do not know
Your modern chivalry, but headlong heat,
Fostered by hate and fed on blind conceit,
The clowns of our time had condemned. Methinks
Even my ghostly substance creeps and shrinks
At this strange spirit of a later day:
Stout it may be and forward in the fray,
But set in such churl fashion it had found
Little acceptance at our Table Round. [Vanishes.

Sir Jingo. Stupid old duffer! He talks awful rot.

If he's a Sample of the Laureat's lot,
"King ARTHUR as a modern Gentleman"
Would promptly fall beneath St. Jingo's ban.
He may have suited Camelot very well,
But would not do for patriot Pall-Mall! [Exit.

Quite Superfluous.

THE Times informs us that—

"His Excellency PHYA BHASKARAWONGSE, Envoy of His Majesty the King of SIAM, is expected on a second visit to England about the middle of May. It had been arranged that the King of SIAM himself would come to invest HER MAJESTY with the insignia of the Order of the White Elephant, but it is understood that His Majesty's visit is for the present postponed."

Very wisely. The Earl of BEACONSFIELD has invested HER MAJESTY with such a lot of White Elephants already, that the Siamese one would have been palpably one too many. Besides that, His Siamese Majesty's White Elephant must have been dwarfed by those much bigger White Elephants, Cyprus, Turkish Convention, Transvaal, and Afghanistan.

The Premier's Problem.

HE took a reckless Resolution,
And now, perhaps, to his confusion,
DIZZY's Solution, Dissolution,
May prove but DIZZY's Disillusion!

GREAT TRIUMPH FOR EGYPTIAN HALL.—"Professor MASKELYNE" returned for Cricklade! What a pity he didn't go in for a two-horse borough, and carry COOKE on his back!

"SUGAR BOUNTY."—Four lumps in a cup of Tea.



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—3. THE VOCALIST.

She. "I DO HOPE YOU 'LL SING THIS AFTERNOON! WHAT IS YOUR VOICE?"

He (modestly). "OH, A KIND OF A SORT OF A BARITONE-TENOR-BASS, DON'T YOU KNOW; LIKE SANTLEY AND SIMS REEVES ROLLED INTO ONE—ONLY UNDER BETTER CONTROL! THOSE 'PROFESSIONAL FELLOWS' NEVER KNOW HOW TO SING IN A DRAWING-ROOM!"

She. "INDEED? NO MORE DO SOME AMATEURS! I'M TOLD SOME DREADFUL CREATURE WAS TRYING TO SING GOUNOD'S 'MAID OF ATHENS' LAST TUESDAY AFTERNOON AT MRS. PONSONBY TOMKYN'S. EVERYBODY WAS IN FITS, IT SEEMS!"

He. "AT MRS. PONSONBY TOMKYN'S? DO YOU KNOW YOU MUST MAKE SOME MISTAKE; FOR, ODDLY ENOUGH, THE ONLY PERSON WHO SANG THERE LAST TUESDAY AFTERNOON WAS MYSELF!—AND, BY A STRANGE COINCIDENCE, GOUNOD'S 'MAID OF ATHENS' WAS THE VERY SONG I SANG!"

She (blushing uncomfortably). "AH! IT WAS SOMEWHERE ELSE, THEN!—OR SOME OTHER DAY!"

He. "NO DOUBT. I WONDER WHERE, AND WHEN, AND WHO IT COULD HAVE BEEN!"

[Is wondering still.]

KING JOHN IN DOWNING STREET.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

(Last week but two of the Beaconsfield Company.)

King John, Lord B. Faulconbridge, Lord S. Peter, Mr. P.

King John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings. Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Faulconbridge. But if you be afeared to hear the worst
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

And here's a prophet that I brought with me,
Whom I heard sing, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That ere the next Ascension-day at noon
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

King John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'st thou so?
Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

The Clewer Case Construed.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, Judge both wise and just,
"It shall be lawful," would interpret "must."
The Legal Peers their common-sense display,
And rule "It shall be lawful," stands for "may."
Behold, my son, how Judges of this land
Plain English in two senses understand!

"STOMACH FOR THEM ALL!"

A MESSAGE wired from Berlin the other morning announces that:—

"Attentions have been showered upon Prince BISMARCK this day from all quarters in honour of his birthday."

"This day," was April 1. BISMARCK, even BISMARCK, entered the world on the First of April!

Here's an exception to the general rule;
One born on All Fools' Day, but born no fool.

That, however, having been the day of the great Chancellor's birth, he observed it as a high festival. May we presume to imagine the dainties whereon he chose to regale himself in keeping the Feast of All Fools? We know a man of his large intellect to be capable of drinking a mixture of champagne and stout. Was this the beverage with which the illustrious statesman washed down a banquet commencing with a *hors d'œuvre froid* of raw oysters and raspberry jam, and terminating with a *dolce* of treacle and stewed cheese?

A TOPICAL ANAGRAM.

PUT GLADSTONE into Greek, and, strange as true,
Lo, a prophetic counsel comes to view—
Εὐδαίμων-λίθος—"O, Midlothian sue!"

EASTER WISH TO THE RIGHT PARTY.—More Happy Returns!



“TO BE, OR NOT TO BE—
THAT IS THE QUESTION.”

WHINES FROM THE WOOD.

Caught in Hughenden Park, last week and this.



HERE'S NO mistake about it, MONTY, my boy. Somehow or other we seem to have made a serious miscalculation. Twenty-five to nine to begin with is heavy odds!—and it gets worse daily!

I shall advise SALISBURY to buy a villa at Nice—and stay there. We must be grateful for small mercies—so let us say, "Thank heaven, CARDEN is in for Barnstaple!"—if he can only keep his seat. Why didn't I take a Dukedom and a Dissolution after Berlin? It is at least a comfort to reflect that if they come into office they won't know how to get out of Cyprus, or Afghanistan either, for that matter!

Really, MONTY, if bad news keeps pouring in at this rate, and nothing falls vacant within the next month, I'm afraid I shan't be able to do anything for you!

Ha, the accounts this evening are a little brighter! Countermand that Coronet.

Why, this is worse and worse! But I always regarded Nemesis as a notably vulgar goddess.

A "little reaction" did you say? Then wire to LYTTON to tell him he need not take the Poet Laureatship at Mandalay.

On second thoughts, tell him he would, perhaps, do better not to give up the notion entirely.

It is to be hoped that whatever happens, SMITH will find his Naval knowledge eminently useful in criticism of those other fellows.

There, now, my dear boy, put out the lights, and don't wake me till the row's over and the returns balanced!

FLUTTERING A DOVE-COT.

(An incident from the Diary of a Convalescent, told in a few Chapters properly belonging to the Series usually headed "Friends at a Distance," which has appeared from time to time in these pages.)

CHAPTER I.

A PICTURE OF STILL LIFE.

THERE is no place like home to be ill in, but there are many places far better than home to get well in and to be convalescent in.

But, if I must be quiet; if London and work have knocked me up—or rather kept me up and knocked me down—then absence from London, getting out of its reach, away from its noise and bustle, out of sight of its dirt and out of smell of its dust and fogs—all these are necessary conditions for the gradual but thorough restoration to perfect health.

After the confinement of a sick room, no matter how pleasant gentle and untiring solicitude may have made it, our natural cry is, "Air! air! give me air!" and a hibernating Londoner who has not seen the sun for months, cries, with the expiring GOETHE,

"Light! more light!" That's my feeling personally about convalescence; and this being mine, I attribute it, sympathetically, to others.

I do not inquire into motives, it being, as a rule, an unsatisfactory process, but I can't help noticing that my friends, bless 'em! seem—I say "seem" emphatically, because I may be wrong—seem more pleased to entertain me when I am a convalescent than when I am in rude and blooming health. There is more of a rush to get me, so to speak. If I am correct in my surmise, I fancy it is because I am more amenable as an invalid than when in robust, perhaps objectionably robust health. It is quite possible. Judging by my own experience of others—invalids I mean to whom I have given an asylum—it is indeed highly probable. An invalid wants but little here below, and he is gratefully ready to take that little with the least possible trouble to his host. He has been giving trouble so long—he has been like CHARLES THE SECOND, "so unconsciously long a-dying," and has got well after all, which the sad Merry Monarch didn't, that he feels he owes some reparation to society which is represented to him *pro tem.* by his immediate friends who have received him into their home.

He is, consequently, as I have said, "amenable;" his temporary disposition is yielding; he is grateful for small mercies; his habits are regular; he does not want to gad about; he does not require to be perpetually amused; he is a plain eater, a small drinker; he needs rest, and takes it, retires to bed at an early hour, and, above all, he is peculiarly quiet. These remarks apply, of course, to a convalescent invalid, by which I mean one who, being clear of the wood, is yet nervous about wasting his breath in hollowness with joy on that account; but who does not venture to rejoice in his gradually increasing strength like a giant refreshed, lest he should suddenly experience a relapse. So on all these counts a convalescent guest is preferable to a hale, hearty, boastful, unsympathetic, selfish, vivacious "never-ill-a-day-in-my-life, Sir" sort of man.

Without crediting myself with being all that my fancy has just painted an abnormally healthy individual, I am morally certain that more avidity is shown by my kind friends at a distance—at a great distance, too—to take me in when, mind you, it really is a charity to receive me, than when, being in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits, I heartily intimate to them that I should like to "run down"—that is the expression a hearty man invariably uses—and have a few days' sport, hunting, shooting, fishing, or whatever may be seasonable. In these instances they don't refuse, but—in fact there is a "but" which prevents their accepting my own polite invitation for myself, and then they generally name a date when they will be delighted to see me, and when it will be utterly impossible for me to go.

But when I am recovering from an illness—when I am convalescent—then, bless 'em! they are friends indeed. It was necessary to dwell on this, in order to a due appreciation of the incident which disturbed me in my peaceful retreat, and utterly unsettled my excellent host and hostess, the COSSERYS of Motemoss Shepton-on-Sea, scarcely a mile from Lambgate, which, as some may be aware, is deserted in winter, but, as every one knows, is one of our most popular sea-side resorts in summer.

Motemoss, Shepton-on-Sea, is, of all places in the world, the most perfect for a convalescent. It is an old gothic manor-house, beautifully sheltered from the Northern blasts, but open with a Southern aspect to the sea, commanding a full view of the bay that reflects the ever-varying sky. What lovely winter mornings there are at Motemoss! What spring mornings! What an expanse of clear blue sky! What music of plashing waves! What *crescendo* movements, announcing a coming storm! How grand the storm itself! Then, when its fury has been spent, what a delightful calm, what marvellous effects of colour on the rocks, and what a magnificent hope-inspiring sunset! For an invalid the manor of Motemoss affords extent for sufficient exercise; the climate is delicious—not too effeminately soft, not too boisterously rough. The worst day at Shepton-on-Sea is worth a month of worst days in London, and its best day is—at least to me—invaluable. In winter, one hour of its sunshine revives in me all the life that has been choked in me and smoked out of me by London black fogs; and the absolute repose of Motemoss, within and without, restores my jaded spirits, makes me feel calm, peaceful, and happy; gives me a distaste for excitement; re-awakens in me a love of retirement; kindles in my breast an unwonted admiration for *Zimmerman on Solitude*, which I have been all my life intending to read, and excites my envy of ALEXANDER SELKIRK; it arouses in me an intense desire of remaining where I am, buried in thought, surrendering myself to contemplation, and only taking my pen in hand at the bidding of some irresistible inspiration.

Here at Motemoss I never care about seeing the daily papers: one of them at eventide, after dinner, is quite enough for any of us, when the news has been stale for hours, and is easier of digestion—like bread. Even then I read the items carelessly, for my host, who has been through it, has already summarised whatever there is worthy of our attention, and has given us his opinion, with which



"MAN OR WOMAN?"—A TOSS UP.

"DRESSES ARE STILL UNIVERSALLY OUT EN CŒUR. A VERY DRESSY TOILETTE, AND ONE, MUCH WORN NOW, FOR THE EVENING, IS OF BLACK BROCHÉ OR CLOTH MATERIAL OUT EN HABIT D'HOMME, WITH PLAIN OR KILTED SKIRT, VERY TIGHT; FOR FAIR LADIES IT IS VERY BECOMING TO OMIT A TUCKER, AND HAVE THE BLACK WITH NO SOFTENING."

Journal des Modes, 1st April.

I languidly agree, or from which, just for conversation's sake, I politely differ. As for society journals, for tittle-tattle, for London gossip, for London scandal, thank heaven, it seldom reaches our ears at Motemoss, where we are far away from the busy, giddy, whirligig, whizzling world of London life.

Before leaving town the doctor has told me I must do nothing—absolutely nothing—no literary work of any description; that for awhile my projected sporting historical novel entitled *Archimedes, or the Tail of a Screw*, must be in abeyance; that my original tragedy of *The Maltster* must not be touched; that my Essay on *The Properties of Zinc* must not be commenced; and that my classical comedy of *She bends to Triumph, or Delenda est Lumbago*—in which my critical friends who have heard it say there is so much backbone—must be left, just where it is for the present, at the end of the Fourth Act. I must have no correspondence on business; I must enjoy myself; I must bask in the sun when it shines; I must be fed at regular hours on the best but plainest fare; I must be indoors by three at latest, and retire to bed betimes. This is to be my life at Motemoss. And, to my delight, this

is and always has been, from year's end to year's end—excepting a month's excitement in town during the season—the life of this happy family at Motemoss, Shepton-on-Sea.

They rise early; not too early, not with the first lark, but with the second or third. Before nine o'clock breakfast Squire Cossett is out in his garden, and then out on his horse. The Squire, being a Magistrate and a Captain of local Volunteers, and also one of the Board at the neighbouring watering-place, has his duties, which generally occupy his mornings. In the hunting season, to go out with Mrs. Cossett, a perfect horsewoman, three times a week, is his duty and pleasure. They don't overdo it, but return in good time, generally for luncheon at two sharp. The Squire has some afternoon business, which keeps him till nearly dinner-time, in Lambgate, unless he is visiting his tenants, whether cottagers or farmers, or walking over his property gun in hand, while his wife is out in the carriage paying a round of visits, accompanied by a female friend, and if very warm, and no north-easterly wind to catch him suddenly, and send him coughing home, by their convalescent guest.

And then the quiet evenings, the chatty, pleasant, homely dinner, the snug room, the cosy chairs, the cheerful fire, the excellent coffee, the wee-est nipperkin of old liqueur, the fragrant tobacco (if the convalescent is up to it), the soothing music, only played when the demand is unanimous, and the punctuality of the sound of the flat candlesticks on the table in the old hall, and the hearty "Good night!" and good wishes! O peaceful hour of ten p.m., how I have come to love thee! How have I hated Clubs and smoking-rooms, and festive gatherings, and music-parties, and dinner-parties, and crowded rooms, and all excitement generally. "Never again with you, ROBIN!" I have murmured to myself as I have snuggled down into the yielding comfortable bed while watching the warm flickering firelight.

Such was our life at Motemoss. A few friends, now and then, to a sociable cheery dinner, and away at ten punctually; no irregularities of time or diet; no subsequent regrets; no yearnings for soda-and-lemon; no distaste for breakfast. Over our door might be inscribed the motto of the pious Benedictines, "*Pax*."

In this delightful state of reverie and rest I had remained a fortnight, carefully carrying out the doctor's orders, when one afternoon, on my return from my gentle walk, a servant, evidently much flurried and dismayed by something unusual, came up to me and said,

"There's a telegram for you, Sir."

Had he presented a loaded revolver at my head I could not have been more startled. I could only gasp out,

"Where?"

"On the slab in the hall," he replied. He was evidently afraid of it as an uncanny thing, and wouldn't have touched it on any account.

I took it up and inspected the envelope, as if I expected to discover the sender by the handwriting. It is a mistake into which most people, not in the habit of receiving telegrams, very easily fall. Some men like to defer the pleasure of knowing from whom a letter comes as long as they can by looking at the postmark, trying to remember whose handwriting it is, examining the seal, arguing with their wives as to whom it can possibly be from, and finally, with great reluctance, after all their coquetting, opening it.

I open it, dreading something terrible.



THE WRONG BOY IN THE WRONG PLACE.

*Sir Pompey Bedell, J.P. (on discovering that his Eggshell is an empty one turned upside down).
"WHAT—WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS!"
The New Page. "FUST O' HAPRIL, SIR!" [Explodes, and is dismissed with a Month's Wages.]*

SNACKS FROM THE STUDIOS.

(By Mr. Punch's own Scamperer.)

DURING the first Sunday in April and the last Sunday in March, the *ateliers* of the R.A.'s and eminent outsiders have, according to the now consecrated custom, been thrown open to the Critics and the Patrons of Art. Although busily engaged in electioneering like everyone else, Mr. Punch's Representative found time to jot down a few notes that may serve as an overture to the Burlington House Opera. Here are a few of the entries in our own Scamperer's pocket-book, arranged in alphabetical order.

L. ALMA TADEMA, A.R.A.—"*Fredegonde*," the Divorced Queen, seated at a casement, draws aside the curtain and gazes with resentful looks on the re-marriage of her husband. The marble in the picture is (as usual) dashed in anyhow, and without the slightest regard to nature. The egg, however, which the Queen is on the point of throwing at her faithless lover, is very precious in its fulness of thoughtful meaning.

G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.—"*A Music Lesson*." A little Italian Lad being taught to play the flageolet by his Grandfather, seated on an old-fashioned terrace overlooking a river. The excited Paterfamilias in the background directing a Policeman to order the nuisance to move on, is a very noble piece of work, at once strenuous and subtle.

E. BURNE-JONES.—"*The Golden Stairs*," representing a company of Girls in white

descending a flight of winding stairs. As might have been expected from the previous work of this Artist, the girls are maidenly yet majestic models of lusty health and rich physical development. They are dashing down the stairs with a virginal vigour that seems to echo the glad music of primitive races, and proclaims the delicious dawn of gladness in hearts that have not yet learnt life's sad lesson.—*Vanitas vanitatum*.

THOMAS FAED, R.A.—"*Hand to Mouth*," representing an aged and needy Clarinet-player, accompanied by a little boy with a monkey, making his frugal purchases in a Chandler's shop. One of those chapters from the Simple Annals of the Village Poor, which this gifted Artist records with so right a hand, and a mind so far above the conventional and commonplace.

W. P. FRITH, R.A.—"*The Prawn Seller*." A scene at Tenby. A deeply significant presentment of a practical joke. The Prawn Seller has nothing but shrimps in his basket!

SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.—"*The Murder of the Duke of Gloucester*." The delicate half tones of this dainty picture are in the Artist's most serene manner. The chief defect of the work is the lack of energy—there is no dash in the colour, no *bravura* in the drawing, no "*chic*" in the composition.

H. HERKOMER, A.R.A.—"*Grandfather's Pet*." Old man kicking out intruder. Why paint a subject so painful? If the aged are subject to sudden bursts of passion, is this a reason for consigning them to canvasses—particularly in these electioneering times, when irritation at a Canvasser's call is surely excusable?

J. C. HORSLEY, R.A.—"*Leading Strings*." Sweetly illustrating the lovely old way of training children up in the way they should go. Next year we may look out for a companion-picture called "*Little Toddlers*,"—the first softly staggering steps of unassisted babyhood—a subject as new as it is touching to the deep heart of maternity.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.—A series of ideal Female heads remarkable for the strenuousness of their forms and the glowing life blood of their flesh tints. The vitality and vigour of the President's virile hand may be traced in every touch.

J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.—A noble portrait of "True Thomas of Chelsea," and for companion, another hardly less memorable, "True JOHN EVERETT of Kensington." It is but right that a grand old master of the pen should be balanced by a mighty young master of the pencil.

J. O'CONNOR.—"*Sunrise from Waterloo Bridge*." A companion picture to "*We won't Go Home till Morning*."

E. J. POYNTER, R.A.—"*Visit of Venus to Æsculapius*," to whom the Goddess, attended by the Three Graces, is holding up her foot. Æsculapius indignantly explains that he is not a chiropodist. The contrasted expressions of the God of Physic and the Goddess of Beauty may have suggested the second title, "*Corn in Egypt*."

V. C. PRINSEP, A.R.A.—"*The Durbar, Delhi*." A wonderful *mélée*—with Major BARNES in his tabard, Lord LYTON shining as the Star of India, in sky-blue, if not blue sky, and all the Rams, Jams, Ramjams, Nizams, Salaams, and other Indian Princes under our rule, hailing VICTORIA, by grace of BEACONSFIELD, Empress. This glowing little canvass will, no doubt, be the centre of attraction in the Miniature Room.

BRITON RIVIERE, A.R.A.—"*The Night Watch*." Not to be confounded with "*The Day Clock*." The attempt of the owner of the night watch to wind up his time-piece

with a corkscrew has apparently been unsuccessful, and his feelings under failure are very tenderly touched.

G. F. WATTS, R.A.—A fine portrait of himself, which will not be exhibited with the time-honoured title of "*Portrait of a Gentleman*," but under the *jeu de mot* "*What's his name?*" It is destined for the Painters' Portrait Gallery in the Uffizi, Florence, where it will take the distinguished place it deserves in the Uffizi Catalogues.

Here Our Own Scamperer's Note-book ends.

N.B.—*Punch's* O. S. does not disguise the fact that he has seen none of the above pictures, and knows nothing about Art; but in these enlightened days of æsthetic enlightenment, easy manners, and free thought, is there anything in either of these details to prevent him from exercising the functions of an Art-Critic? A right-minded echo will assuredly answer, "Certainly not!" And *Mr. Punch's* Own Scamperer is a right-minded echo, and repeats the substance of what he hears, if occasionally with variations.

A MORAL SONG—(FOR ELECTION TIME).

(After Doctor Watts.)



'TIS the voice of
BRITANNIA,
I heard her
explain—

"I'm wide awake
now; I won't
slumber again;
As *Materfamilias*,
once out of bed,
I must sack my late
servants, and turn
off their head.

"A little more sleep,
and a little more
slumber,
And my wars, big
and little, had
grown out of
number;
Over vanishing
trade I'd have
had to fold hands,
Perplexed, not with
orders, but debtors'
demands.

"I passed Jingo's
Music Hall, lit
with blue fire,

That on Russia's big bogey blazed higher and higher,
I heard "*Rule Britannia*," saw waving of flags,
With a great deal by way of bounce, bunkum, and brags.

"I called upon Jingo as hoping to find,
Common sense had found access, at length, to his mind,
But he told me his dreams, talked as if he'd been drinking,
For he reads the *D. T.*, and has long given up thinking.

"Then, said *Punch* to JOHN BULL, 'you take warning, J. B.,'
This Jingo's a picture of what *we* might be.
But thanks to our friends for the care of our breeding,
Who warned us, betimes, the *D. T.* against reading."

AN APPEAL FOR MANY YOUNG WOMEN AND ONE OLD ONE.

I.—For the Young Women.

"Sweet girl graduates in their golden hair."

GIRTON is growing—in numbers as in honours. Opened in 1869 with six Students in a humble hired house at Hitchin, in 1879 the humble lodging-house had swelled to a handsome College, within easy reach of Cambridge—as it has shown at the last mathematical examination—with 60 regular students, of whom thirty-six have received degrees, certificates, and twenty-four have been declared up to the standard of honours in one of the Triposes.

The Council of the Senate of the University of Cambridge, in acknowledgment of these proofs of vitality and vigour, have wisely appointed three representative members of the College.

If things go on as they have begun, the 60 Girton girls will, six years hence, be 220.

The friends of the College are anxious to prepare for this increase

of its daughters. The founders are in debt some £6,200 for borrowed money, and want to pay it off. To this appeal for help towards this good purpose, *Punch* is glad to see appended besides the names of Lady STANLEY of ALDERLEY for £500, and Lady GOLDSMID for £100, with other less imposing handsome contributions, that of the Cloth-workers' Company for £315, and the Brewers' Company for £100. Better such gifts, oh, my worthy Guild-friends, than many dinners! *Punch* would sooner have your Companies than your rooms, while you so spend your revenues!

Punch gladly gives his publicity to the growth and glory of Girton, and direction to those who feel inclined to give on its behalf, either to the Treasurer, Miss DAVIS, 17, Cunningham Place, London, the "Girton College Account," at the London and County Bank, or its Secretary, Mrs. CROOM ROBERTSON, 31, Kensington Park Gardens.

II.—For the Old Woman.

Having paid his debt to the young women, *Punch* passes on to what he is glad to own as a debt—and not his debt only, but all his readers', and all English and Scottish working-men's—to an old woman—a poor old woman—JANET HAMILTON, of Coatbridge, near Glasgow, who died in October, 1873, at the age of seventy-eight. After the stories (so well told by SAMUEL SMILES) of ROBERT DICK, the baker-geologist and botanist of Thurso, now dead, and THOMAS EDWARDS, the shoemaker-naturalist of Banff, still living, there are few records, even in the annals of the Scottish poor—so ripe, to their honour, in lives of self-devotion and self-culture—more remarkable than that of this poor old woman.

Born in October 1795, the daughter of a small shoemaker, afterwards a field labourer, of Old Monkland in Lanarkshire, JANET HAMILTON was brought up from early girlhood to the hard work of the spinning wheel and the tambour frame, married her father's journeyman in 1809, bore him ten children, and after a happy and laborious married life of sixty-three years, died in October 1873, leaving behind her such utterances of her thought in prose and verse, as are not unworthy for singing power of a countrywoman of ROBERT BURNS, while they bespeak a spirit as high above temptation, as devoted to duty, and as cheerful under self-sacrifice, as his was impatient, unrestrained, and irregular. Having taught herself to read without so much as a start from the village school, she rapidly exhausted the scanty libraries about her, and, while never neglecting her hard "day's darg," read, learned, marked, and digested so much of the best poetry and the best history as came within her reach. She was full besides of the abundant folk and ballad lore of her region, and loved nature and flowers as keenly as books.

She was fifty before she taught herself to write—out of printed books; and after that age, living in Coatbridge, one of the grimmest and squalidest suburbs of Glasgow, among some of the roughest and most drunken of its iron-working population, keeping her house in order, bringing up her large family, working all day till nine or ten at night, then reading till two in the morning, and up again at seven, through many years of this life of labour, she uttered in song much that is always tender and refined, and much that is wonderfully beautiful, considering her circumstances and surroundings. And all this while she did more to promote good causes, and, above all, the cause of temperance, in the drunken population round about her, than all the teachers and preachers.

For the last ten years of JANET HAMILTON's life she was blind, her eyes having failed her from over-labour; but in her blindness she was good and cheerful as ever, and she sang to the last—better, perhaps, for her blindness, as cruel folks say caged singing-birds do.

Two volumes of her prose and poetry have been published and sold off, and deserve to be reprinted better than most remains.

When she died in 1873, after a model life, not only of such self-culture as has been described, but of courtesy and charity, kindness and piety, quiet dignity, and warm affection as a wife, mother, friend, neighbour, and example, she was followed to the grave by many thousands, who knew what her daily existence had been, and many of whom had been turned from evil ways by her influence.

Punch now tells his readers of this remarkable life's work, because it is proposed to erect in Coatbridge, where she lived and died, a drinking fountain in honour of her, who so well deserved a memorial, and to whom such a memorial is so appropriate.

The Treasurer of the Fund is Mr. JOHN COWPER, National Bank, Coatbridge; and some £40 of the money for the memorial is still wanting. It is little to the credit of Glasgow that any appeal beyond her borders should be necessary; but it is hardly to be regretted, if it serves to make more widely known the name and life of JANET HAMILTON!

BENJAMIN TO BRITANNIA.—*Nunc dimittis!*

ERRATUM.—"They also serve, who only stand and wait." MILTON's, of course, not WORDSWORTH's. The blunder is *Mr. Pawkie's*, not *Mr. Punch's*, but he ought to have corrected it.



ELECTIONS ON THE BRAIN.

"LOOK—LOOK, PAPA! HE'S AT THE TOP OF THE POLE!"

[Poor Papa, an unsuccessful Conservative Candidate, can't stand it, and seeks refuge in the Monkey-House.]

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the Gaiety to see the "Voyage en Suisse."

HAVING heard great things of the HANLON-LEES at the Gaiety, in *Le Voyage en Suisse*, I went expecting to be highly diverted by these Pierrots; and, as far as they are concerned, the performance more than realised my anticipations.

A Pantomime in Three Acts sounds formidable; but there is just a thread of a story, and the action is so rapid, and executed with such marvellous neatness and precision, as never to weary the spectator, though it does bewilder him considerably, and, while watching the absurd feats of the two comic servants, it leaves him, at the end of each Act, uncertain as to whether he is on his head or his heels, but quite sure that he has been laughing at it most heartily.

That I am unable to say with any precision as to what the piece is about, may be owing to my having unfortunately missed the commencement; but as to what the HANLON-LEES and M. AGOUST are about there is no difficulty whatever in ascertaining, come in when you will.

They are certainly wonderful Pantomimists, and the sprightliest of acrobatic performers. So intensely droll are they, and so fixed is the attention of the audience on these the central figures of this eccentric performance, that the business and the dialogue of the speaking actors who are engaged in assisting the story, and allowing the HANLON-LEES breathing time, go for very little, except in the Second Act, when the situations in which Mr. PENLEY, Mr. RIGHTON, and Miss LAWLER are concerned carry along briskly what, after the rattling comic pantomime, might be a trifle slow.

The Train Scene, showing the compartments while the train is in motion, is very ingenious, and the rapidity of the action is startling and always amusing.

Had it been all in action, without any speaking, and only in the hands of pantomimists, with suitable musical illustrations and occasional concerted pieces and choruses, it might go even sharper, as it seems to me, than it now does,—and that is saying a good deal.

The scene in the Third Act, where the HANLON-LEES represent

WHICH NOBODY CAN DENY.

THE Government have been beaten all over the country by an overwhelming majority. Reasons for this are as plenty as Blackberries. Among them we may mention those of

A Keen Political Observer—"Because the weather has been dead against them all along."

The Country Tory—"Because that fellow GLADSTONE'S a match for Old Nick himself."

The North-Country Whole-Hogger—"Because BEA-CONSFIELD has had rope enough."

The Metropolitan Conservative—"Because your average Working Man is such an ungrateful fool."

The Suburban Slogger—"Because your Jingo is such a set of blatant idiots."

The Unsuccessful Candidate—"Because that lying agent didn't half work up the canvass."

His Amiable Better Half—"Because, as I told him before he began, to please the mob he ought to have gone in as one of those horrid Radicals."

His Son The Captain—"Because the Governor ought to have known that it's only Cads and Attorneys that put up for Parliament."

The Music-Hall Baritone—"Because that new Jingo Chorus was as flat as ditch-water."

The Rational Tradesman—"Because they didn't come down hammer and tongs on those infernal Stores."

The Humanitarian Enthusiast—"Because they kept the country in a fever, threatened everybody, and unsettled everything all over the world."

The Irrepressible Patriot—"Because they didn't throw a hundred thousand men into Gallipoli, and pitch the Russian Ambassador into the Channel."

An Exultant Antagonist—"Because they've outraged all the sound sense and Christian sentiment of the country."

A Disappointed Supporter—"Because they've been so shy of trusting themselves to the National feeling."

The Right Hon. Mr. Tadpole—"Because they have been monstrously too good."

The Right Hon. Mr. Taper—"Because they've been so awfully too bad."

Lord Beaconsfield—"Because popular praise is as putrescent as it is palling."

ADVICE TO FAGOT-VOTERS.—"Cut your stick!"

the two Scaramouches gradually getting intoxicated, and unable to distinguish between a candlestick and a wine-bottle, is immensely humorous, and their subsequent escape from a Gendarme, personated by M. AGOUST, is capitally managed.

The whole performance is unique, and well worth a visit from all who wish to see to what perfection Pantomimic Art can be brought.

Next week I hope to be able to report on the two other recent novelties at the Opéra Comique and the Folly; and till then I am, as ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Bung, from his Bier.

"He being dead yet speaketh."

HERE lies one

Who, if Froth had been Fact,
And Excise-license English Liberty,
Would have saved the Country.

As it was,

He expended a great flow of language,
And a greater of liquor;
He gained nothing to speak of,
And he lost three-fourths of the Elections.

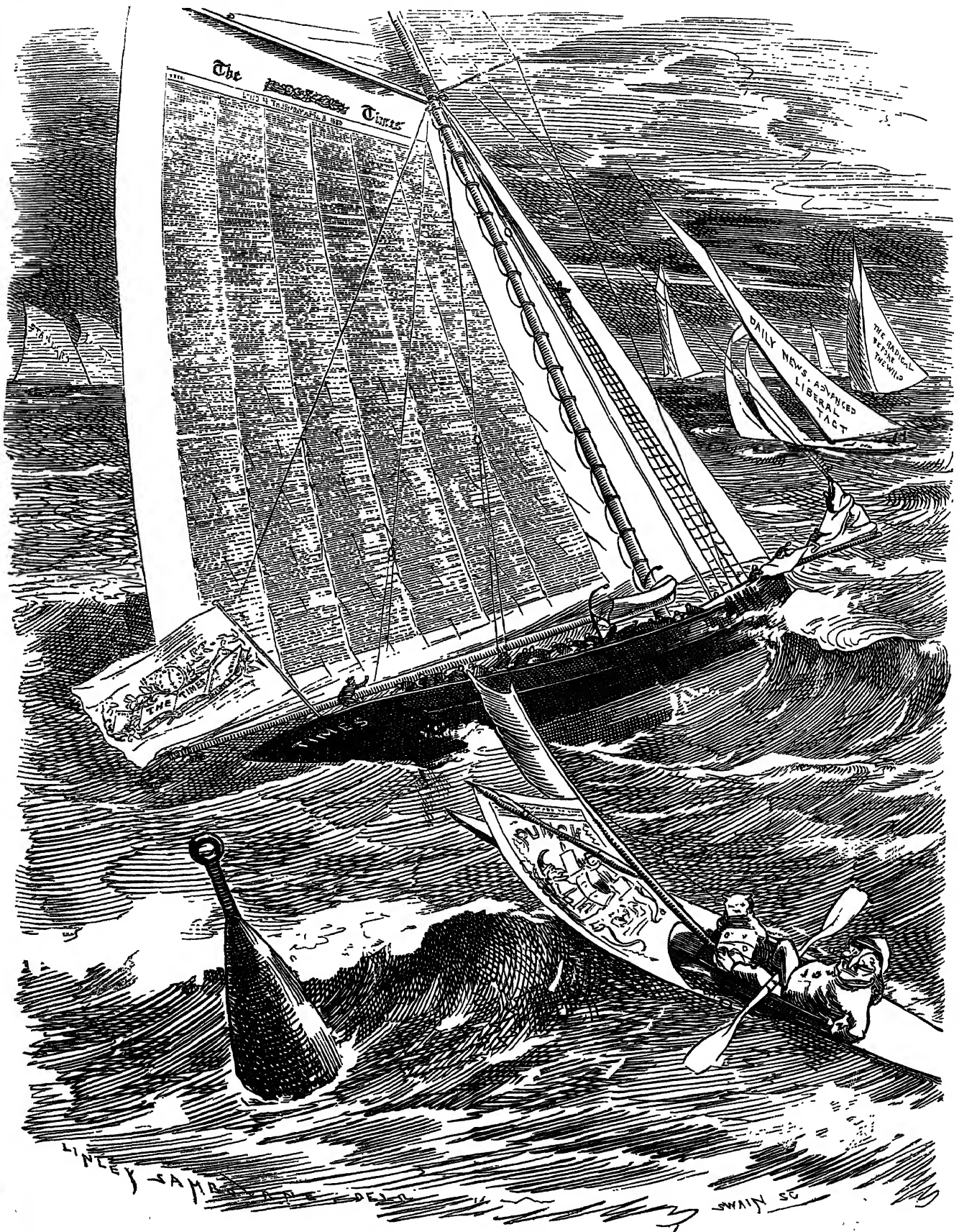
EXEMPLI GRATIA.

THE most no-Torious county in England—Durham, which has returned

Liberals	.	.	13
Conservatives	.	.	0

TRAMPLING ON THE FALLEN.

THE news-boys at the stations are hawking the translation of BRANDIS'S Biography as "*Benjamin Disraeli—just out!*"



TACKING—"READY ABOUT!"

FLUTTERING A DOVE-COT.

(An incident from the Diary of a Convalescent, told in a few Chapters properly belonging to the Series usually headed "Friends at a Distance," which has appeared from time to time in these pages.)

CHAPTER II.

"OH DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?"

THIS was the telegram:—

"Coming down this train see you business important."

It was sent by "R. BOILINGBROOK, Holborn Viaduct," just five minutes before the starting of the train.

To reply, "Don't!" was impossible: he was already half-way on the road by the time I received his message.

"Important Business!" In my state of tranquil convalescence and listless ease the word "business" was quite enough to unsettle me without the "important." Here was I, so calm, so quiet, in such pure contented enjoyment of the repose at Motemoss, so far from all mundane thoughts and cares, so willing to remain in this state of all but intellectual coma, and to be thus rudely broken in upon by "Business important!"

"Here!" I complained aloud in a querulous tone to myself as I stood all alone, telegram in hand, in the comfortable study—"Here, have I been ordered—positively ordered by the doctor—to do nothing—to do absolutely nothing for weeks. And I retire far away from London to do it; I hide myself; I don't give my address even to my dearest friend, telling my family to forward my letters under cover once a week; and, within the first fortnight, before, so to speak, I have had time to recover my breath, down comes DICK BOILINGBROOK upon me with 'Business!' I shouldn't so much mind if I were propped up with pillows in an arm-chair, and had the ghastly pallor, the quivering voice, with the lean lank hands, and, in fact, in a general way got up like Mr. IRVING as *Louis the Eleventh*. But I'm not; and BOILINGBROOK, seeing me now as a convalescent, looking three times as well as ever I did when in full health in London, will look upon me as a shirker of work, a sham, and a sponger on the credulous sympathy and generous hospitality of my friends. At the very idea my brow becomes clammy, for I see myself exposed as a hypochondriacal hypocrite who should be at once banished from Motemoss, and sent to the Printers' Gallies on a sentence of hard labour for life. It is so inconsiderate of one's friends who, seeing you look well, refuse to believe you have ever been ill.

There was no help for it. Burning the telegram wouldn't prevent his coming. I couldn't upset the entire household by sending someone with a message to the Station. The household was not accustomed to sudden vagaries; messages were never sent except by the boy with the post-bag at regular stated times. As to telegrams, they are looked upon by Motemossians as an invention of the Evil One, except in very exceptional cases, when they are considered as exactly the reverse. There is no one of all their dependents who would go off in a hurry anywhere. They don't believe in hurry; they don't even force vegetables and fruit at Motemoss; so there is nobody to take a telegram were there any use in sending one. Besides, I couldn't refuse to see a man who had travelled nearly a hundred miles to interview me on important business. In another half-hour the train, if punctual—or in three-quarters at most—would have arrived. Then, what would my host say? He had not come back from Lambgate, where, I believe, it was a market and Sessions day; and Mrs. COSSERT was out "returning civilities," as we phrase it at Motemoss.

If DICK BOILINGBROOK were a solemn, sedate publisher, or such a dignified personage as I imagine the Editor of the *Quarterly* to be, then, I



ALL AS IT SHOULD BE.

Stalwart Athlete. "A—I WAS AT SCHOOL WITH YOUR BROTHER. DID HE EVER HAPPEN TO MENTION ME TO YOU?—TOBIAS TALBOT TOMLINSON!"

Fair Wrangler from Girtton. "NO; BUT WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL I USED TO SEE YOUR NAME ON THE COLLEGE BOOKS, YOU KNOW. IT WAS ALWAYS THE LAST OF THE FORM, AND YOU WERE FIVE FEET ELEVEN WHEN YOU WERE ONLY IN THE LOWER FOURTH, AND MEASURED EIGHTEEN INCHES ROUND THE Calf OF THE LEG!"

[They dance, fall in love with each other, marry, and live happily ever after—need we add that, in point of Stature, Sense, and Beauty, the numerous little Tomlinsons leave nothing to be desired.]

feel intuitively, he would not be out of keeping with the surroundings in Motemoss. Such an individual would enter as noiselessly as an undertaker, would glide into the library as though the atmosphere of these old bookshelves were familiar to him, and would soon be absorbed in the books. The "important business" of such a grave and reverend person would be of a kind quite compatible with the retirement of Motemoss. It would probably be to arrange with me for an essay of some fifty pages on the age of SENNACHERIB when he came down like a wolf on the fold, to appear two years hence in the first quarter's magazine of that date. But then he would not have telegraphed—he would have taken three weeks to fix such a visit. Besides, the COSSERTS, whose evenings are decidedly studious, and who, instead of frittering away their time either in vain and empty society in their own house or out of it, absorb regularly every night as much solid magazine literature as is good for them, or even sometimes more than they can carry between dinner and bedtime, would have been proud of having so learned a pundit in their house, and, figuratively speaking, would have sat at his feet. But DICK BOILINGBROOK is not a reverend Signor, nor a learned Pundit, nor an Editor of a Serious Critical Quarterly, though, if he chose, he could give some of these gentlemen more information on most subjects in five minutes than they would pick up in as many years; for DICK BOILINGBROOK is a man of most acute and rapid observation, retentive memory, ready wit, quick



REACTION.

First Merchant. "WELL, WHAT'S FRESH?"

Second Merchant. "OH, I THINK THINGS ARE LOOKING BETTER, PEOPLE GETTING ON THEIR LEGS AGAIN—"

First Merchant. "THINK SO?"

Second Merchant. "NO DOUBT OF IT!—GOOD MANY PEOPLE USED TO RIDE, YOU KNOW—WALK NOW!—TA, TA—"

application, and good sound practical common sense in everything. With him there are no two bites at a cherry: if he likes the cherry, he takes it at once, rejecting the stone. Nor does he know two ways of compassing an object: he goes straight at it, and obtains it if he can: he doesn't beat about a bush himself, but he is sharp enough to take advantage of somebody else's beating, potting the animal as it runs out, and walking off with it in his own bag. DICK is a citizen of the world, at home everywhere; kindness itself; generous, impulsive, detesting cant as much as duplicity, hating Pharisaism, but with no great admiration for the Publican; never rough, ever ready; with a certain brusqueness of manner, acquired by continual telegraphing, so that his epigrammatic letters and way of speaking are now as characteristic of the man as were the Wellington despatches of the Iron Duke. DICK has lived sufficiently wisely, and never too well. He has gone in for all sorts of trades, businesses, speculations, and professions. He is proprietor of two or three theatres, though his name doesn't appear, and owns as many music-halls; he is mysteriously connected with most of the amusements and entertainments all over the world; he directs the theatre at Alexandria by telegraph; at a moment's notice he can recall the most popular actors, or musicians, or singers from their tours in the United States; he has agents at the Antipodes, who, without his support, wouldn't know whether they stood on their heads or their heels; he has entered into a contract with the MIKADO for a "Variety Entertainment" in Japan, though he has not yet quite succeeded in overcoming the difficulties placed in his way by the Emperor of CHINA, who, I believe, insists on having a few little things of his own performed every season, for which he will take all the receipts without any abatement; and it is generally supposed that the Shah of PERSIA's visit was only one of DICK BOLLINGBROOK's speculations, though he would have nothing to do with the unhappy COTTEWAT and his wives and daughters. Besides this, he is the landlord of a few proprietary chapels with good wine-vaults below; he is consulted on all sorts of Metropolitan Improvement subjects by Subcommittees of the Board of Works, and his information is correct and invaluable; he knows what to buy, when to buy it, and the best market to buy it in; he is connected officially with several daily journals and is part-proprietor of some of the light magazines and weekly illustrated

"comics"; he has a small rising property by the sea-side; it is whispered that he is going to stand for somewhere at the next election; and he is the active partner in two or three restaurants and hotels. He is here to-day, gone to-morrow, somewhere else the day after, and Heaven knows where after that. He turns up when you least expect him—as now—always on business, yet he seems to have plenty of time on his hands for pleasure, for reading,—there isn't a paper he doesn't take all the honey out of in about half a second, and he reads them all—and, I suppose for sleeping. I have once seen him asleep at the Club in an arm-chair over a publication—well, I forget what he was reading—but as THACKERAY said, when he detected his own novel in the somnolent person's hands, "Let us pass on"—and once I have seen him—at least I fancy I saw him, though I could not make my deposition on oath—asleep in the corner seat of a first-class carriage on the Eastern Counties line. But even on these two occasions not the sharpest barber—not *Figaro* himself—could have done much in the way of shaving Mr. RICHARD BOLLINGBROOK's eyebrows. And this wonderful being—this restless, perturbed spirit, the embodiment of the push-along genius of the present day, this man of perpetual motion—this is the gentleman who is coming to flutter the Dove-cot at Motemoss with his important business.

It has utterly upset me, to begin with. What is his business? I haven't an idea. He has so many businesses; and having myself a knack of turning my hand to a few things in the literary and dramatic way, Mr. RICHARD BOLLINGBROOK considers me as a sort of "general utility" in the above-mentioned lines; and, for my own part, I find that my Pegasus makes a good serviceable sort of cob, and his well-clipped wings save me a considerable sum in goose-quills. If Mr. BOLLINGBROOK wants a topical song for the Great WAGG, Lion-Comique at one of the music-halls, in which he is "interested," he sends to me; if he wants a pantomime-opening for one of his theatres, if he wants a stump-speech for the "comic man" of one of the numerous troupes under his direction, and for various other trifles, about whose authorship the public neither knows nor cares—as why should it?—DICK BOLLINGBROOK generally telegraphs to me.

But here, at Motemoss, I have got out of all this; instead of music-halls I would give myself up to meditation. I don't care about topics. I don't want to read about them in the newspapers, far less to write songs about them. No, I loathe and despise all this tin-pot frippery, and would take up something grand, colossal; something that will leave its mark in Literature and Art; something that will be a household word wherever the English language is spoken, that will live when lion comiques, topical songs with catchy choruses, burlesques, and suchlike follies are dead, buried, and forgotten.

What is DICK BOLLINGBROOK's important business? Mrs. COSSETT and her sister, a quiet, elderly widow, and her maiden aunt, who never goes about without her "work" in a small basket, and never allows Satan to have the slightest chance of finding her some mischievous employment for want of something better to do, all these three ladies deeply sympathise with me, and think it really quite heartless of any one, no matter who he may be, to come down and worry a convalescent, placed in their charge for rest, on a matter of business. "And to send a telegram, too!" exclaims the aunt, sitting down to her work. She loathes telegrams, and shudders at the bilious colour of the telegraphic envelopes. All medicines should be alluring to the eye, and pleasant to the palate; and telegraphic envelopes should be pretty. The Squire arrives. He takes a new view of it.

"Delighted to see any friend of yours, my dear fellow," he says to me.

"That's very good of you," I return, sadly.

"Of course he'll dine with us if he's got nothing better to do," the Squire says, to which his wife adds, "Oh, of course."

I thank them in DICK BOLLINGBROOK's name and my own.

"He can't be here much before dinner now," observes the Squire, consulting his watch; "so he won't have any time to bother you about business, and we won't give him a chance during dinner."

Excellent plan! I thank the Squire sincerely, for my nerves are dreadfully unstrung.

But still DICK BOILINGBROOK will see me at dinner—and—and—I regret to say I do feel uncommonly hungry. If he sees me eating and drinking heartily, he'll show me no compassion, but have me up to town to work at once; perhaps take me back with him!

There is only one thing I implore the Ladies and the Squire to remember, and that is as I put it to them piteously,

"Don't let him keep me up late."

That is my dread. If I am not in bed by half-past-ten at the latest, I am a lost man. I feel it. Like the unhappy *Coupeau* in *L'Assommoir*, when, on recovering from his *delirium tremens*, he is told that a glass of brandy will be his ruin, and who dreads the proximity of the bottle, so I, knowing my own feebleness, knowing how difficult it is to retire where a guest wants to remain, pray my host to insist on my retiring at an early hour, and I beg my hostess and the Ladies not to delay their departure beyond their usual time.

"My dear fellow," says my host, "you know our rule here, and we never break through it for anyone." Then he changes the subject. "By the way, what does your friend drink? Anything? Everything?"

Yes, anything and everything. He is, I say, one of the most genial fellows in the world, and the easiest to please, and no sooner have I given him this character than there is a ring at the hall-door, that sets the yard-dogs barking outside, and brings out the inner canine guards bounding and barking and growling, causing the master and mistress and servants to chorus out in different tones, "Quiet, Pincher! Down, Glen! Quiet, Snap! Be quiet, Puggins!" and, the dogs having been chivied away, the larger ones shut into the back part, and the smaller carried or driven forcibly into the drawing-room, the door is opened, and from the library, whither I have retired so as not to be in a draught—I must on no account be in a draught—I hear DICK's well known voice asking for me, and in less than another minute the library-door is opened, admitting such a blast of cold air as might have announced the presence of *Hamlet's* father's ghost, and the servant ushers in—

"Mr. BOILINGBROOK, Sir."

I tremble, actually tremble. Decidedly I am not in condition. Had I committed some fearful crime, and the Detective from Scotland Yard had found me out at last, and had got the warrant in one pocket and the handcuffs in another, I couldn't be more excitedly nervous, more agitated than I am now on the entrance of Mr. BOILINGBROOK on important business.

COLONEL STANLEY'S COLLEAGUE.

Of all the Candidates for seats at this memorable General Election, there has been none more entirely after *Punch's* own heart, than Major-General FIELDEN, Candidate for North Lancashire, with Colonel STANLEY. If he is returned, he will, in his single simple self, supply the place of the inexpressible Doctor, the Great Major, and the Old Admiral—*Tria juncta in uno*.

Punch has received a ream at least of reports of the General's Blackpool oration. While sweet in its infantile simplicity, it is, like all sweet things, a little cloying, from its constant ringing of the changes on a few themes, after the manner of the Lancashire Bell-ringers. So *Punch* has thought it best to put it into poetic form. And here it is:—

Major-General Fielden's Speech at Blackpool, 5th (not 1st) of April.

I'm a simple old soldier, as all the county know—

Ask Dr. COCKER and he'll tell you so—

And, really, to Parliament I don't want to go,
So when asked, in all humility, I said, No, no!

I love the British Army, to the English Church I go—

Ask Dr. COCKER and he'll tell you so—

I've nothing to do, and there's nothing that I know,
But I've come into property, though why 'tis hard to show.

I met a man in Preston a few days ago—

Ask Dr. COCKER, and he'll tell you so—

Whose opinion on politics I much wished to know,
"Have you none of your own," if you ask. I answer, "No!"

Says I, "from a change of Government, d'ye think good would flow?"—

Ask Dr. COCKER and he'll tell you so,—

Says he, most decidedly, "I don't think so,"

So he didn't, and I don't—that's if you care to know.

The only country worth a dump, the whole world can show,—

Ask Dr. COCKER and he'll tell you so,—

Is England. I may be a fool, but so much as that I know,
So elect me, or take STORRY—I don't like STORIES—though!

THE NEW SCOTCH PEBBLE.—Gladstone.

WHAT WILL HE DO?



Will he discontinue his subscription to the *Daily Telegraph*, or double it?

Will he spend his last official hours in providing for his friends, and laying torpedoes for his foes?

Will he accept a Dukedom, and a Garter for his other knee?

Will he provide himself with inextinguishable laughter for an indefinite period in the shape of a candid autobiography?

Will he establish his ascendancy as a contributor to *Blackwood* in a series of articles of a highly patriotic and personal, not to say aggressive, character?

Will he give us another novel, richly spiced with personalities, and containing a political programme to be carried out on some future occasion?

Will he turn his attention to Classical literature, and add another translation of HOMER to the many extant examples of that favourite feat of retired statesmanship?

Will he go in for Athletics?

Will he, in deference to the general sense of the fitness of things, take up his abode in Cyprus, and devote himself to the development of the incapacities of that interesting island?

Will he extend the scientific frontiers of Opposition?

Will he give his moral support to the Home-Rulers?

Will he show the strength of a Statesman of threescore and something over in kicking against the pricks?

Or, will he accept his enforced retirement with dignity, cheerfulness, and resignation?

HIBERNIAN DEALING WITH DYNAMITE.

Nihilism à la Russe appears to have extended itself to Ireland, if there is no mistake in the following report of a fearful and appalling

"ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP A LORD MAYOR.—At a late election meeting in County Carlow parcels of dynamite were placed under the platform. The diabolical plot, which might have resulted in great loss of life, was happily discovered in time, and the dynamite harmlessly buried."

Although exceptional Irishmen have been known to employ an explosive substance for an unlawful purpose, and there may still exist some misguided Patlanders capable of blowing up their political opponents, let us hope that this was only an endeavour to frighten a Lord Mayor, and not to hurt him. If, however, the parcels really contained dynamite, and instead of being exploded, were simply buried, they now constitute a mine, into which a person not aware of its existence, may hereafter delve. Then will some unfortunate Irishman, through a truly Irish method adopted for the safe disposal of dynamite, get blown into smithereens at the hands of other Irishmen!

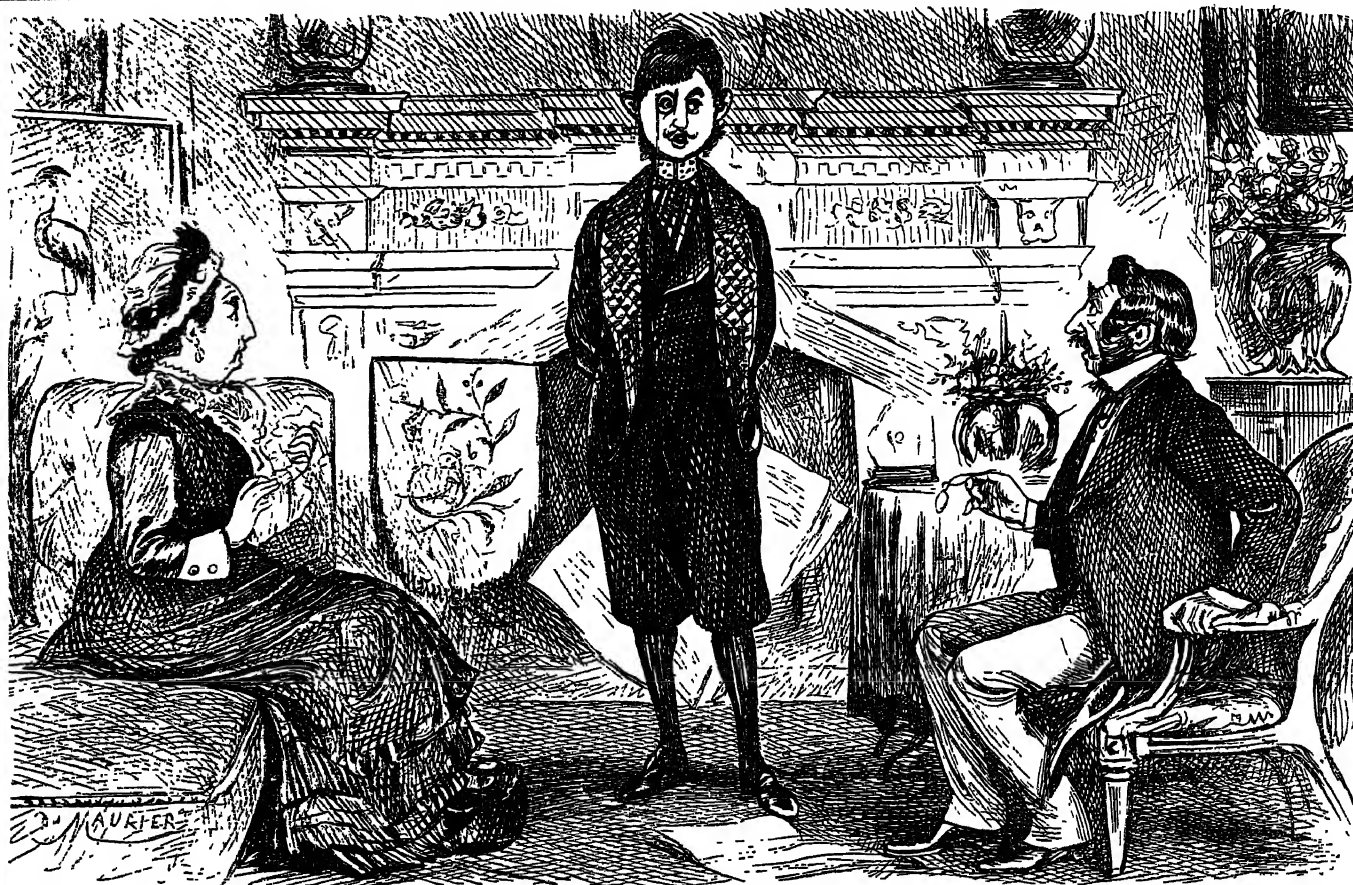
Disce Mori, or Dizzy's Last Lesson.

Ministers seldom practise what they preach,

And so men oft neglect their exhortation:

Yet Ministers, whatever their life, can teach

In death the best of lessons—Resignation.



RESPONSIBILITIES OF HEREDITY.

Son and Heir (suddenly dissatisfied with his Stature, his Personal Appearance, and the Quality of his Intellect). "AW—WHAT ON EARTH EYAH COULD HAVE INDUCED YOU TWO PEOPLE TO MAWWY?"

Sir Wobert and Lady Mawiah. "THE OLD, OLD STOHWY, MY DEAR BOY! WE FELL IN LOVE WITH ONE ANOTHAR—AW—AW—"

Son and Heir. "AW—WELL—YOU'RE BOTH SUCH AWF'LY GOOD OLD DEAWS, THAT I FORGIVE YOU. BUT YOU WEALLY SHOULD HAVE HAD BETTAR TASTE, YOU KNOW, AND EACH HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH A DIFFEWENT KIND OF PERSON ALTOGETHAN, AND GIVEN A FELLAH A CHANCE! YOU SEE, IT'S ALL OWIN' TO YOUR JOINT INTERFEAWENCE IN MY AFFAAWS THAT I'M UNDER FIVE FOOT ONE, AND CAN'T SAY BOH TO A GOOSE, AND—A—JUSTLY PASS FOR BEING THE GWEATEST GUY IN THE WHOLE COUNTY—AW! JUST LOOK AT ME, CONFOUND IT!"

[They look at him, and then at each other—and haven't a word to say.]

VICTORY!

(W. E. G. APRIL, 1880.)

Well done! And surely it is well.
Whatever wary wisdom urge,
Not prompt with psan or with dirge,
Till Truth and Time shall test and tell.

But Time is champion of Truth,
And love of Truth has firm upborne
This fighter 'gainst the doubt and scorn
Of callous age, of cynic youth.

And Time, sure-footed Nemesis
Of fear and falsehood and unfaith,
Has left Truth's witness free from scathe
Of Hatred's howl or Envy's hiss.

Yet let not worsted foemen lour.
Mere conquest is a trivial thing:
Wise laureates little care to sing
The petty triumphs of the hour.

For Fortune's wheel has many turns:
The windy praise, the wild acclaim,
That make the moment's fleeting fame,
Are needs the nobler spirit spurns.

Wisdom reserves its calm applause
For Victors in the worthier fight,
The struggle for the better light,
The higher aim, the larger cause.

And when the dust of conflict clears,
And party passions pale and die,
And like dawn-frighted spectres fly
The flock of hates, and spites, and fears:

When blind appeals to passions blind
No longer stir the State to storm,
And Patriot Honour's placid form
Beacons once more the public mind:

It may be even foes who fret
At the hot herd's applausive breath,
Shall own well won the Victor's wreath
Upon the Veteran's forehead set.

Well won! The war was fierce and long,
The champion had his flaws and slips,
But, with whatever faults, his lips
Spake truth, and in its strength were strong.

Counsel of policy's quick fears
He never took, he struck his stroke
For justice, and no clamour broke
The passion of his seventy years.

The fervent tongue that scared the wise
With too tempestuous eloquence,
Ne'er lost its hold of fact and sense,
Or paltered with the plague of lies.

Let lesser eyes spy out the faults
That marked the arduous campaign;
His shield bears dints, but not a stain;
He held the truth 'gainst all assaults.

And he stands Victor! That is nought
To one who looks beyond the day,
Nor cares to join the blatant bray
Of triumph o'er the foes he fought.

Englishmen they, as he is one;
But holding that he fought for right,
And waged a fair and gallant fight,
Punch hails the Victor with "Well done!"

THE SHOUT OF SCOTLAND.—Where are the Conservatives? ELCHO answers, Where?

RARE AVES.—"A Scotch Conservative and a Liberal Scotchman."



“ VICTORY ! ”

“ A CONQUEROR FROM THE DESPERATE CLOSE—
BUT BREATHLESS—WILLIAM EWART ROSE ! ”

Lady of the Lake (slightly altered).

ON DITS, ON THE BEST AUTHORITY.

(N.B.—For further corroboration apply to Our Own Alarmist.)



"GOOD NEWS."

I AM told on the best authority that the QUEEN will have nothing to do with any new Government, and means to take up her residence permanently at Baden-Baden till the Conservatives return to power.

Of course you have heard that GLADSTONE goes at once into the Upper House as Duke of Midlothian?

I can't give you, off-hand, all the names in the New Ministry, but you may take it for certain that WILFRID LAWSON, CHAMBERLAIN, and RYLANDS are all down for something uncommonly good, while it is quite settled that BRADLAUGH goes to the Education Office, LABOUCHÈRE to the Admiralty, and LINDERS to the Woolsack. All the Lords in the Cabinet and the Household still ungartered, are to toss up between them for the first vacant Garter.

One or two of the first innovations, of course you know, will be the abolition of the Queen's Speech, the suppression of the Reporters' Gallery, and the exclusion of the Opposition from the House on Government nights.

Here are a few items of HARTINGTON's programme, for the authenticity of every one of which I am prepared to vouch.

Universal suffrage to everyone, male and female, above twenty, who shall have resided a whole fortnight in a county or borough, and obtained a School-Board Certificate. The reduction of the expenses of the Navy to two millions a year; the equal subdivision of landed property; compulsory athletics; and the honorary banishment of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE to Monaco, for the purpose of studying the organisation of what is left of its military establishment.

Of course you have heard, too, that Canada is to go to the States, as a settlement of the fishery difficulty; while Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, and as much of India "as is disposed to accept its independence," are to be put up at an International Auction at Berlin, for the benefit of the Bulgarian Exchequer?

There was some talk of beheading BEACONSFIELD on Tower Hill, as an example; but the idea will probably be shelved, for fear of giving unnecessary offence to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Licensed Victuallers.

Following the precedent set in the case of WARREN HASTINGS, LYTTON is to be impeached as soon as he lands at Southampton. The Tory Opposition, however, will spare no pains to shield him. As an earnest of their determination, they have, it is said, already entrusted his defence in the Lower House to the new and rising Member for Barnstable, Sir ROBERT GARDEN.

Did I tell you that as soon as the money can be got out of the sale of the Channel Islands to France, Cyprus will be returned to the Porte, with a cheque for £2,500,000, and an apology?

Report says, too, that Ireland, with PARNELL, BIGGAR and O'DONNELL as its triumvirate, will be conditionally affiliated to the United States; while, in exchange for the privilege of coaling at Smolensk, Russian ships of war are to have the right to refit "in times of international disturbance" at Plymouth, Portsmouth, and Sheerness, free of expense.

Taking things all round, the Session promises to be one, as our dear Ex-Premier would have said, "Both memorable and miserable!"

A DREAM OF CYPRUS.

SHALL our BEACONSFIELD be darkened, shall our beacon be snuffed out?

Shall the great heart of Jingo sink at the foemen's flout?
Borne down, and swamped in evil hour by hair-brained GLADSTONE's windy power

Of vile verbosity?

Can England's Empress, England's Queen make him no earned redress?

Can the "Consolidated" Turk no gratitude express?
Must he retire to Hughenden, and end his days, to Bucks and men

A curiosity?

Shall Asia and Africa, India, Russia, the Cape,
Find no monumental tribute to give their feelings shape?

Is there no grandeur we can add, to crown a great life it were sad
Should not end greatly?

The world has one throne vacant, and history one page,
Both worthy of his filling, wrecks of a grander age—

A throne that hard on Asia's shore once showed its state, if not its power,

In splendour stately.

Jerusalem and Cyprus formed of old a dual realm,
Needs not recount the names of those who swayed its storied helm.
Save how an ISAAC held its throne, once of a time, for pomp far known,

Who lived in clover.

But England's stalwart Lion-heart out of him took the shine,
And to another sold the seat—of LUSIGNAN's high line,
Guy, the great Guy, who, when he dropt the Holy City's sceptre, popt

To Cyprus over.

Canst BEACONSFIELD be asked to resume this ancient throne?
The Turnerelli Wreath might then be to a crown full-blown;
"King BENJAMIN," a title fair worthy of e'en his wearing were,
Of ring Mosaic!

For brass, with tin when blended, from Cyprus copper came.
From the sea-foam of Cyprus Aphrodite lit her flame:

To the bright realm of Brass and Love, who might so well as he remove

From lands prosaic?

Then men of light and leading would flock unto his court:
The Messieurs TRAVEFITT's nice young men would thither re-resort,
To cut off kings' hair instead of priests' who'd keep theirs on their head,

As they prefer to.

So might the present sad eclipse be turned to splendour new;
Sir STAFFORD might be sent to trim the Royal balance true;
And BENJAMIN THE FIRST might, straight, Turkish reforms initiate,
And Sultan spur too.

At Peace with Honour, fancy paints King BENJAMIN reclined,
In a Scientific Frontier established to his mind,
O'er Famagusta's harbour fair,—with room for Earth's ships and to spare,—

Stretched at his feet!

So might he close his evening in placid contemplation
Of the big words, and little wars, he gave the British nation,
Though, what we'll do when he is gone—who shall say but D. T. alone,

His organ meet!

Highly Appropriate.

IN view of Mr. GLADSTONE's policy being enforced, in some of the struggling dependencies of the Ottoman Empire, MULEY BEN HASSAN OSMAN EFFENDI, the Master of the SULTAN'S Private Band, has composed a National March, with the initial bars



GULIELMUS REDIVIVUS.—WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, A.D. 1880!



A TRIMMER.

Country Doctor (as they came from Church). "BUT NOW REALLY, BETWEEN OURSELVES, MANGLES, HOW DID YOU VOTE?"

Rustic. "WELL, SIR, BOTH PARTIES THEY COME AND AXED ME, AND I SAYS TO ONE SAYS I YES, AND I COULDN'T SAY NO TO T'OTHER, SO I TAKES MY BALLOT CARD, GOES INTO THE BOX, SHUTS MY EYES AND MAKES A BIG CROSS, POPS IT IN, AND LOR' KNOWS ONLY 'OW I VOTED!"

SOLVITUR AMBULANDO.

"He gets out of it by walking (his chalks)."—Translation by Bismarck.

(A Page from Somebody's Diary.)

MONDAY.—Very much annoyed to find that the spelling of a recent despatch is not in accordance with my own notions of orthography. Only one thing to do. Immediately tendered my resignation.

TUESDAY.—On receiving a letter from the Emperor declaring that he had passed a sleepless night on account of yesterday's proceeding, determined to reconsider my decision. Stipulated as a condition, that three of the Ministers (whose behaviour in this matter has long been an

annoyance to me), should be dismissed. The condition has been joyfully accepted, and to-night the Palace and the principal Public offices are to be illuminated in honour of my renunciation of my resolve of yesterday.

WEDNESDAY.—Find that the Bundesrath won't consent to impose a tax upon children's postage-stamp albums! This and the agony that I am suffering from a confounded toothache, drives me nearly wild! Of course my course is clear! Telegraph my resignation on the score of ill health. I will teach them to brave me!

THURSDAY.—The Royal Family have paid me a visit, and on their knees have besought me to reconsider yesterday's determination. Her Majesty informs me that the Emperor-King declines all sustenance, and has worn his *picklehaube* constantly for the last four-and-twenty hours. Fears are entertained that His Majesty may not hold out the week. Reluctantly withdrew my resignation on condition that all the General Post-Office Commissaries should be degraded, and that a new tax should be imposed upon toys of every description. These suggestions have been gratefully accepted. I can see by the frequent and magnificent displays of fireworks at Berlin that my yielding has given the liveliest satisfaction.

FRIDAY.—My Bill for preventing anyone from speaking in the Reichstag has been actually defeated! Of course I have sent in my resignation, and think seriously of seeking naturalisation in Russia. My annoyance is too great for words! Still I wish I hadn't flung my *heiduk* out of the third-floor window. This impatience is a weakness unworthy of a man of blood and iron!

SATURDAY.—Of course they have consented to everything and anything. Consequent withdrawal of my resignation for the present! The rejoicing caused by the announcement of my self-sacrifice Bismarck describes as beyond description. I shall take a holiday for six months! Germany and Europe must wait till my digestion has recovered from the effect of this week's annoyances.

Election Nursery Rhymes.

I.

DIZZY the Deep has lost his sheep,
And don't know where to find them;
Let them alone, and they'll come home,
Without the M.P. behind them!

II.

DICK* and BEN,
Went up like men,
To buy out London's Water;
BEN came down,
In spite of the Crown,
And DICK came tumbling after.

"Sword and Pistol" in Paris.

A SENSATION trial in Paris—of a *cantatrice* charged with attempting to assassinate a man who had been her lover, but whom, having behaved very ill to her, she shot at with a revolver, and severely wounded—has terminated, of course, in her being found not guilty. An acquittal in such a case was the least that could be expected of a French jury. It is a wonder that their verdict was unaccompanied by a panegyric on the course the Lady had taken to avenge her wrongs, and that they did not reproduce the precedent recorded in Song of the British Admiral in a similar case, who, when informed of the exploit which had been performed by the spirited heroine, "werry much applauded her for what she had done!"

* The Right Hon. RICHARD ASHINGTON CROSS.



THE KNAVINA OF HEARTS.

A CORRECT COURT-CARD COSTUME, ACCORDING TO THE NEW MANY-COLOURED
PARISIAN DIRECTOIRES.

PROPHETS AND PROPHECIES.

PROPHECYING is a dangerous venture on the verge of a General Election. Only one prophet—Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT—has won honour in his own country, by the exact correspondence of the event to his forecast of it. He said that "the first day of the new Parliament would be the last of Lord BEACONSFIELD's Government," and the only question now is whether Lord B. will not anticipate the new Parliament's assembling by performing the "*Hara Kiri*," or happy dispatch of himself as the Head of a defunct Administration.

One particularly unsuccessful, and, it must be added, unwise, prophet is he who launches his bolts from the most serene heights of Jingoism in the columns of *Blackwood's Magazine*. In an article of the number appropriately dated the 1st of April, and entitled "The Appeal to the Country," he nakedly puts the question—without the least hedge to dodge behind—"Lord BEACONSFIELD appeals to the country to say whether he is not the right man in the right place, his policy the only possible alternative to national humiliation and confusion?"

And the United Kingdom most distinctly and decidedly, with voice all but unanimous, save from the City and the Metropolitan Counties—from North and South, East and West, from its great manufacturing centres and its small agricultural

boroughs, from its cathedral cities and its industrial capitals, from its counties and its boroughs, its towns and its hamlets, answers as plainly as the triple tongue of Great Britain can answer—"NO."

Poor Prophet!

MORAL SONGS FOR ELECTION-TIME.

(After Dr. Watts.)

I.—PLAY (INNOCENT AND OTHERWISE).

ABROAD in the Boroughs to see the Blue Lambs,
And the Red Lions, rather too free of their dams,
Standing up for what both call their rights:
Or a knot of young roughs, whose right place
were the cage,
Of their hustling and horseplay well-earning the
wage,
Are not pleasant election-time sights.

If we'd been born Ducks, we *might* dabble in
mud;

Or Dogs, we might snarl till it ended in blood;
But *we* claim to be rational creatures;
And DIZZY and GLADSTONE, and such pretty names,
We ought to know better than fling, to our
shames,

Like mud, in each other's flushed features.

Not a vile thing Blues do, or a hard thing Buffs
say,

But with Blue and Buff bills should be wiped
clean away.

They are fools who let foolish words hurt.
Not so roughs' rude horseplay, who fight and
throw mire,

Or, still worse, penmen's frolics, who fling about
fire

In Jingo Drawcansir disport.

II.—LOVE BETWEEN REDS AND BLUES.

Let Frenchmen fight with kick and bite—
They can't use fists, we know—
Let Turk and Russ take wrong for right,
It is their nature to.

But, Britons, you should never let
Such Party-passions rise,
As, even at Election times,
To blank each other's eyes!

Afghans, Zulus howe'er we treat,
Let's keep the peace at home:
Where Rads and Jingoos share the street,
To cuffs they should not come.

Birds in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a painful sight,
When fools, though of one family,
Fall out and chide and fight.

Hard hustings-names, hot platform-words,
And blatant leaders' breath,
Take shape in Clubs, Lies' two-edged swords,
And mob-war to the death.

He's wise who tongue and temper schools
Through the election fight,
Nor holdeth all his foes for fools,
Himself still in the right.

Rivers of Wealth.

FROM recent correspondence touching the Metropolitan Water Supply, it appears that £95,000 is considered moderate as the price of an old Water Company share. At this rate the Thames may be regarded as one branch of Pactolus, and the Lea as another.

After Dissolution, Corruption.

HIC JACET

Not under a Glad-stone,
But a sorry Boord,
The Borough of Greenwich
Having gone to de Worms!

FOR SALE.

By Order of the Highest Court of Appeal.



THE complete stock of valuable machinery, tricks, decorations, properties, &c., of the Imperial Star Company, which is retiring from business, including—

Gorgeous costumes—among them, those of a King of Cyprus, Empress of India, Sultan of the East, &c. A wonderful set of Marionettes (life-size), with the Cabinet, wires, and apparatus, for working them.

A choice assortment of Bogies, Ghosts, and Hob-goblins, with blue-fire tins, and lime-light apparatus complete—among them, the *Czar of Russia*, Rt. Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, "Spectre Rouge," "Dismemberment at Home," "Degradation Abroad," &c., &c., &c.

Transparent show-boards with illumination lamps and fittings, and sensation mottoes—"Peace with Honour," "Scientific Frontier," "Gates of India," &c., &c. as good as new.

A model steam-engine, models of iron-clads, steamers, torpedo-boats, &c., lately in the school-room of the Rt. Hon. W. H. S. . . . H., rather out of repair.

Also a Policy of Assurance in the European Company (going for what it will fetch).

Also £4,000,000 fully paid up Suez Canal Shares, together with a large key (supposed to be that of the Gates of India).

Also a number of Salisbury Surprise [Crackers, of a highly startling character (patented by the Company)].

To be sold without reserve. Apply at Downing Street, of BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Costumier, and Manager; at the office of the Patriotic Association, 46A Pall Mall; or of GLADSTONE, GRANVILLE, HARTINGTON & Co., Solicitors for winding up the concern.

BETSY'S GOOD-BYE!

BOHOO! Which it's bitter, it's bitter, as gall ain't the word by a lot, Angosture is simply not in it. Old England 'll go straight to pot, There! nothink can't save her, no nothink, my 'brella is busted and broke, Like the glorious gingham once waved by the wailant ex-Member for Stoke.

Poor Dewdrops! he's down on his luck, but not downer than BETSY. Ah! me! To think that the day arter all should be won by that W. G. As I thought was playfuled out so completely, and therefore turned up once for all, And now here he comes right end hup, not a mossel the wus for his fall!

And BENGX, my Russ-bearding BENGX, as chaffed him for being werbose, Has been woofiferated from office. Oh, lor! it's a deuce of a dose! A pill as poor PRIG cannot swaller 'thout many a gulp and a groan, Which a stummicking WILLIAM's wild words ain't nothink to eating my own.

Which eat 'em I'll 'ave to, aperient, or else be left out in the cold. Oh BENGX, my 'igh 'earted 'ero, my patriot 'orty and bold, Our country's ongratefully sacked us, they're arter that WILLIAM like sheep, And the wildernedge now is our sojun, our portion to wail and to weep!

Oh, I wowed as the country wos with you, and now all the towns is gone wrong, And the counties, wus luck, follers soot, as I *did* trust to back you up strong, I'm a tryin' to soften it down, BEN, to show the best brains go for you, But I fear it won't do, my dear BENGX, I'm orful afearid it won't do.

Gr-r-r! the bage and onthankful Philistians! The thought makes my tears to bust forth.

Serve 'em right if they're reglar munched up by that bragian old Bear in the North,

Which I've swore sacking you, BEN, meant ruin, and now all my Bogies is blown, And 'ow I'm a-going to square it is more than to me is bekknown.

"Safe-guarding the Hemptire," won't do. "Perish Injy," don't fetch 'em no more,

"Antinationals," "British Bulgarians," "Thusters for Otterman gore," All—all my most chiest eggpressions of hinsult, and scorn, and disgust, Is as useless as broken pea-shooters or pop-guns whose barrels is bust.

If I'd stuck to the Woodman—but there, that's all rubbige and fiddlededee; Had I jest cast my eye over 'istry, I might ha' surmized 'ow 'twould be, Which Administrations is now but a sort of a match played by innings, And BENGX is bound to stand lieked, when them Radicals tost up their winnings.

Old BETSY's a "practical" party, like Bob, which his surname is LOWE, As has pulled up his stakes jest in time. It's a blow, my dear BEN, it's a blow;

But wot's an old woman to do? I've one ankercher left as is dry, So I wipes my last weeps, and feels better. Good bye, my sweet BENGX, good bye!

THE BURNING QUESTION IN MIDLOTHIAN.—Our Faggots: What has become of them? Axe!

SPEECH AND SUBSTANCE.

(SCENE—A Medical Consulting Room. Physician and M.P.)

Physician. Suffering from nervous exhaustion and a sense of irritation in the larynx? No wonder, my dear Sir. Put out your tongue. Ha! Not much amiss after all its electioneering over-exertion. Talking at the rate of a long pamphlet a day for days together must have terribly tried that member—that member's member. Ha, ha! Tremendous trial of all the vocal organs. Lucky not to have got acute laryngitis. Narrow escape. Don't do it again, Sir—don't!

M.P. Well, Doctor, perhaps we did a little overdo it.

Physician. A little! Enormously. What an expenditure of breath, and that for a spare man like you. Dear me! 'Tis a mercy it hasn't pulled you down more.

M.P. In what way, Doctor?

Physician. By abstraction of vital force, my 'good Sir, and consumption of tissues. You talked not only politics, but ponderable matter away. The voice is formed by a wind as well as a stringed instrument. Words are breath. The products of respiration are water and carbonic acid gas. Think of the weight you must have lost in these substances alone. Fancy all the carbon precipitated from all the breath you wasted—I beg your pardon—used in speaking so many words. Imagine it exhibited in a solid form. I haven't time to calculate how much off-hand; but it would make an appreciable mass of charcoal. Or, let us say, if crystallised, the material element of that brilliant oratory would resolve itself into a large diamond. Why, Sir, you resemble the girl you have read of in the fairy tale who talked precious stones.

M.P. Come, come, Doctor, you are too complimentary.

Physician. Ah, but then there was somebody else, you know, who talked toads and frogs.

M.P. Oh, oh!

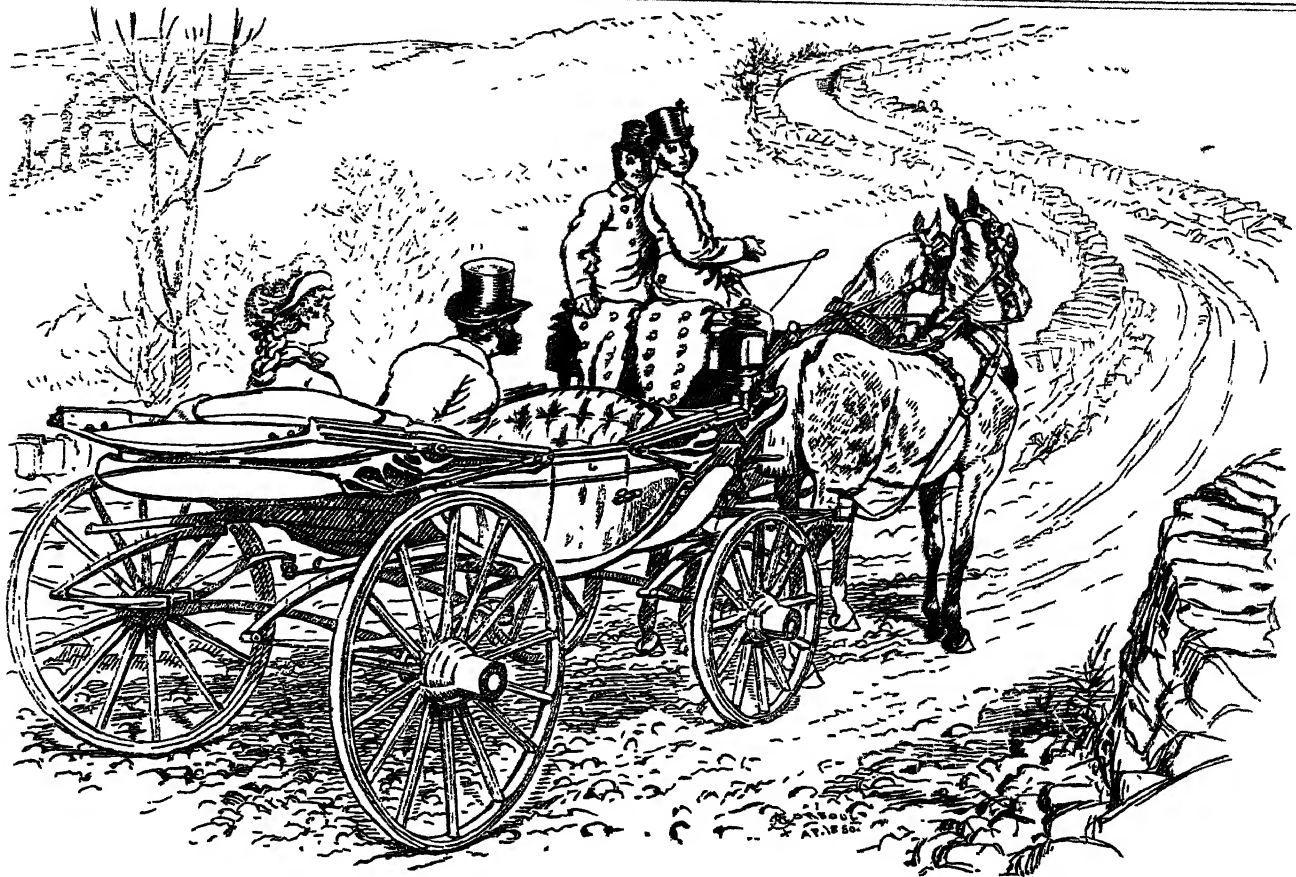
Physician. Well, well; it wasn't you, but the wrong man—the man on the other side. They all talk toads and frogs on that side. On yours, of course, everybody speaks gems. But, next time you speak, do, for goodness sake, speak fewer. I shall not prescribe you any medicine. Rest, at present, is all you require to cure the consequences of your *cacœthes loquendi*.

M.P. Ah, Doctor, you don't know the necessities of political antagonism, and how much hammering it takes to beat an idea into the brains of an intelligent constituency. Thanks, dear Doctor, for your excellent advice with regard to precious stones; and now, in return, accept this *honorarium* of precious metal (*gives him a fee*).

Physician (*pocketing fee*). That was speaking concisely and to the purpose. Stick to that. [Consultation closes.]

SYNONYMOUS.—The Will of the People—The People's WILLIAM.

PUNCH'S APPEAL FOR A GRAND OLD WOMAN.—(See p. 168, No. 2022.)—We should have added to our last week's appeal for the proposed Drinking Fountain in honour of JANET HAMILTON, the Coatbridge Poetess of the Poor, that subscriptions will be received in London by Mr. WILLIAM PHILLIPS, 25, Coal Exchange, who knew her, who appreciated her writings and her life's work, and has done his best to spread a knowledge, and secure a fitting memorial, of both. Let all Glasgow men, and all Scotchmen, in London, join in doing posthumous honour to one, who confers such honour on the "gude town" of St. Mungo, and the gude blood of Lanarkshire.



ELECTIONEERING CAUSE AND EFFECT.

SCENE—At foot of hill leading to the Castle, on road from Railway Station. Sudden stoppage of Carriage.

Noble Owner. "WELL, MARTIN, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Coachman. "WHY, YOU SEE, SIR, JUST OF LATE THE 'OSSES HAS GOT SO USED TO THE MEN FROM THE PITS WAITING TO TAKE THEM OUT, AND DRAG US UP THE HILL, THAT I CAN'T GET THEM TO GO ON NOW, SIR!"

COMFORT AND COUNSEL.

(From the P. M. G.)

My friends, 'twere the saddest of pities
If you couldn't pluck hope out of worry,
From London's and Westminster's cities,
Kent, Middlesex, Essex, and Surrey!
True, in this gain you reckon twice over
The votes City-premises give,
And the County votes, where in the clover
Of villadom, City swells live.
But that's a detail, like the scandal
That money-bags need not hold brains,
Though the Rads by the help of that handle
Pump mud on Conservative gains.
More intelligence, wisdom, wealth, knowledge,
Will be found in that area clustered,
Than in all England else—city, college,
Port, centre of industry—mustered.
This truth the Election shows clearest,
That of all England's cherished monopolies
Conservative faith is the dearest,
And the stronghold of that's the Metropolis.
Lambeth, Marylebone, Chelsea—that silly place!—
Southwark, Finsbury, Tower Hamlets, may claim,
Loosely speaking, in London to fill a place,
But, we all know, 'tis only in name.
Our Party's profound foreign policy
Is in London upheld just as far
As wisdom and wit beyond folly see,
And as wise writers foolish ones bar.

Out of high-cultured Intellect's focus,
Where stump-orator's froth has had sway,
GLADSTONE's chatter and CHAMBERLAIN's caucous
May have won, for an instant, the day;

But that's a mere craze of the moment—
'Twill pass like a mist of the morn,
With its gains, not for substance but show meant,
And its Leader, that butt of our scorn!

Then up, in the name of the City,
To your BEACONSFIELD, Jingoos, be true!
Take a hint from your foes—'tis a pity
If we can't breed stump-speakers too.

"The New Dictatorship."

SUCH is the title of a scathing article, in which the *Post-mortem Gazette* pours out its scorn on the silly believers in Mr. GLADSTONE, whose "*pros and cons*," we are told, resolve themselves into one simple question, "Whence and how is Mr. GLADSTONE to exercise the Dictatorship which the 'Voice of the People' has conferred upon him?"

"Dictator for Dictator," the Voice of the Country might reply; "better Mr. GLADSTONE than Lord BEACONSFIELD."

Punch takes leave to ask, if Mr. GLADSTONE threatens to overshadow his Liberal colleagues, how was it with Lord BEACONSFIELD and his Conservative Cabinet?

A PROBLEM.

To correct the "time of day" by the meridian of Greenwich, for that by the length and breadth of the United Kingdom.

AN EMBARRAS DE RICHESSES.—The Liberal Gains.



NINCOMPOPIANA.

Although unsuccessful as an Exhibitor, the great Maule is getting known to Fame through the exertions of his Literary Friends—and he receives august Foreign Visitors. But being a consistent Radical, he leaves his Model (a cheeky youth, who reads Charles Dickens on the sly) to do the Honours of his Studio.

The Grand Duke. "GOTT IN HIMMEL!—AND DOES MISTER MOWTLE EXHIBIT ZESE VORRES OF ABERT AT ZE ROYAL AGATEMY, OR AT ZE CROSFENOR GALLERY?"

Model. "NEITHER, YER S'RENE 'IGHNESS! WE AIN'T YET COME DOWN TO EXHIBITIN' OUR PICTURES IN PUBLIC!"

The Grand Duke. "SOH! POT ZEN WHO SEES DEM?"

Model. "ONLY MR. PRIGSBY, YER S'RENE 'IGHNESS; AND MR. JELLABY POSTLETHWAITE, AND MRS. CIMABUE BROWN—BUT THEY GOES 'OME AND DESCRIBES 'EM IN LANGUAGE THAT 'EAVENLY, THAT IT'S ALMOST AS IMPROVIN' TO THEM AS READS IT AS A SIGHT OF THE PICTURES THEMSELVES!"

The Grand Duke. "ACH!—POT ZEN WHO PUFYS DE BICTURES?"

Model. "MRS. 'ARRIS, YER S'RENE 'IGHNESS—AND MR. BROOKS, OF SHEFFIELD!"

FLUTTERING A DOVE-COT.

(An incident from the Diary of a Convalescent, told in a few Chapters properly belonging to the Series usually headed "Friends at a Distance," which has appeared from time to time in these pages.)

CHAPTER III.

THE FLUTTERING COMMENCES.

MR. DICK BOILINGBROKE bursts into the Library. He is all wraps and newspapers.

"How are you, old boy?" he exclaims, with a sympathetic heartiness of manner which at once gives one to understand that all his doubts as to my being actually bedridden are dispelled. He has not yet determined whether to treat me as in the first stage of convalescence, or as a kind of deserter from the literary army, who, if not actually criminal, has at least obtained an extension of sick leave under false pretences.

"How are you, old fellow, eh?" he repeats, and shakes me warmly by the hand.

I thank him, and faintly reply—with an intense pity for my own state of health—"I am as well as can be expected."

I try to smile at my present feebleness, as though it were a mere nothing, in order to impress on him what an amount of agony I must have previously gone through to have brought me so low as this. He eyes me over critically. I feel that under this inspection I am

blushing nervously, which gives me a colour, and is at this minute the very thing I don't want. No matter how I look to other people who have seen me at my worst, and have pitied me,—they know what my real state is; but to a friend from London, who has just "run down," and is going to "run back again," and who will give his own report, from his own point of view of me, to my other friends in town—or, which is worse, to those who have been waiting to get some work (some uncongenial work) out of me for some time past—I sincerely wish I could appear like the dying *Smike* in the earliest editions of *Nicholas Nickleby*—frail, lank, reclining on a bench, and with a heavenly expression of resignation on his pallid features.

This is the imaginary portrait of myself as I should like to appear when MR. RICHARD BOILINGBROKE comes down to see me at Motemoss on important business.

"Well," he says, after taking stock of me as though he were going to buy me, "You're not looking bad."

I smile faintly. I had hoped I was looking bad. And then I go at once, and with a considerable amount of pleasure, into a minute account of my ailments, commencing from some time previous to the attack, and bringing the history down to the present date.

"Ah," says DICK, when I've finished the story of my illness—

"Yes—you're all right again now."

Except for strength, I admit—feebly—that I am. I am not going to be suddenly driven into rude health in this unsympathetic way.

"Well," he says, "I thought you'd got a little place of your own



"RES ANGSTÆ."

Paterfamilias (reading). "SEVENTEEN VALUABLE BEASTS POISONED BY EATING THE BRANCHES OF YEW——"
Materfamilias. "THU—T—T—TRUT— OH DEAR! BUTCHERS' MEAT WILL BE UP AGAIN!"

here. I heard it from somebody—oh, let me see—yes, somebody who knows your doctor in town—the only person to whom I had mentioned my retreat was the doctor!—“and so, as I wanted to see you about a sort of rough-and-tumble comic piece for the Symposium”——

I start. “Have you taken the Symposium? I thought it was only a Music-Hall?” I ask.

“Yes, so it was,” he replies. “It was first Baths and Wash-houses, then it was a Chapel, then it was a Music-Hall, and now I’ve taken it, and I’m making it into a sort of Variety Shop. It’s out of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN’S jurisdiction, and it’s licensed by the Magistrates. I’ve put up TOM GLYTTER as ostensible Manager.”

“Good man, GLYTTER!” I murmur, approvingly.

“Yes,” continues DICK BOILINGBROOK, “he’s just the sort of chap for that place—understands shows thoroughly, failed himself several times, and is quite ready to carry out instructions. We shall have an Operetta to commence with—first-rate band and chorus—then a kind of concert of the best people—I’ve engaged SMASH as the chief comic—SMASH, the jolly SAM SMASH, you know——”

“I know,” I say. Who can help knowing something about the Jolly SAM SMASH? Aren’t the walls, everywhere, in the unlikeliest places, even down here at Shepton-on-Sea, where he honours us with his jolly presence for one night in the year, covered with advertisements and picture-posters of the jolly one himself, generally represented as with light curly hair, unhealthy pink cheeks, and a glass in his bright blue eye, blue trousers, brown coat, red waistcoat, and yellow gloves, taking off his hat to the public generally as he sings (the legend being underneath) *Have you seen my Mary?* “Oh, yes,” I say, “I know the Jolly SAM SMASH. He’s an attraction.”

“Yes,” says Mr. BOILINGBROOK, carelessly, “he is; and if he isn’t, I’ll soon get somebody else. Lots more where he came from. Then we’re going to have a farce with MUGGER in it.”

“MUGGER!” I exclaim, astonished to hear of the appearance of this great comedian, of whom the papers have prophesied such great things in Shakspearian Drama, in a farce at the Symposium Variety Theatre!

“Yes. Well, you see,” he explains, “I’d engaged him at the St. Giles’s, but when I sent the French company there, and couldn’t fit him in with my other companies on tour and at the Palace, I thought as he was walking about doing nothing while I was paying him just on two thousand a year——”

“Two Thousand a year!” I exclaim, wishing I were MUGGER the Comedian—a Low Comedian, too!

“Yes,” returns DICK BOILINGBROOK, “I’m giving him a sum that would pay about fifteen curates handsomely; and as we’d shunted the Divine WILLIAM at the St. Giles’s *pro tem.*, and couldn’t disturb the cast of the melodrama at The Prince’s, I’m obliged to get something out of him at the Symposium.”

He speaks of MUGGER as a sportsman speaks of his hunter that’s performing the strange cannibalistic operation known as “eating its head off” during a long frost.

It appears that Mr. BOILINGBROOK wants me to do something for the Symposium—he will explain the details fully to me in the course of the evening; and also he wants a topical song for the Jolly SAM SMASH. It occurs to me that if I can get my topics sent from London, I shall have plenty of time to versify them here; and if my excellent friend the *entrepreneur* does not want to see me personally every other day, nor requires my attendance at rehearsal, I shall be able to continue my stay at Motemoss, and work as much at my ease as did Sir WALTER SCOTT at Abbotsford, the Poet-Laureate in the Isle of Wight, or the late Lord LYTTON at Knebworth. Even a “rough-and-tumble sort of farcical pantomimical piece,” as Mr. BOILINGBROOK describes it, can be the amusement of the leisure hours of a seriously disposed literary man, who, at other times, will be engaged on an article for the *Quarterly*, a tragedy in blank verse, or an Essay on “The Life and Times of SENNACHERIB.”

I am already beginning to enter into the spirit of the thing, and am gradually slipping away from my invalid moorings, when Squire COSSERT enters, and, after an introduction, invites my visitor to dinner.

“Come as you are,” says the Squire, cheerily; “no dress.”

Now, there is one peculiarity of DICK BOILINGBROOK—it is, that at a certain time in the evening he invariably assumes evening dress. No matter where he is, no matter how much or how little luggage he

has with him, one thing he never travels without, and that is his evening dress. If DICK BOILINGBROOK were crossing the Great Desert of Sahara, punctually at half-past six, or seven, he would appear on his camel in full evening dress, opera-hat, and all. As he says, you never know what may turn up—a ball, or a concert, or a theatre, or a party, or something to which you particularly want to go, but can't, because you haven't your evening dress with you. Now, supposing a man always wishing to be in readiness, and on the look-out, for some such excitement, then DICK BOILINGBROOK's rule is a necessity. The Squire, who regards evening dress as intended for special festivities, opens his eyes at the notion of anyone being invariably prepared for any such excitement, and, moreover, actually liking it and looking for it.

"When there's anything going on, I always go and see it," says DICK, pleasantly; immediately adding the question, "There's no theatre here, is there?"

"No," answers the Squire, inwardly thanking his stars there isn't—"not at Sheepston, which is only a sort of village suburb of Lambgate."

"But in Lambgate there used to be one," says DICK. "Let me see—it was built by MATLAND, who was Dancing-Master to GEORGE THE FOURTH, and married TOZINI the dancer. It was called the 'Regent' when I was quite a boy, I recollect."

"Ah!" says our host, whose breath has been quite taken away by the knowledge of his native place displayed by his guest. "You are perfectly right."

"I knew I was," says Mr. BOILINGBROOK, in a parenthetical aside, nodding in an offhand and confidential manner to me.

Squire COSETT continues—

"It was the 'Wellington' when I was a boy, but"—he goes on thoughtfully, as if trying to recall the history of this once celebrated place of entertainment—"but latterly, I rather think—"

"Yes," cuts in his informant, "latterly it got into bad hands, the licence was refused."

"It was," says the Squire, majestically, "and very properly so. I was on the Bench at the time."

"Were you?" returned Mr. BOILINGBROOK, nothing abashed by the intelligence. "I knew there was some difficulty, because PROBERT wrote to me, and wanted me to take it—but I didn't see it. Nothing to be done with it, I suppose?" he adds, interrogatively, looking at the Squire, as if his opinion would be valuable.

The Squire is flattered. He considers awhile, to convey the idea that he knows all about the capabilities of the "Regent," and its prospects, though I am perfectly sure that he has never once given the place a thought for years, and is uncertain as to its existence. His reply is, however, emphatically to the effect that nothing can be done with the "Regent"—that, in fact, he rather thinks it is already pulled down.

"And certainly," Mr. BOILINGBROOK finishes for him, "isn't worth building up again."

"You're not leaving us?" says the Squire, seeing DICK putting on his ulster.

"No, no," is the reply—"only half-an-hour; just go to my pot-house—change—and re-appear in gorgeous array. *Au revoir*!"

And before another word can be said, Mr. RICHARD BOILINGBROOK has quitted the library, has gone through the hall, and out by the front door, as if he had known his way about the place from infancy, and has vanished.

He came in like a hurricane, he has gone out like a whirlwind. We stare at one another helplessly. Presently, the Squire recovers himself sufficiently to look at his watch, and observe,

"Time to get ready for dinner."

"We needn't dress," I plead, relapsing into my invalid state.

"No," answers COSETT, "you needn't. I must, as he's gone off expressly to dress. Haven't got too much time."

And with this, to my amazement the Squire, who never hurries himself, dashes madly up-stairs two steps at a time, as though he had been suddenly galvanised into action by BOILINGBROOK. His manner has undergone so sudden and so marked a change, in five minutes, since the "Regent" discussion that I should not be astonished if, on BOILINGBROOK's re-appearance, our host were to propose *proprio motu* a ramble into the town of Lambgate, just to see "what is going on." I retire meditatively to my room.

Mem. for Midlothian and Elsewhere.

Il y a fagots et fagots.

Tory } Fagots are not half so bad as { Liberal } ones.
Liberal }

ENTRANCE AND EXIT.

1874.—*Sanitas Sanitatum, omnia Sanitas!*

1880.—*Insanitas Insanitatum, omnia Insanitas!*

"YOUR BIRD'S-NEST TO ITS RIGHT USE."



DR. MACDONALD addresses to the *Daily News* an eloquent plea for nesting-birds:—

"The time of year has arrived when woods, coppices, and hedgerows are searched for birds'-nests by lynx-eyed urchins and professionals. Every likely tree, shrub, bush, and tuft of grass is closely examined, and when a nest is discovered it is at once pillaged of eggs or nestlings with a shout of triumph. Surely it is a pity that thousands of eggs should be taken away to be 'blown,' and put on a string like beads, rendering them practically valueless. Surely it is wicked to capture fledglings that soon die from want of proper food. Surely it is cruel to leave their disconsolate parents to mourn over the cold, deserted nest, since birds sorrow as keenly, as deeply, and as sincerely as any man or woman, over lost children."

But if birds'-nests must be taken, let them, at least, be utilised. What if they were converted into head-dresses, as in our initial illustration, with the parent bird stuffed, in the attitude of brooding her eggs? We often see, nowadays, young Ladies' heads of hair as rough as birds'-nests. Why not wear the hair smooth, and clap the bird's-nest on the top of it?

"HAIL TO THE CHIEF!"

(A Popular Psalm. After Sir Walter.)

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Sharp be his axe, and resplendent its shine,
Long may the light of his fire-flashing glances
Fervently flame in the front of our line!

Heaven his strength renew,
Still keep him stout and true,
Gaily to battle, and greatly to grow;
While all true Englishmen
Send forth the shout agen,
"GLADSTONE victorious! Ho-ieroe!"

Ours is no stripling, no Knight of the Carpet!
Blooming at seventy, when shall he fade?
Him, of the People, in Peace or in War, pet,
Years cannot fetter, nor foes make afraid.

Firm as the fixed rock,
Braving the tempest's shock,
Faster he roots him the fiercer it blow.
England and Scotland then
Echo his praise agen,
"GLADSTONE victorious! Ho-ieroe!"

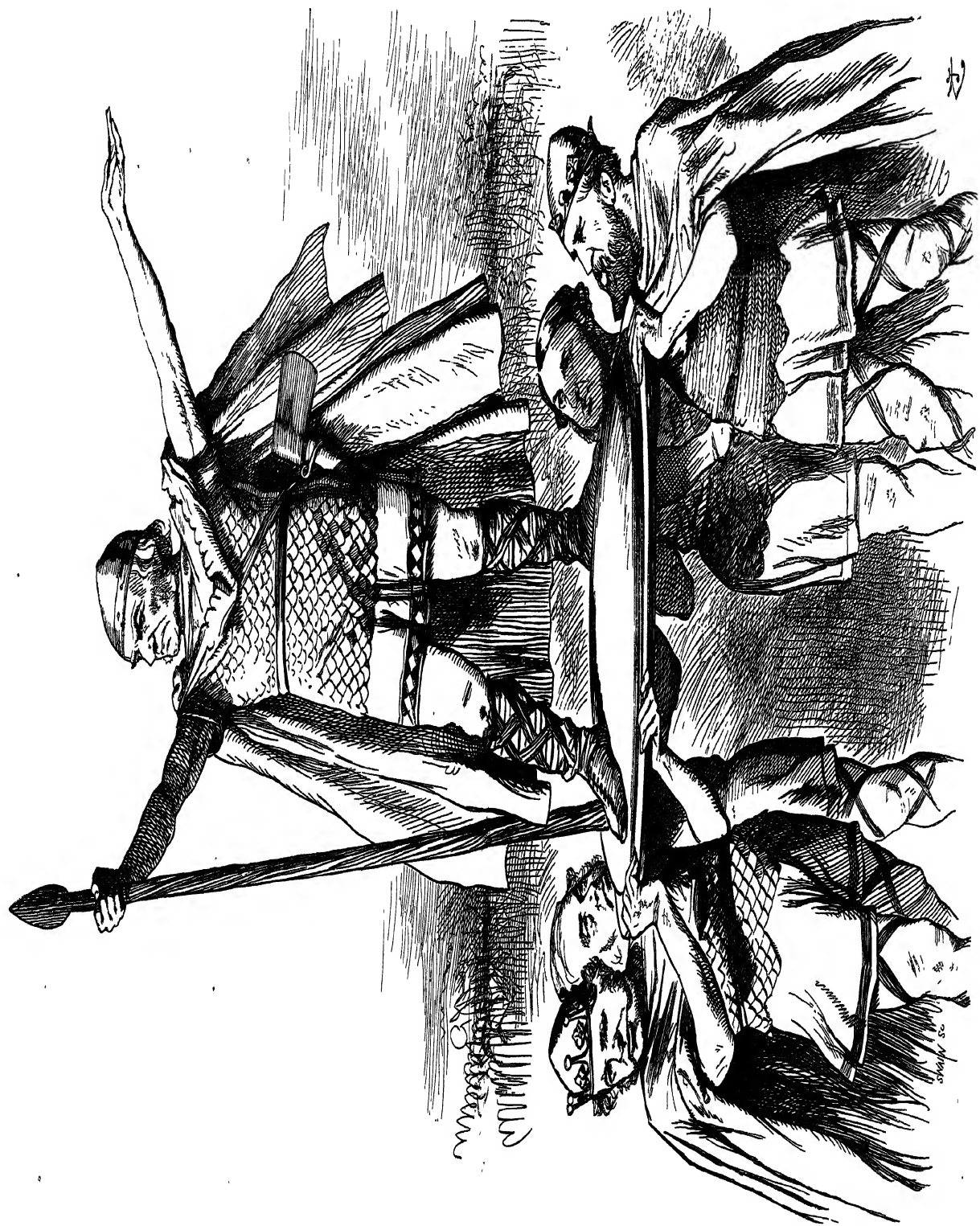
Far in Midlothian his pibroch pealed loudly,
And Torydom's shout to his slogan replied.
Dauntless DALKETH there confronted him proudly,
But little the Veteran recked of his pride.

"Fagots" all prostrate laid
Long shall lament his raid,
Think of "Old GLADSTONE" with wonder and wee;
BUCCLEUCH's brave voting men
Shake when they hear agen
"GLADSTONE victorious! Ho-ieroe!"

Shout, bearers, shout, for the Pride of the Party!
Lift on your shoulders the evergreen Chief.
Stalwart at seventy, stout, hale, and hearty,
Who of his laurels will grudge him a leaf?

And there's a stripling gem,
Worthy the ancient stem—
Middlesex missed him, but Leeds won't say "No."
Loud shall all England then
Shout for the pair agen,
"GLADSTONE and GLADSTONE's boy! Ho-ieroe!"

AN ITALIAN IRISHISM.—*Iberrnia farà da se.*



TRIUMPH!



SECOND THOUGHTS.

Candidate. "HOW MANY CABS AND CONVEYANCES DO YOU SAY THERE ARE IN THE TOWN, SMITHERS, AND HOW MUCH DO THEY ASK FOR ELECTION DAY?"

Steward. "ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED, SIR HENRY—THEY WANT FIVE POUNDS EACH FOR THE DAY—AND THEY 'VE NEARLY ALL OF 'EM VOTES—"

Sir Henry. "HUM—HUM"—(does mental sum)—BLESS MY SOUL! THAT'S FOUR THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS! DO YOU KNOW, SMITHERS, I BEGIN TO HAVE VE'Y GWAVE DOUBTS WHETHER I'M A 'FIT AN' PWOPER PERSON' TO WEPWESENT THIS BOWOUGH!!"

EDISON'S LAST.

MR. PUNCH,

PEOPLE have become slightly sceptical of late about Edisonian inventions, but if that discoverer's alleged latest find be a fact, he has nearly as good as hit on the Philosopher's Stone. He is said to have found out methods, electrical and chemical, by which he can extract more gold from the rejected residuum of auriferous quartz than is obtainable by means of common crushing mills from the virgin rocks. At an expense of not more than five dollars to the ton he gets gold in the ratio of 1:4000 per ton of concentrated "tailings;" and he has contracted for millions of tons of "tailings." Unless the foregoing particulars are fabulous, Mr. EDISON will very soon be another Midas in respect of gold—though certainly not of brains and ears.

Is there, *Mr. Punch*, any possibility of a political EDISON? We know there exists a certain many-headed multitude whom aristocrats are wont to call the dregs of society, but for whom Mr. BRIGHT invented the more euphonious and euphemious title of "the residuum." Is it to be expected that among the Liberal Statesmen apparently on the point of coming in for a long term of power, a master-mind will succeed in devising some way to get the utmost possible electoral good out of these political "tailings"?

Such a possibility, I trust, *Mr. Punch*, you will not deride as the suggestion of a too sanguine optimist. Both as a staunch friend of the people and ally of the publicans, particularly those who keep coffee public-houses—of which two more, I rejoice to see, have been this week opened by the London and Provincial Coffee Palace Company—permit me to style myself, ever yours sincerely,

PUBLICOLA.

APROPPOS ANAGRAM.—WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE—"As willing to lead on."

AFTER DISSOLUTION.

(Wed. April 14, 1880.)

AND is it true that after Death,
When dissolution and decay
Have quenched life's force and stopped its breath,
The dead once more revisit day?

Those who their Place no more shall know,
For whom life's Ministry is o'er,
Once, only once, though dead, may go
Back to the haunts they loved before!

There, the last office done with, grief
One sad assuagement finds; they meet
Once more their Visionary Chief,
A throng of ghosts in Downing Street!

Once more, like Ministers of State
In form, though force has fled, they hold
The hollow mockery of debate
On Phantom Projects, as of old.

Once more—but who shall seek to pierce
That dread Last Council's mystery?
Or say what grave themes they rehearse—
Dead ghosts debating how to die!

THE IMMORTAL WILLIAM'S ADVICE GRATIS (TO HER MAJESTY'S MINISTERS).

"Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once!"

LONDON TOWN.

A LYRIC À LA MODE.

(With humble Apologies to Mr. D. S. Rossetti.)



KENT-BORN HELEN, England's pride,
(O London Town!)
Had a waist a world too wide
For the height of her heart's desire.
Vinegar she in vain had tried.
(O London Town!)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

HELEN knelt at Fashion's shrine,
(O London Town!)
Saying, "A little boon is mine,
A little boon, but my heart's desire.
Hear me speak, and make me a sign!
(O London Town!)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

"Look! my waist is in excess.
(O London Town!)
I would die to have it less.
Shape it to my heart's desire.
Fit for fashionable dress.
(O London Town!)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

"It is moulded like a Greek's,
(O London Town!)
One of Nature's spiteful freaks.
Pinch it to my heart's desire:
I am full of pains and pignies.
(O London Town!)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

"See BELL FANE's, how slim it is!
(O London Town!)
Eighteen inches at most, I wis!

Poisons the cup of my heart's desire.
O that I should suffer this!
(O London Town!)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

"Yea, for straitness here I sue!
(O London Town!)
Antifat I find won't do;
Give me, give me, my heart's desire,
Three inches less, or at least full two.
(O London Town!)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

"BELL to outrival were so sweet!
(O London Town!)
E'en if my heart could hardly beat;
Heart-room is not my heart's desire,
But to bring hearts to my feet.
(O London Town!)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

"I have rivals two or three:
(O London Town!)
Sylph-like, slim of waist they be;
I'm forlorn of my heart's desire.
What thou hast given them give me.
(O London Town!)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

"I am girthed like MILO's Venus;
(O London Town!)
(Could Greek sculptors but have seen us!)
O my rivals! my heart's desire
Is to win in the fight between us."
(O London Town!)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

Fashion looked on HELEN's waist,
(O London Town!)
Looked and frowned with sore distaste,
Saw the sense of her heart's desire,
Said "This must be changed, with haste."
(O London Town!)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

Fashion looked on HELEN's face,
(O London Town!)
Said, "'Tis clear you must tight-lace,"
And gave her there her heart's desire,
A corset new that should give her grace.
(O London Town!)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

Fashion looked on HELEN's breast.
(O London Town!)
"Ne'er Anaconda more tightly prest
Than this new corset, thine heart's desire.
Take it and wear, it shall bring thee rest!"
(O London Town!)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

HELEN took the proffered boon,
(O London Town!)
The first appliance made her swoon;
But what are pangs to the heart's desire?
She was one inch less than her rival soon!
(O London Town!)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

HELEN turned upon her bed,
(O London Town!)
Turned in pain on her bed, and said,
"Death at heart, with the heart's desire,
Is better than being outrivalled."
(O London Town!)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

DIZZY'S DICTUM, WITH PUNCH'S POSTSCRIPT.

"THE world is governed by Sovereigns
and Statesmen," and sometimes changes the
latter as well as the former.

CONSOLATION.

CHEER up, ye M.P.'s unseated!
Ours is but a passing ill!
Morally, we're not defeated—
England's heart is with us still!

'Tis but those confounded Voters
Misconveying Britain's will.
Their opinions don't denote hers—
England's heart is with us still!

'Tis the graceless working-classes,
TOM and HARRY, BOB and BILL;
'Tis the scum, the dregs, the masses!—
England's heart is with us still!

'Tis the sneaking petty tradesmen,
With no thought above the till;
How such avarice degrades men!—
England's heart is with us still!

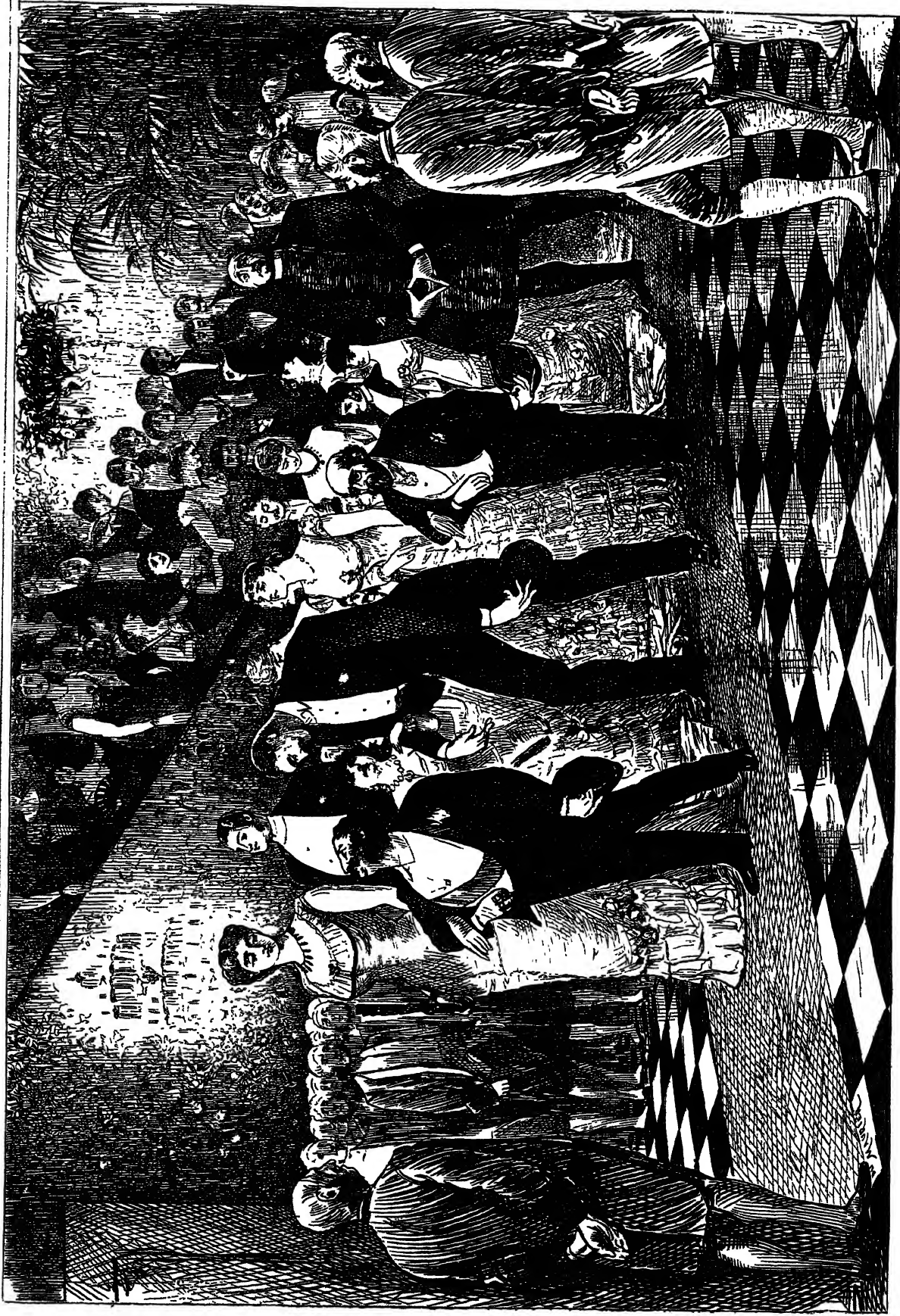
'Tis the herd, sans education,
Duties plain that won't fulfil;
But this gives us no vexation—
England's heart is with us still!

Spite of gold with which the Rooshian
Venal pockets seeks to fill;
Spite of GLADSTONE's elocution—
England's heart is with us still!

Though that vile disintegrator
(Much miscalled the People's WILL)
Goes and taps our lower strata—
England's heart is with us still!

Yes! Though BEN (whom I've a long time
Thought devoid of tactic skill)
Goes dissolving at the wrong time—
England's heart is with us still!

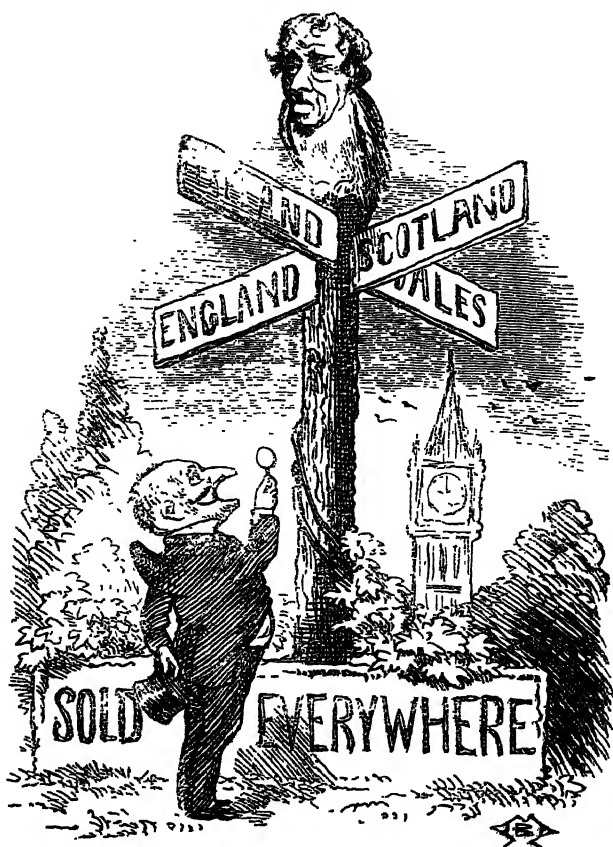
I will take my solemn davy,
Though we fall, like Jack and Jill,
Soon the Isle will cry "Peccavi!"—
England's heart is with us still!



THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

OUR PROPHETIC INSTINCT ENABLES US TO FORESEE THAT THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY OF THE FUTURE WILL CONSIST OF TWO DISTINCT PARTIES—NOT THE TORIANS AND THE WHIGS—BUT THE HANDSOME PEOPLE AND THE CLIMBER PEOPLE. THE FORMER WILL BE THE HIGHLY-DEVELOPED DESCENDANTS OF THE ATHLETES AND THE BEAUTIFUL, THE LATTER WILL BE THE OFFSPRING, NOT OF OUR MODERN ARISTOCRATS—OH DEAR NO!—BUT OF A TOUGHER AND MORE PROLIFIC RACE, ONE THAT HASTETH NOT, NOR RESTETH; AND FOR WHOM THERE IS A GOOD TIME COMING. THE ABOVE DESIGN IS INTENDED TO REPRESENT A FASHIONABLE GATHERING AT LORD ZACHARIAH MOSLEY'S, LET US SAY—IN THE YEAR TWO THOUSAND AND WHATEVER-YOU-LIKE. N.B.—THE HAPPY THOUGHT HAS JUST OCCURRED TO HIS LORDSHIP THAT A FUSION OF THE TWO PARTIES INTO ONE, BY MEANS OF INTERMARRIAGE, WOULD CONDUCE TO THEIR MUTUAL WELFARE AND TO THAT OF THEIR COMMON PROPERTY.

GUIDES WANTED.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Bayswater W., April 14, 1880.

CAN you help me in a great difficulty? I am an arm-chair politician, and require a straight tip in politics. For the last three or four years I have been quite easy in my mind. I have only had to go to my Club (the Gunpowder and Glory), and there I and others read the only papers worth reading—two mornings and one evening.

There was the leading journal, perfectly infallible, and authorised to speak in the name of the Nation. For the last two years or more its Editor has been assuring me every day without reserve that the Nation has approved Lord BEACONSFIELD'S conduct of affairs, such as the profoundly subtle agreement with COUNT SCHOUVALOFF, the splendid acquisition of Cyprus, the far-sighted Protectorate of Asia-Minor, the plucky, just, and humane subjugation of the Zulus and Afghans, and the brilliant tricks played upon Parliament in connection with these matters. Especially when the Southwark Election took place in February, I learned that the Nation had put the final seal to its ratification of an Imperial Policy, any lingering doubts in the mind of the said Nation having been dispelled by the circulation of Mr. COWEN'S "remarkable speech."

Then there was my other morning guide, with "the largest circulation in the world," telling me much the same things in more turgid language. And there was my evening oracle, whose proud boast it is to be written by Gentlemen for Gentlemen, daily enforcing the same doctrine with a superb and scathing scorn of all who ventured to differ from it, which ought to have left no possibility of doubt in any well-regulated mind that Mr. GLADSTONE is an imbecile and malignant traitor, and his followers a few silly sentimentalists, not to say idiotic fools and impudent knaves.

All these able Editors have agreed that if the Liberal party ever had any chance of success, it had been shattered to pieces by the shock given to Englishmen generally, and particularly to a very large class called Moderate Liberals, by the harsh language of Messrs. GLADSTONE, BRIGHT, HARCOURT, and others, in speaking of the splendid services of Lord BEACONSFIELD.

If, therefore, there was one thing of which, at the beginning of March, I was more certain than of any other, it was this—that the Nation was about to pronounce a decisive condemnation of the disloyal and unpatriotic conduct of Mr. GLADSTONE and his foolish followers.

But then came the Elections. I am rather slow at taking in new

things; but even according to my three infallible Editors, and the gossip of my Club, something seems to have gone wrong. It is true that in one of my infallible oracles only the other day I read that what has happened is not inexplicable, and that "it may even be affirmed that the reaction is more moderate than might have been expected." That is all very well for the omniscient Editor; but how about his poor followers? Why did he not give me, and the many like me, who hang upon his words, a hint beforehand of what he knew so well was coming?

Could you kindly answer me these questions:—

1. Have my able Editors been deceiving me?
2. Or is it possible that they knew nothing about the real mind of the Nation they assumed to speak for?
3. Where am I, in future, to find the oracle which will tell me what I am to think on things in general, and foreign politics in particular?

I am, dear Mr. Punch, faithfully yours,

JOHN WETHERSETT.

SOLILOQUY ON SCHOOL SINGING.

MR. OLDBOYS (seated in an arm-chair, deposits newspaper on breakfast-table, and addresses himself). Hrumph! The New Educational Code for 1880 contains a clause providing for the teaching of singing by note in Elementary Schools. Does it, indeed, Sir? You don't say so? Singing by note! That is carrying "Elementary Education" too far, Sir. The Three R.'s may be all very well, Sir; though the street-boys learn them chiefly to read the lives of highwaymen, write your name on your gate, and do addition sums on your door-posts. But now, besides the R.'s, you are to have an M., Sir—Music. And, of course, you will have to pay for it, through the nose.

Music! What good will it do? (Resumes newspaper, and thence reads letter.) "In the next generation there will, no doubt, be a musical society in every village, which will tend to soften and refine our agricultural population!" Soften! as if the bumpkins weren't soft enough already! "England will become a musical nation, and our Educational Code will have been instrumental in promoting such a happy result." Happy! Sha-a! Nonsensical woman! That's one of your School Board Ladies, Sir! England a musical nation! Like Italy. In due time, then, England will export organ-grinders. In the meanwhile, we shall become an operatic people. Your agricultural population, and your artisans, will work in concert; and wherever you go, your ears will be regaled with a working chorus of carters and farm-labourers, or mechanics. Every rural district will become an Arcadia, where the milkmaid singeth blithe, Sir, and the mower whets his scythe, Sir—by way of accompaniment—and every shepherd tells his tale, Sir, under the hawthorn in the dale, Sir, and the tales, of course, will be told in the shape of a song. Now, I don't mind hearing servants sing at their work, Sir, but they could always do that without being taught singing by note. Hrumph! Future point in a servant's character—plays the piano! Bosh! we want no GRISIS, Sir, in our kitchens. "Greasy" are quite good enough for me!

Will music be taught at Board Schools, and not at Boarding Schools? And how about music in your great Public Schools, Sir? Are you to have music taught at Winchester and Eton? If not, Sir, why not, Sir? One reason, I should think, Sir, is that the scholars can do quite well enough without it. Another, that such teaching would, in most cases, be thrown away. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, Sir; neither can you make musical attainments out of an unmusical ear, Sir. As to ears, I dare say the framers of the singing-by-note clause in the New Educational Code, have very fine ears indeed; but I suspect their ears. I question if their ears, however fine, Sir, are as fine as they are long.

I tell you what, Sir. Instead of music, if children, who will mostly have to get their living by domestic service, were to be taught cookery, they would then be taught an extra to the Three R.'s, which you might call Reasonable.

Dishing, with a Difference.

(By an Old Blue.)

In spite of respectable gigs
And legalised cabs, the fight o'er is;
And DIZZY, who once "dished the Whigs,"
Has now, woe is me, "dished the Tories."

THE LAST MAN IN THE UNITED KINGDOM TO BE MADE M.P.—
What the Orkneys and Shetlands have got to decide.

* * * The Editor of *Punch* will be glad if the writer of a letter by "A Conservative" (dated Birmingham, April 13), will, in confidence, communicate with him by name.



A YOUNG DARWINIAN.

Jack (to his Married Sister). "Hi! POLLY!! LOOK!!! HERE'S YOUR BABY TRYING TO WALK ON ITS HIND LEGS!!!!!"

THE LATE STAR-SHOWER.

By some strange oversight the following persons have not been gazetted to the honours attached to their names by recommendation of the Right Hon. the Earl of BEACONSFIELD, on retiring from office.

To be Knights of the Star of India.—All the swarthy Crossing-sweepers found within a radius of four miles of the Oriental Club, on account of their former services in British India.

To be Companions of the Bath (Civil Division).—Forty of the politest of the Attendants of the Metropolitan Wash-houses, on account of their services in promoting purity of election.

To be a Knight Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George.—The Senior Holder of Her Majesty's Ticket of Leave, on account of services rendered in the Colony of New South Wales some forty years ago.

To be a Baronet of the British Empire.—An unfortunate Nobleman, recently languishing at Dartmoor, on account of services rendered to daily journalism from 1868 to 1872.

And to be a Knight Bachelor.—The Chief Assistant to the Deputy Beadle of the Burlington Arcade, to prevent jealousy, and because he may as well be decorated as any one else!

Two Brews—Bitter and Sweet.

THIRICE quenched, the ALLSOPPS' sun had set.

But Fortune, favouring Beer,
Makes Hindlip's butt a Baronet,
And Dublin's Stout a Peer!
If BASS, thrice victor, lags behind,
The Whigs, like Fortune, must be blind!

"THE LAST MAN."

THE Parliament is now complete. Orkney and Shetland have returned their Member. It will now be apparent, even to the meanest capacity, why these islands are called *Ultima Thule*.

THE LAST SURPRISE.

(A Resignation Romance.)

"THE QUEEN has been graciously pleased to confer a Peerage of the United Kingdom on Mr. MONTAGU CORRY, C.B., by the style and title of Baron ROWTON, of Rowton Castle, in the county of Salop."—*Court Circular*.

"THAT will be all, my Lords and Gentlemen."

It was the Premier who spoke; and as, with satiric emphasis upon the concluding word, he pointed to the door of his official chamber, there was not a Member of the expiring Cabinet who did not recall, as if by instinct, the easy insolence that once triumphed at Berlin. They were visibly nettled, and their first impulse as men was to select their hats with icy indifference, and leave their leader to his reflections. But they were something more than men. They were place-men. Nor was this all. They were place-men who had not made a particularly good thing of it. At an hour like this the consciousness of such a fact came upon them with a force that defied control. They hesitated. Then they summoned courage and pushed forward their now weeping spokesman.

"To be an ordinary member of the Second Class of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, is extremely small beer, yet *this* is the sort of thing you offer your tried and trusted friends."

It was a respectable, middle-aged Statesman who spoke. He held a copy of the previous evening's *London Gazette*, on which his tears were falling freely, and his voice was thick with emotion. But the contempt with which he alluded to the great Colonial distinction was almost appalling. His late Chief eyed him sardonically, yet curiously. Then he again pointed to the open door.

"There will be a few home pickings for the rest of you!" he rejoined, coldly. "So once more, my Lords and Gentlemen, good day!"

Late that evening the Machiavelli of his Country woke up with a start before his dying Buckinghamshire fire. His face was white with the terror of nightmare; and, with a loud laugh, that startled suddenly to his feet his Private Secretary asleep on the opposite side of the rug, he seized a map of the County of Salop, and struck it with his clenched fist.

"They say I have been niggardly!" he shouted, till the old rafters of Hughenden echoed again. "Niggardly! And they are right! MONTY, my boy, do you know what I mean to do for you?"

His companion regarded him sadly. "I haven't the slightest idea," he said.

"You haven't?" asked the great mystifier, his eye kindling with a sense of ironical humour. "Then, I have!"

And, with a smile in which demon and angel were strangely blended, the master spirit of his time launched his last surprise,—

"You'll laugh, MONTY, my boy, but, by Jove! it's a fact—I'm going to make you a Peer!"

The Two Voices.

(By an ex-Minister.)

WHEN my voice and the voice of the people agree, I
Feel bound to proclaim it the only *Vox Dei*.
But when my voice opposes the cry of the rabble, I
Vox Dei am forced to pronounce *Vox Diaboli*!

BY ROYAL INVITATION.

ATLAS has once more taken the world on his shoulders; GLADSTONE is himself again—Prime Minister of England!



AN APRIL SHOWER;

OR, IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS.

FLUTTERING A DOVE-COT.

(An incident from the Diary of a Convalescent, told in a few Chapters properly belonging to the Series usually headed "Friends at a Distance," which has appeared from time to time in these pages.)

CHAPTER IV.

FLUTTER AND FINISH.

WE all appear in evening dress—Ladies, too; and we find DICK BOILINGBROOK in the drawing-room, waiting to receive us! He has been there a quarter of an hour.

"I came in at seven," he says in explanation. "I was told that was your dinner-hour." Here he refers to me, and I corroborate the statement. The Squire apologises for his want of punctuality by saying that he thought Mr. BOILINGBROOK had so far to go, and to return, and to dress, &c., &c.

"Oh!" laughs Mr. BOILINGBROOK, "it doesn't take me two minutes to jump into my clothes. They're like the trick-dress of an entertainer—on in a jiffy, and out as somebody else."

We all laugh; and after this there might have been an awkward pause, which some one, on any ordinary occasion, would have broken by hazarding a mild observation on the weather; but Mr. RICHARD BOILINGBROOK suddenly produces all the papers he has brought from town, including the "illustrated comics," up to the latest date, and distributes them to the company. "I thought you'd like to see 'em," he remarks, in a good-humoured tone, as though he were treating a lot of children to picture-books; and we, who could and would have waited for them another month, and even then would have been entirely indifferent on the subject, thank him, examine them, dive into them, and so wile away the *mauvais quart d'heure* before dinner is announced, when we put them down anyhow and anywhere, and troop into the dining-room.

At dinner Mr. RICHARD is very polite, very entertaining, and



“SURTOUT POINT DE ZÈLE.”

Comely Lancashire Widow (to zealous Curate, who is constantly hunting her truant offspring into the Board School). “I TELL YE WHAT TIS, YE NOAN COME ARTER T’ CHILDER, YE COME ARTER ME!” [Protestations.

makes himself highly popular. He has anecdotes of everyone of note, all more or less good, all more or less interesting, and all—which is the great point—appropriate to the subject of conversation, and humorously illustrating it.

The champagne flows freely; and as my doctor has told me that I can’t take any better remedy than this, I can indulge with a clear conscience.

After dinner, when the Ladies have retired, the Squire’s heart expands, and he treats BOILINGBROOK to some fine old port. I suddenly remember that I am an invalid, which everyone seems to have forgotten. I daren’t take the old port; but being pressed by the Squire, I sip it for company’s sake. Then coffee and cigars and a liqueur. The Squire is not a smoker, as a rule, and since I’ve been down here I’ve never felt inclined for it. But as they both smoke, I join them out of sheer sociability.

“Quite yourself again, eh?” says DICK, knowingly. “Not much the matter with you now, eh?”

I look grave, and explain that this is my first dissipation—out of compliment to him.

My host, who is not so lively as he was an hour ago, observes that this is the sort of thing I want to pick me up. Regarding him steadily, I come to the conclusion that he has some difficulty in expressing his ideas clearly, and is not quite certain what his ideas are.

In an interval of conversation, while BOILINGBROOK is taking a liqueur, I draw our host’s attention to the clock, which marks the hour of ten; but our host’s attention just now seems to be wavering. He is smiling happily, as if at some beautiful discourse.

“Just beginning the evening!” observes BOILINGBROOK, cheerily.

At this juncture the Ladies return from the drawing-room, to join us. They have exhausted all the newspapers brought down by Mr. RICHARD, and, what with the novelty of so much after-dinner journalistic study and the excitement of the unexpected visit, and the fact that it is already five minutes past their regular bedtime, they are very sleepy, and have really come to wish us good-night,—by way of a gentle hint.

The Squire, however, who is gradually waking up from a half-

dozy state, insists on their being seated. The butler brings in a tray full of soda, seltzer, brandy, whiskey, &c., &c.

DICK BOILINGBROOK is all politeness. What can he make for the Ladies?

The Ladies, after a few uncertain refusals, gradually yield to pressure, and express themselves satisfied with a very little. One of them observes that they didn’t like to come down before, as they thought Mr. BOILINGBROOK and myself were talking business.

“We haven’t yet, but we will,” he says, “if you’ll excuse us.”

“Oh, certainly,” is the Ladies’ reply. And significant glances pass between them, intimating to the initiated that they have already been guilty of a false step in being beguiled into refreshment.

The Squire, who, under his wife’s eye, has become more and more alive to the situation, now pulls himself together, and begs us to “talk shop” as much as we like, intimating, by taking up a sporting magazine three months old, which I am sure he knows by heart, that we shan’t disturb him. I propose retiring to the library, but DICK is quite satisfied to remain here. In fact, I am sure he would rather prefer the presence of the Ladies than not, as he will manage to draw them into the conversation, and so mix business and pleasure.

Mrs. COSETT professes herself deeply interested in anything connected with literature, and smilingly adds that she will be proud to be able to say that any great work was first projected in their house. The Squire agrees. The other Ladies look at one another, and dissemble a yawn by pretending to smile benignly, just as the clock strikes half-past ten, which makes the Squire start, and look round as if he had expected a ghost to walk in, and warn them, in a sepulchral tone, of its being the hour for bed.

“It isn’t much to do with literature,” says DICK BOILINGBROOK, mixing a glass of spirits-and-water for himself, and utterly unconscious of the general state of somnolence, “but I want him to write me a rough-and-tumble farcical pantomimical piece for the Symposium, and a good topical song for the Jolly SAM SMASH. I suppose you’ve not heard him?” he says, turning to Mrs. COSETT.

No, Mrs. COSETT hasn’t. Nor has Squire COSETT. Who, they would like to know, is the Jolly SAMUEL in question?

"Comic singer," replies Mr. BOILINGBROOK—"clever chap, not a bit vulgar; and he" (alluding to me) "knows exactly the sort of thing he can do. I want" (he goes on to me) "another song like the one you did for him before—what's its name?"

"Yes," I say, "I know." And I try to ignore the Jolly SAM as much as possible, so as to get to business, and, above all, to bed. But DICK sticks to the name of the song, and remembers it.

"I recollect," he cries; "it was 'Naughty Sally Slack.' Yes."

"I can't deny it; it was 'Naughty Sally Slack.'"

"Well," he continues, "that's the sort of thing, and all topical, with a regular good catch—'em-alive-O! chorus." And he beams round on the company, who, considering their state of struggle between politeness and sleepiness, are considerably astonished at my appearance in this new character.

The clock strikes eleven; and the Squire, who has been nodding over the magazine, as if he assented to every word of it, suddenly opens his eyes, shakes himself, laughs, starts up, pokes the fire, hesitates about adding more coals, decides that he'd better not, and subsides into his arm-chair once more.

DICK rises. He is evidently going. Mrs. COSSETT rises; the Ladies rise; we all rise.

"Won't you take something more?" inquires our hostess, becoming quite lively again at the near prospect of being allowed to retire.

"Thanks," replies DICK, who hasn't the smallest idea that he is upsetting the domestic arrangement of years. "I think I will."

We all solemnly resume our seats. The Aunt, who is quite at a loss what to do with herself, at any time, without her work, and is now utterly helpless, cannot restrain a very decided yawn. A light seems to break in upon DICK.

"I'm afraid I'm keeping you up," he says, pleasantly.

"Oh, dear no!" replies Mrs. COSSETT, in the most cheerful manner possible.

The other Ladies, as a mild chorus, faintly echo, "Oh, dear no!"

The Squire says heartily, "Oh, no! we're not particular to an hour!" But his very forced effort at joviality ends in a half stifled yawn. He makes a feint of mixing a weak drink for himself, and then he listens to DICK BOILINGBROOK's conversation.

"Will you be able to run over to Paris the day after to-morrow?" he asks me, forgetting my invalid condition; and hardly waiting for my solemn shake of the head by way of reply, he continues, "I was in Paris the night before last, I had just run over on Monday,"—they stare at him, why, Paris to them means a preparation of six weeks, a stay of a month at least, and the subject of conversation for years,—and I saw *Les Pantouffles de Monsieur Chamberlin*, which you might do something with for MUGGER. Capital part for MUGGER. You've seen MUGGER, of course,"—this to COSSETT, who nods doubtfully,—"Good low comedian; I pay him as much as would keep five curates comfortably,"—this statement interests

the Aunt, who is of an evangelical turn,—"but," he continues to me, "*Les Pantouffles* is nothing to *The Tabichkoff* at the Imperial."

"The Imperial, where?" I ask.

"Petersburg," he replies.

"Have you been to—?" gasps Mrs. COSSETT.

"Petersburg?" answers DICK, before she can get the word out.

"Yes—let me see—it was last Tuesday week. I came round that way as I had some business at Vienna and Berlin, and it's better to see a person, if it's important, than to telegraph or write—"

We all agree to this.

"Yes," he continues, in a sort of pleasant cheery soliloquy addressed to the public, "I fly about a good deal; and while other people are talking about what they're going to do, I do it. I can generally make up my mind in half a minute, and then the rest is all detail. I'm on two or three private inquiry commissions at present—Government generally sends to me when they want correct information. I never give 'em theories, or my own fads and crotchets, but just go into the *£ s. d.* of the matter, and reduce it to an *argumentum ad pocketum*."

Here he finishes his glass, and rises to put it on the table.

Once more we rise. A quarter to twelve. Fine opportunity for a yawning chorus; but we dissemble.

"You must be very busy," observes Mrs. COSSETT, meaning to suggest that he might possibly be wasting his time now, and be over-fatiguing himself.

"Very!" echo the Ladies and the Squire.

"Pretty well," replies DICK; "but can just spare time to run down and see a friend. I shall be off by the first train to-morrow morning."

Here at last is a ray of light—a chance for the thin end of the wedge without any breach of politeness, and Mrs. COSSETT avails herself of it.

"I am afraid," she says, "that we must apologise for keeping you up if you've got to leave so early."

"Oh no!" he says. "It makes no difference to me."

"I suppose," observes the Squire, in the hopes of forcing him to admit that he would be glad of one night's good rest in the quiet country, after all his work and travelling, "I suppose you have not much chance of going to bed very early in town?" By which the Squire evidently means that DICK probably can't get to bed, as a rule, before twelve.

"No," says DICK, cheerily, standing bolt upright, as lively and as wide awake as ever he is at mid-day—"No. I haven't been to bed before four o'clock in the morning for the last thirty years!"

I can almost hear the jaws drop as the entire party seem to utter a feeble groan, and stagger back to their chairs.

No one dare ask him if he'll take any more. No one likes to be the first to sit down again. We are thunderstruck. I remember how, but a very short time since, I might have said much the same

FAREWELL!

A MINISTERIAL MELODY—AFTER MOORE.



Yet he ne'er will forget the big Bill that he drew,
To bring all down upon him in concord undue!

And still, in the evening, when Ladies fill up
With the strongest of Hyson the five o'clock cup,

ung by Mr. Cross
to the Ratepayers
of London.

FAREWELL! But
whenever you
welcome the
hour

When the Pekoe is
fragrant in bou-
doin and bower,
Then think of your
Cross who had
made the dear
brew

At the ratepayers'
cost even dearer
to you.
Should he ever re-
turn, not a hope
will remain
Of a scheme that
had doubled the
Companies' gain,

When they talk of Conservative Chiefs put
to flight.

My name will be greeted, and not with de-
light.

With each cup that you sip, and each pot
that you fill,

You'll return to the subject of Cross and
his Bill—

How I wish, when the talk is of water, not
beer,

One kind voice would murmur, "It wasn't
too dear."

Let the Whigs do their worst, there are
mem'ries of joy,

Tory Bills of the past which they cannot
destroy,

Thoughts of which will arise in our mo-
ments of care,

To remind us of laurels we once used to
wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories
filled!

Like the vase where Thames-water hath
stood undistilled.

You may boil, you may filter the stuff as
you will,

But the scent of the sewage will hang round
it still!

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

How do you prove the Ottoman Empire a
Constitutional Monarchy? Answer. Be-
cause the SULTAN reigns, but does not govern.

thing only without the thirty years. "Where is the life that once I led?"

After this declaration there is a dead silence. It is at last broken by Mrs. COSSETT observing, "Well, I'm afraid we Ladies must retire, and leave you Gentlemen to stay up as long as you like."

I feel that with them my hopes of rest are departing, and that half of the beneficial effects of my stay at Motemoos will be neutralised at one fell stroke.

Fortunately it suddenly occurs to DICK BOILINGBROOK that there may be some difficulty about getting into his hotel should he stay out beyond twelve, "in which case," he adds, "you won't be surprised if you hear all your dogs barking. Only don't shoot a revolver at me out of your window. Good-night. When shall I see you in town?" he asks me.

Now, this is a question which is very difficult for any guest to answer in the presence of his host, unless the host answers himself

and says, "Oh, we won't let him go yet awhile," which in this instance Squire COSSETT does not, as he is evidently afraid that if I don't go to Mahomet, Mahomet will come to me. So I am obliged to reply that I shall be up in town next Monday (three days hence), when it will be for my host to interrupt me with, "Oh no, not so soon as *that*,"—but here again the interruption *doesn't* occur, and I am forced, willy-nilly, to make an appointment for next Monday in town to talk business with Mr. DICK BOILINGBROOK, when I had hoped to have remained at Motemoos for another three weeks, happily, quietly, meditatively, fed at regular hours, lazily * * *

Ah! Stay! Lazily!—there's much truth in that. It's developing into that—self-indulgently—lazily! No! better in this work-a-day world to imitate the Busy B—BOILINGBROOK—and be up (in town) and doing. So farewell, a long farewell to the Motemoosians at Shepton-on-Sea, where the Dovecot is once more tranquil, and the Doves unruffled!

FEATHERING THEIR NESTS.



WITH pleasure we extract the following letter from the *Daily News*—

"BIRDS' NESTS.

—Sir, very many of your numerous readers besides Mr. MACDONALD will be glad to hear that the Superintendent and the twelve Keepers of Epping Forest have received the strictest possible orders from my Committee to take every means in their power to prevent birds' nesting, bird snaring, and bird shooting within the precincts of the forest. Everything, in fact,

will be done that can be done to render the glades of Epping Forest as full of life as they are of beauty, nothing being allowed to be destroyed except venomous reptiles, such as adders or vipers.—I am, &c., JOHN T. BEDFORD, Chairman of the Epping Forest Committee.—Guildhall, April 17."

Bravo! Mr. Chairman. He evidently wants to make each tree in Epping Forest a school of harmony, with the birds as professors of music in all its branches. Mr. BEDFORD is a Nestor of wisdom, not a birds'-nester. He is well known as a Liberal, and now he has proved himself a true Conservative. Not only that, but he shows himself also a veritable disciple of St. Patrick, turning out all the adders and vipers from Epping Forest as energetically as did the Great Saint evict those tenants from the shores of Old Ireland. More power to his elbow!

So Epping Forest now will be
A very pretty sight;
"Birds in their little nests agree"
That Mr. BEDFORD's right.

Stupendous Star-Showers.

TALK of the greatest recorded August and November flights of aërolites, what are they to those of April, 1880? It is proposed to give this the distinguishing title of "The Disraelite Star-Shower."

They all rise in the region of "*Leo Britannicus*," and observers describe their brilliancy as anything but remarkable.

FOR MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD'S AMUSEMENTS—
LEGISLATION REFORM.

By whom ought Licences for Plays to be granted?
Evidently, the Poetic Justice of the Piece.

THE REAL REASON WHY.

(Our old friend Sairey G. confers with her Counsellor-in-Chief, Mrs. (P.M.G.) Harris, on the Cause of the Conservative Collapse.)

"The upper classes, with the exception of eldest sons and a few specially rich men, are showing a growing disinclination to marry. Whether this be owing to purely selfish reasons, or owing to professional refusers, professional beauties, professional married flirts, professional female welchers in general, and Jezebels of all sorts in Society, it is difficult to say exactly. Probably the causes are mixed, but the fact remains; and with the result that the upper classes are being outbred by the lower, and that the descendants of the proletariat and the petty shopkeeper are likely to rule England."—"A PREJUDICED TORY," in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

DEAR MRS. 'ARRIS,

Right you are! I never knowed you wrong, no never! Bein', wotever BETSY says,—the spiteful cat!—that wise and clever. But here you do surpass yourself, the verriest wiper must admit it; 'Tis inspiration, nothink else, the way you've bin an' gone and 'it it.

I've heard a many regions give for this 'ere sudden topsy-turvy—Which turnin' up the Tories so permiskus-like is simply survy—But this bangs all; it's genius, Mum; it flashes on yer like a rocket, As ought to raige your name and put a somethink 'andsome in your pocket.

And who should better know than us poor Monthlies, Mum? Which, on reflection,

There's been a certain lowering in the tone of even *my* connection. Which hupper-crust it ever were, none o' yer workin'-classes, cuss 'em! As SAIREY don't demean 'erself to mingle with, much less to nuss 'em.

But yet I must admit my calls among the Duchesses, and so on, Is *not* quite wot they used to wos; and if this sort of thing's to go on, Our okkypation won't be wuth a button, which, 'owever 'umble, It's bound up with the British breed, and when one falls the other 'll tumble.

It scares me, Mrs. 'ARRIS, Mum; it reglar puts me in a twitter; And I'm aweer you're shook yourself, as well your feelinks may be bitter. The way things 'as bin going on, flooring your prophecies like winking! I wonder you've not lost your evingly temper, dear, or took to drinking.

For you and me to be so out, with *our* experience, is most riling: I trusted to the Upper Ten to do the trick, and turn up smiling; But shopkeepers and proly—wot's it?—*them* to go and fill their quivers, While those of Swells is empty!—Gr-r-r! it gives a poor old soul the shivers!

Which wot I mean to say is this, Jezerbels or purfessional Beauties, Don't ought to hinder youthful Nobs from doing of their bounden dooties. We've 'ad a many blows of late; but of the Country's coming cusses The wust would be for it to lose its Nobles and its Monthly Nusses!

That dratted GLADSTONE's bad enough;—it's lovely, dear, the way you slate 'im! But this is wus than WILLIAM's self,—the ojus reptile, 'ow I 'ate him! I shouldn't wonder after all if *he's* the cause of this miscarrying; Or praps may yet bring in a Bill to stop the Hupper Classes marrying!

Jest like him, my sweet creeter, jest, bein' that 'orrid wain and silent, There 'll be no Hupper Suckle soon if sech as you and me keeps silent. But not while I've a voice, my dear! We're threaten'd with the wust of dangers,

If only shopkeepers and such goes in for "Welcome Little Strangers."

It's clear as us old women now must rouge us, and be hup and doin', Or nusses and the nation soon will go to hutter rack and ruin. Wire in! You'll put it neater, dear, your turn was always literairey, "St. George's and Old England!"—*that* must be our cry.

Your faithful
SAIREY.

COLLECTIVE DECORATION (for the late-present Cabinet).—The Grand Cross of the Elections!



ÆSTHETIC INCONSISTENCY.

"Ain't I the Cheese, ain't I the Cheese?
Round by the Serpentine, under the trees!
Ain't I the Cheese, ain't I the Cheese?
As I walk in the Park with my pretty LOUISE!" &c., &c.

THUS (WITH APPROPRIATE ACTION, AND TO A RUDIMENTARY ACCOMPANIMENT OF TWO CHORDS IN C BY HIS FRIEND BOB TODESON) SINGS YOUNG LORD PLANTAGENET CADBURY, ON THE OCCASION OF HIS FIRST VISIT TO MR. AND MRS. CIMABUE BROWN,—WHO, AS A RULE, WILL HEAR OF NONE BUT THE SEVEREST CLASSICAL MUSIC, AND WALK STRAIGHT OUT OF THE ROOM IF YOU VENTURE ON A COMIC SONG. THE C. B.'S SIT LISTENING IN SCULPTURESQUE ATTITUDES EXPRESSIVE OF RAFT ATTENTION, AND EVEN *ENCORE* THE NOBLE PERFORMER!

NO WONDER GRIGSBY, AN ACCOMPLISHED COMIC VOCALIST OF SOME THIRTY YEARS' STANDING, BUT WHO NEVER GETS A CHANCE OF BEING HEARD AT THE HOUSE OF HIS OLD FRIENDS, THE CIMABUE BROWNS, FEELS SOMEWHAT BITTER!

EDUCATIONAL REACTION;

OR, WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

(A page from the note-book of Mr. Punch's Prophetic Reporter.)

THE Annual Intellectual Sports of the Athletes of Thew-cum-Tussle Academy were held a few days since in the large recreation room attached to the establishment. As usual on such occasions, a number of friends and relations of the pupils assembled to watch the various contests. The sports were perfectly successful, and caused the greatest possible excitement. In spite of the silence in which they were conducted, the audience seemed to regard the events with the liveliest interest. Many of the brain-races were won by small boys, who, in the ordinary routine of school work, seldom come to the front. For instance, the Rule of Three Handicap for Lads under Fifteen was carried off by PUNY Junior—a youngster who, in the Educational Course Books, scarcely earns the name of athlete. This youth has never distinguished himself in any branch of learning. For the last three terms he has remained in the Junior Sack-racing Department. SWATTER Major, too, who was the first to pass the Examiner's Chair in Latin, although upwards of eighteen years of age, has not yet attained the honour of a place in the School Cricketing Sixteen. On the other hand, it was a little disappointing to find O'POZO (an Irishman, and the Captain of the Eleven) absolutely last in the French and German Exercises, when the butt of the Academy, FLUTTER Major, actually managed to secure the Second Prize for Mixed Mathematics.

However, victories and defeats were accepted in equal good part,

and winners and losers seemed to experience a common satisfaction. Thus it was that, amidst enthusiastic cheering, the wife of the Head-Master, Mrs. HARDISTY, entered the room at six o'clock to distribute the Prizes. On the completion of this interesting ceremony, Mr. HARDISTY delivered his address.

He had been greatly pleased to find that prowess in the fields did not always mean inaction in the study. (*Cheers.*) It was most important to all of them to keep their bodies in a state of the greatest possible perfection. Still, to attain this great object, it was not altogether necessary to neglect their minds. All play and no work made JACK a dull boy. (*A laugh.*) And it was, therefore just as well that, occasionally—say once a year—(*cheers*)—every one should desert athletics for pursuits of a more intellectual character. He himself did not pretend to excel in any of the sports in which so many of his young friends had distinguished themselves that day. ("No, no!") He frankly confessed that he knew more about cricket than Euclid, and infinitely preferred football to the Classics. (*Loud cheers.*) Still, he could appreciate excellence in every department, and it was gratifying to find that his pupils could afford time to relax their muscles in order that they might use their brains. But he strenuously counselled moderation. Intellectual sports were all very well now and again, but to devote too much attention to them would be a most dangerous proceeding. (*Cheers.*) His pupils would soon have to face the world, and their success in after-life would depend entirely upon their physique. Only in the fields could health be obtained, and jumping, racing, and hammer-throwing, must never be neglected for such mental recreations as Classics and Mathematics. (*Loud cheers.*) In a word, the body must never be



SUNSET.

(After B. R. HAYDON.)



"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!"

Artist. "OH, SO YOU THINK THE BACKGROUND'S BEASTLY, DO YOU? ! PERHAPS THE CATTLE ARE BEASTLY TOO, THOUGH I FLATTER MYSELF—"

Friendly Critic. "OH NO, MY DEAR FELLOW! THAT'S JUST WHAT THEY ARE NOT!"

THE BREWER'S ARMS.

"Armorial bearings were originally intended to convey a representation of great achievements."—*Blome's Heraldry*.

It being generally understood that Her Most Gracious MAJESTY intends to raise Sir A. GUINNESS to the Upper House, *Punch* submits the following Coat-of-Arms for the approval of the new Baron.

Quart-erly.

1st, *Azure*, three X's or transversely.

2nd, *Party-per-Pale* (Ale).

1st, *Potent*, a Bottle of Stout, *proper*.

2nd, *Counter-Potent*, a Pick-me-up, *proper*.

3rd, *Gules*, a Pot of Stout, *frothant, fizant*.

4th, *Sable*, Sir A. GUINNESS, dis-membered, *proper*.

The Shield is differenced by the Label (duly entered as a trade-mark) of the eldest son.

Sup-porters.—*Dexter*, a Vat-man, swearing *proper*.
Sinister, a Stout Barmaid, talking *improper*.

Crest.—On a Casque, or, a hog's-head showing its teeth, *rampant*.

Motto.

The Guinness Stamp is but the rank,
The man's the gowd for a' that!

Title.—Lord COOPER, Viscount de la Bere.

Work about Worms.

ON the painful subject of "Flukes in Sheep," Mr. T. SPENCER COBBOLD, F.R.S., writing from the "Scientific Club," has favoured the *Times* and the public with an elaborate communication, in which he styles himself "a worker in the rank and file of helminthology." The science of helminthology, amongst its numerous and interesting objects, includes the Tapeworm family (*Tenia*). Has Mr. COBBOLD, in the course of his helminthological researches, ever met with, and can he supply us with any account of the remedies for that terrible Tapeworm by which our official departments, Civil, Military, and Naval, are all infested, the *Tenia rubra*, or Red Tapeworm?

PUNCH congratulates his readers on the spread of one quite unobjectionable form of not only harmless but instructive Light Literature—Street Lamps street-lettered.

sacrificed to the mind. Those who unduly taxed their intellectual strength would have to pay for the excess in weakened eyesight, cramped limbs, shattered nerves, and thinned blood. No, let his young friends take their pleasures wisely, their present business was Athletics—Culture might be safely left to the future. Dumb-bells and hurdles, leaping poles and water-jumps, were of far more importance to them at their time of life than all the works in the combined libraries of the two great Universities. (*Cheers*.) Unless they bore this in mind they would never be able to boast of having attained the object of the educational teaching of the Academy, and that object was expressed in the motto under the College Arms in Latin, possibly in compliment to the contests that had taken place that day (*laughter*), he meant "*Salus populi suprema est lex!*" (*Enthusiastic cheering*.)

The assembly then separated, greatly pleased with the day's proceedings.

TROUBLE AT THE TOWER.

AT an open-air meeting on Tower Hill, held a few days ago "to protest against the restrictions placed upon the public in regard to the viewing of the Tower of London and its interesting relics therein collected," on the motion of a gentleman named Cox, it was unanimously resolved—

"That this meeting is of opinion that the free opening of the Tower of London without useless restrictions and red-tapeism is highly desirable and absolutely necessary, as the venerable fabric contains a million histories, which can only be properly studied and learnt, and converted to public benefit, by placing the building and its contents on the same footing as the British Museum, National Gallery, and other national collections."

In this opinion the liberal-minded and educated reader will concur, making allowance for some peculiarities in its expression. No doubt it is "highly desirable," if not perhaps quite "absolutely necessary," that the Tower of London should be freely open "without useless

restrictions and red-tapeism;" that is to say the red-tapeism which has prescribed the restrictions.

Unquestionably also the Tower contains a great many, if not as many as "a million" historical memorials, which may be poetically called "histories," and can "only be properly studied and learnt" by being duly inspected.

The operation of those existing arrangements for admission to the Tower, denounced as "useless restrictions and red-tapeism," was illustrated by the Chairman of the meeting, Mr. HENRY JUPSON, who said that—

"To see the way in which visitors were treated there under the present system was to see a very sorry sight indeed, and the only way to thoroughly understand that system was to go to the Tower and judge for oneself. He had been there several times, the last occasion being Monday the 12th ult. It was a most bitterly cold day, and the East wind searched the bones of the visitors, who were waiting in the open air for fifty minutes to take their turn."

Why are HER MAJESTY's subjects, when they honour HER MAJESTY's Tower with a visit, liable to be put to all that inconvenience? And why is it that they are allowed to see so very little of HER MAJESTY's Tower? You frequently hear your friends ask, "Why are we not shown the dungeons?" In the Tower it may be imagined that there are a good many skeletons in the cupboards, some of the cupboards containing perhaps more than one skeleton each, but in what way can any skeletons in the Tower be more objectionable than the mummies in the British Museum? Is it true that the dungeons are haunted; that one prison-chamber still continues to resound at intervals with the groans of GUY FAWKES; and that the Tower Ghost, talked about from time to time, is an awful fact?

That the restrictions on viewing the Tower, which certainly seem to have been imposed either by red-tapeism or some other official foolishness, may be promptly abolished, a public-spirited Member of Parliament will, perhaps, as soon as possible, draw up a Resolution similar to that agreed upon by the assembly on Tower Hill, and propose it to the House of Commons.

THE BAGPIPER OF MIDLOTHIAN.

An Old Tale adapted to new Tunes. With Apologies to Mediæval Mythology and Mr. Bowring.



MIDLOTHIAN 's in Scotland,
Where stands fair Edinbro's city,
Twixt the Firth of Forth and the Firth of
Clyde,
On the eastern and the western side,
A pleasanter region you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty
('Twas only a few brief months ago),
To see that district monopolised so
By Tories seemed a pity.

II.

Tories!
They'd glamour'd the land with their gush
about glories
(Even gammoned some Scots, though *they're*
commonly cute),
And so tickled the crowd with thrasonical stories,
Their fuming and fluster,
Their bragging and bluster,
That the Liberals pined, and grew mumchance and mute.

SARGENT
INV. DES.

OMNIBUS FULL AND FREE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, "R. B." calls attention to facts suggestive of a way by which the question between Churchmen and Dissenters concerning interment might easily be settled to the satisfaction of both sides. He says that "Mr. MORGAN does not seem to be acquainted with the condition of our Churchyards," which resembles that presented by the "Gravedigger's Scene in *Hamlet*," inasmuch that they having mostly been full "for the last 300 years," and English people having all that while "been burying their dead in the ashes of the dead," now there "scarcely ever is a grave dug in the remotest churchyard without bones, skulls, &c., being thrown up." "Moreover," adds "R. B.," "the level of all churchyards is considerably above the level of the church-floor." If all this is really the case, it speaks for itself, and as distinctly as possible tells Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN, and everybody else who cares to be told, the two things the Legislature should do for the solution of this grave difficulty; that is, pass an Act to open the Churchyards to all manner of Dissenting bodies, and close them immediately against all bodies whatsoever; thus both opening and closing them to everybody without distinction of sect. So much for the present, from Yours everlastingly, YORICK.

Court News.

LORD HARTINGTON took a constitutional walk on Thursday evening last from Windsor Railway Station to the Castle. He politely declined the use of the perambulator sent to meet him. His gait and his gingham were much admired. His carriage was conspicuous from its absence. While waiting at the station for his return train, he carefully surveyed the new Liberal Platform.

Neat and Appropriate.

It is stated that at the last social Cabinet meeting, the Prime Minister read, with much pathos, the scene from SHELLEY's *Prometheus Unbound*, ending with the couplet—

"Till they fail, as I am failing—
Dizzy lost yet unbewailing!"

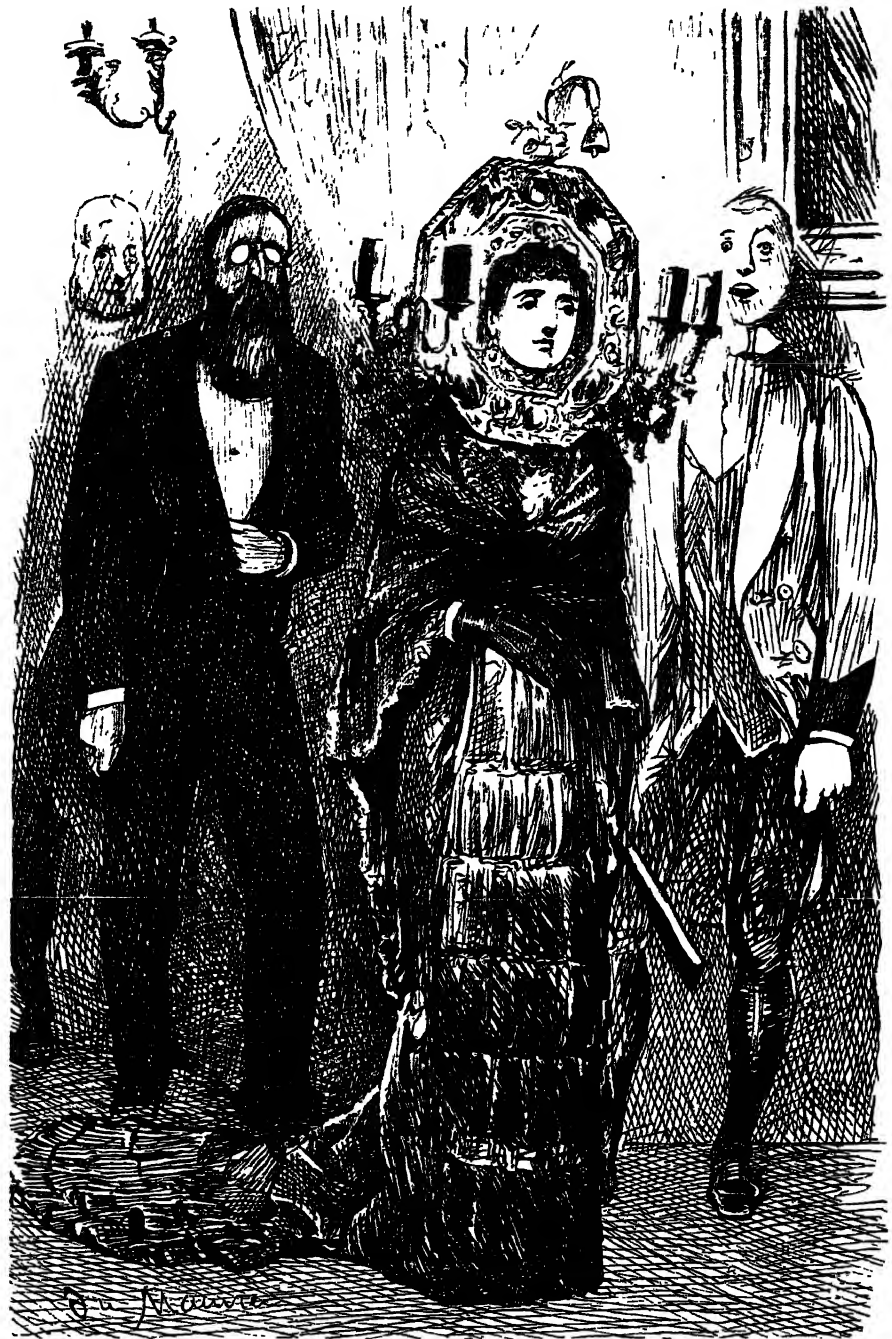
Initials on a Rock.

OUR comic religious contemporary, the *Rock*, advertises itself as opposed to "Ritualism, Rationalism, and Romanism." These may be called the *Rock's* Three R's ahead. R for Rock is a Fourth; a Fifth is the Religion it sets up exclusive claims to; to which may be added a Sixth, the Risibility it provokes.

ONLY A LETTER.

Elected—L(iberals).
Ejected—J(ingoes).

THE ONLY CONSERVATIVE WINNINGS.—
On the "City and Suburban."



SIC ITUR AD ASTRA;

OR, HOW PELHAM JONES GETS INTO "SOCIETY."

HIS WIFE HAS A COMPLEXION OF DAZZLING BEAUTY, AND HE CONTRIVES FOR HER A HEAD-DRESS CONSISTING OF A GILT SPOON WITH WAX-LIGHTS AND REFLECTORS TO LIGHT UP HER FACE, AND SUBMOUNTED BY A SILVER BELL TO ATTRACT ATTENTION.

NEXT YEAR HE WILL UNVEIL AND ILLUMINE HER NECK AND SHOULDERS, WHICH ARE EQUALLY RESPLENDENT—AND SO ON, NO DOUBT, TILL HE REACHES THE HIGHEST RUNG OF THE LADDER.

III.

But at last those Liberals, all in a body,
To Council and Caucus came flocking.
"Tis clear," cried they, "that a Jingo's a Noddy.
And as for our Tory Government—shocking!
But the question is, what the deuce shall we do?"
At which the Big-Whigs looked woefully blue,
And as good as admitted that none of them knew.
But just as the Tories were all at full snigger,
There suddenly popped up the funniest figure;

Glad in Galashiels checks, grey, green, and red,
And a brand new gift silk-cap on his head;
And he himself was sallow and thin,
With keen clear eyes that could scathe or win,
And sparse white hairs and a parchment skin,
Scant tuft on cheek, no beard on chin,
But lips firm-clench'd as an iron gin;
And no Liberal soul could enough admire
The grim grey man and his quaint attire;
But the Tories scowled and gave vent to their ire.

Quoth they, "A new trick of the Arch-Deluder!
Let us muster and kick out this base intruder."

IV.

But he advanced to the Council table,
And "Please your Worship," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures—with ears—beneath the sun;
After me they are bound to run
In such a style as you never saw.
I'm willing," said he, "to try my charm
On the Tories—they're doing the country harm.
I'm also possessed of a spell, you'll see,
To strengthen limp Libs, who've gone weak at the knee;
The time-serving Rat and the envious Viper;
And they call me Wandering WILLIE the Piper."
And here they observed that he carried his pipes,
This man of the breeze-blown Galashiels stripes,
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying,
As if impatient to be playing.
But the Big-Whigs looked just a little bit cool,
Inclined to believe that the man was a fool;
Whilst the Tories yelled "You may do your worst,
And blow away till your Bagpipes burst."

V.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling a little sardonic smile,
As if he knew what music asept,
In his quiet pipes the while.
Then like a regular Scotch adept,
To blow the pipes his lips he bagged,
His fingers flew, ne'er a moment they lagged,
And e'er three notes the pipes had uttered
You heard as if all Scotland muttered;
And the muttering grew to a mighty roaring,
And out of their strongholds the Tories came pouring,
With many a grunt and many a groan:
And not the Tory hosts alone,
But the Liberal rats. There were swell rats, seedy rats,
Bold rats, timid rats, plump rats, greedy rats,
Nor the rats and the Tories alone came forth,
But the long-silent Radical hosts of the North,
Willingly, gleefully, shouting and cheering,
Heedless of "fagots," of jibe, and of jeering,
Grave old plodders, and gay young friars,
Grandfathers, fathers, sons, uncles, and cousins;
Graybeards, boys with scarce-budding whiskers,
Valiant voters, by twos, tens, dozens.
And as still that Piper (a plague on him!) played,
Not the North alone in his train was arrayed,
But the Voters flocked from east, west, south,
And the Midlands, witched by that magical mouth;
Voters from counties, and cities, and boroughs,
From toil at the furnace, from work at the furrows;
Voters from mansion, mart, meadow, and mine,
Voters of all sorts and sizes, in fine,
Rushing and crushing, ran eagerly after
That wonderful music, with shouting and laughter.
Then the Big-Whigs stared, and the Tories stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to fashion a fetching cry
To rally those Voters hurrying by—
Could only follow with envious eye,
Hearts in the doldrums and heads on the rack,
That numberless crowd at the Piper's back,
A mighty flood whose resistless roll
Swept that Piper's foes from their place at the Poll.
So WILLIE has proved to be surest of wipers
Of scores out with Tories, who hate all such Pipers.
He has piped us free of the Jingles—they're no miss!—
And he promises well. May he keep his promise!

Sally from Below Stairs.

THE subject of Vaccination has again turned up, and arguments are advanced anew for obtaining vaccine lymph from the Calf. Mr. JOHN THOMAS writes to say that he would prefer being vaccinated in the arm.

APPROPRIATE PERFORMANCE.—George Barnwell at the Gaiety.
"Very tragical mirth."

Now Titles are going, who's to have the Earldom of Earlswood?

BOLTED AGAIN.



THE Universal SARAH has again, under the gad-fly sting of criticism, kicked over the ropes, and fairly bolted from the Français. Her present address is St. Adresse, near Havre. She is determined to have so much, at least, of the saint about her.

The world has been informed that she has declared her intention of devoting herself to painting and sculpture, and playing no longer, after she has fulfilled her English engagement. But then (ask these abominable critics again) at her painting and sculpture has she not been playing till now, and will she not go on playing as much as ever? On this point, as on all, SARAH appeals from her critics to the public. Some of the former declare that her present retreat to St. Adresse is mere matter of address. As the French proverb puts it, "*Elle recule pour mieux sauter!*" or, in the words of the immortal WILLIAMS, she makes herself scarce, that—

"Being wanted, she may be more wondered at!"

The difficulty with this eccentric Lady is not to say, "*che Sarà?*" but "*che non Sarà?*"

Till she takes herself, her life, and her many arts *au sérieux*, there can be little chance of the critics doing so. *En attendant* she must be content, "*grande tragédienne*," as she would be willingly accepted, to pass for a "*farceuse*," who likes nothing so much as to poke fun at the public, and to mystify those who are simple enough to interest themselves about her vagaries.

NOT TOO LATE YET.

(*Apropos of a Monument not yet in the Abbey.*)

SAYS the Duke of W. to the Dean of W.,
"You see how things are going, Mr. Dean,
And e'en at this late hour I'll make bold to trouble you,
To ponder what these late elections mean."

"I must confess to me it's as plain as A B C,—
And to you the fact may not seem immaterial,—
That the People's voice is clear to all who care to hear,
'We'll have nought to do with anything Imperial.'"

SAYS the Dean of W. to the Duke of W.,
"There's something in the inference, your Grace;
I am open to conviction, and to stop all further friction,
Suppose we found the Prince another place!"

Marry in Haste, and Repent at Leisure.

As this is Leap Year, we may remind our marriageable readers of both sexes that the Germans call April 21 the "Buss-tag," meaning the Day of Repentance. Too many a British lad and lass after the April Fool game of "Kiss in the Ring," have had reason to keep their Buss-tag as a day of repentance ever afterwards!

NO MORE WANTED.

THERE is said to be an increase this month in one item of our imports from France—the Article of Jesuits—of which there is only already too large a stock in this country.

ERRATUM.—The "Apropos Anagram" in our last should have been printed "WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE—As willing to lead 'em."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The Editor does not hold himself bound to acknowledge, return, or pay for Contributions. In no case can these be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope. Copies should be kept.



A REGULAR TURK.

Tommy (who has just been operated on). "I MEAN TO BE A DENTIST, WHEN I GROW UP."

Aunt Annie. "WHY, DEAR?"

Tommy. "TO HAVE REVENGE!"

MEDICAL M.P.'S.

DEAR DR. PUNCH,

REFLECTING persons have begun to see that, for legislation on sanitary matters and questions involving medical science, the services of a sufficient number of competent Medical Men such as yourself, Sir, are wanted in the House of Commons. You, of course, personally, are engaged elsewhere. In other cases the objection may be taken that physicians, surgeons, and general practitioners of eminence would find it impossible to attend to both their patients and their parliamentary duties. Vain would be the ring at the night-bell of an Honourable Gentleman accustomed to spend his night at St. Stephen's, after the usual fashion of the votaries of that protomartyr, and not to go home till morning, till daylight doth appear.

But the world knows nothing of its greatest medical men, like you know whom, Sir. Philosophers accustomed to think for themselves, declare their thoughts, and deviate from routine, thereby alarm the majority of both their Profession and the Public, get themselves reputed eccentric, and obtain a practice, if any, very select indeed.

A moderate number of Medical Members of that sort would suffice for the requirements of the House of it? Obviously by soliciting them to take seats, and paying them pretty handsomely when they take them, so as to make it worth their while to sit!

If those conditions could not be fulfilled, it might be found more practicable to introduce medical philosophy into the Legislature *via* the House of Lords.

Of the two Houses, a Physician or Surgeon, Physiologist and rational being, would decidedly prefer the Peers, on account of the reasonable hours wont to be kept in that House, as compared with the other. Also, because of the comparative brevity of Noble Lords' eloquence.

I enclose my card, by which your readers will perceive that I am at home from ten till twelve in the morning, and from three till five in the afternoon. In the meanwhile believe me your affectionate Brother Chip,

ASCLEPIUS JOHNSON.

1, Centaur Street, Chiron Place,
House round the Corner.

A Very Old Master.

A REPORT of a recent meeting of the Senate at Cambridge states that the candidate for B.D. "is required to be a M.A., of at least four years' standing from creation." At that rate, there must be Masters of Arts nearly as old as ADAM. Or does Darwinism rather require us to read for "ADAM" the first Anthropoid Ape, or Marine Ascidian?

IN THE TEETH OF THE LATE NORTH-EASTER.

Mr. Gladstone. First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer? Hum! Well. I suppose I can't say "no." But, consider a moment; wouldn't HARTINGTON, now—?

Marquis of Hartington. Oh, pray don't mind me! Anything will do for me. Here, I'll have India!

Earl Spencer. And a very good thing too; why, look at me, I'm only Lord President of the Council!

The Duke of Argyll. What? You grumbling? Why, I've only got the Privy Seal! What am I to do with the Privy Seal?

Mr. Bright. About as much as I shall with the Duchy of Lancaster! The Duchy of Lancaster! Do they think that they're going to muzzle me with that?

Mr. Chamberlain. If they do, they must regard it as of a far tougher material than the Board of Trade. The Board of Trade, indeed! That's it, is it? It doesn't sound like a Caucus, does it? But, ha! ha! You wait. You'll see!

Mr. W. E. Forster. Wait? One would have thought that waiting might have led to something a little better than the Irish Secretaryship.

Lord Selborne. Well, here I am again. And I don't mean to miss my chance this time.

Earl of Kimberley. Quite right: no more do I. No,—if there is any weak point in the Cabinet, it is certainly not—

Sir William Harcourt. The Home Department. My tact, discretion, and general diplomatic habit of mind would, perhaps, have been displayed to greater advantage in the rôle of—

Earl Granville. Foreign Secretary? Not a bit of it! I am, *par excellence*, the right man in the right place.

Mr. H. C. E. Childers. Most certainly. And, I wish I could say as much for myself. The War Office!—Why the very first thing I shall do will be to teach the permanent heads the Hornpipe!

Earl of Northbrook. Really? Well, I wish you would give me a lesson first. I learnt a good deal in India, but, alas!—*not that!*

Mr. Dodson. Well, my Lords and Gentlemen—we've all a good deal to learn. Even an efficient President of the Local Government Board isn't made in a day!

Nihilism Annihilated.

GENERAL LORIS MELIKOFF is reported from St. Petersburg to be "doing all in his power to finish as quickly as possible with Nihilism." Should he succeed in so doing, MELIKOFF will be entitled to change his name to FINISHOFF. Success to him in his endeavour to reduce Nihilism to Nil.

POST HOC ET PROPTER HOC.—A little Cross, he was. A grand Cross, he is.

A MAY MEETING.



President. Welcome, Sir! "Welcome as the flowers in May!"

Premier. Thanks! London's brightest May flow'rs, one might say,

Are those that yearly bloom upon your walls,
Art's annual blossomings.

President (aside).

And Clubdom calls
This man austere, ungracious! (*Aloud.*) Sir, I hope,
Without o'erduily stretching your neat trope,
This year's pictorial parterre may please
The cultured taste that, like the Attic bees,
Has supped from classic chalices.

Premier (aside).

They say
This man's mock-Greek! (*Aloud.*) The grace of the
old day,
The glory that was Greece, now lives again
On LEIGHTON'S Canvass.

LIPLEY
SAMPSON & CO. LTD. DEL R



A YOUNG HOPEFUL.

"WELL, REGI, YOU DON'T SMOKE YET, I SUPPOSE!"

"NO; BUT IF YOU HAVE ANY 'JUMPING POWDER' ABOUT YOU, I 'LL TAKE A PULL!"

Painter (aside.) He'll make FREDDY vain!

Enough of Hyblan sweets, my Cockalorums!

Methyglynn is the cloyingest of jorums.

President. We set you high last year—anticipation
Of that which now the verdict of the Nation
Makes an Art-dream no more.

Premier. I apprehend.

I stood before the Canvass of your friend,
And dreamed—it matters little what; the whole
Has come to pass.

Painter (aside.) "Oh, my prophetic soul!"

President. A splendid portrait of a splendid—

Premier. Hush!

Do not divide the laurels; let the brush
VELASQUEZ might have wielded take them all.

Painter. You're too magnanimous!

Premier. On yonder wall

A pendant master-piece now meets my sight,
From the same hand,—my noble friend, JOHN BRIGHT.
Superb, Sir! Art is happy most in this,
That the Arena's changing cheer or hiss
It need not echo, giving welcome hearty
To all.

Painter (aside.) When they are up!

President. Art knows not party,

But hospitality's old rule holds best,
"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

Premier. Fortunate I to be in time for this!

So pleasant a May-Meeting who would miss?

[*Exeunt mahoganywards.*]

BEER GETTING UP.

SIR HENRY ALLSOPP'S Ulster Hand having become a *fait accompli*, we understand Mr. BASS is about to adopt a Coronet for his trade-mark, in hope of a like result.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

Prefatal Arrangements—Letters from the Editor to Celebrated Novelist—Letter from Celebrated Novelist to Editor—Amicable settlement—Retraction—Interesting and Important Announcement.

Letter the First from Editor to Celebrated Novelist.

MY DEAR ANTONIO,

WE, the Modern Novel Co. (Limited), want a work from your pen. When can you let us have it?

Yours, EDITOR (*Novel Co. Limited*).

Chairman of the Modern Novel Committee.

Without prejudice.

DEAR EDITOR,

My name is not ANTONIO. It is ANTHONY with the "h." There is no use in retaining the "h." But I like it. You want, you say, "a work from my pen." Do you? Good. Perhaps I'd better send you one of my pens if you think that can do the work, without the hand and head, and let me add, my good Sir, the heart to guide it. Now to business. What do you want? hey? In your next let me know what you do want from

Yours truly,

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

With lots of prejudice.

The Warren, Babey Buntingford.

From the Editor to the Novelist aforesaid.

MY DEAR TONY,

THE "h" will be all right when we print your name. You don't care about being Italianised, do you, as ANTONIO, no, that's your brother DODDLEFUSS. Now, as you say—to business. We want a novel, *not*, if you will allow me the expression, in your novel style, but in your good old first-rate style; I mean, that style as applied to that class of subjects, chiefly ecclesiastical, by which you are known, for which as a master of fiction, absolutely unsurpassed, you are celebrated, and to which all your most ardent admirers and most sincere well-wishers do hope you will speedily return. Such a



OUR CLUB.

Member (bursting into Card-Room, 9 A.M.). "OH, WAITER, HAVE YOU—I FANCY LAST NIGHT I MUST HAVE DROPPED A FIFTY POUND!"

Waiter. "HERE IT IS, SIR, 'SING'LAR THING, SIR,—SEE IT UNDER THE TABLE DIRECTLY I COME INTO THE ROOM! 'LUCKY I GOT HERE JUST BEFORE ANY O' THE MEMBERS, SIR!!"

novel, in your genuine, easy-going, good old style of *The Chronicles of Barsellshire*, and *The Last Chronicle of Barsell*, with lots of Parsons, Deans, Bishops, and their wives and families; that is the sort of thing we want, and what the public demands from your pen—I beg your pardon, I mean from your hand, head, and heart.* (By the way, don't you write with a pen?) This, my dear friend TONY, is what we require, preferring such a work of genius to such other works of genius of yours as are represented, for example, by *The Prying Minister*, *How We Dye Now*, *Who Used his Diamonds*, and others too numerous, but not too humorous, to mention. Your terms are ours, and easy does it. The sooner you can let us have it the better, as from the moment the novel is announced, our doors will be besieged by anxious inquirers, and our letter-box choke full of communications from anxious pen-and-ink-quirers, who will waste reams of paper—"reams, idle reams!"—in bothering us to know when you are going to begin. So, my dear TONY, let us have your answer, and believe us (and me), yours sincerely,

THE EDITOR (Novel Co. Limited).

With less prejudice than ever.

DEAR ED. NOV. CO. LIM.,

Don't call me "TONY." I don't like it. TONY is only associated in the public mind with "LUMPKIN." If you insinuate I'm a Lumpkin, all is off between us. Retract "TONY," and I'm yours to command. As to your opinion of my former or present style, I won't take it even for what it is worth. Keep it to yourself; I have no use for it. You want a novel, on what you call an Ecclesiastical subject. That's the English of it, isn't it? Hey? You quote my titles incorrectly, and you omit *The Churchwarden*. Everyone liked *The Churchwarden*; and I think I've got just the thing for your readers, or rather for mine. How about *The Beadle*? Hey? Hasn't that the true smack about

* This part of our correspondence reminds us curiously enough of another correspondence with a similar object long ago, between the first editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, Mr. W. M. THACKERAY, and one of his leading contributors, Mr. ANTHONY TROLLOPE. The former wanted a novel for the Magazine; the latter had commenced an Irish tale, when he was "civilly told" that what was expected of him was a story thoroughly English, and, "if possible, about Clergymen." History repeats its situations with new characters.

it? Hey? That's the man for your money. *The Beadle of Small-Beerjester Bowers*. Hey? How's that? You say terms are all right. That's business. Consider it settled. I'll do *The Beadle*, and throw in a couple of Bishops and a few new dignitaries for the money. Hey? Don't call me TONY again. I believe you my boy, and am yours bluffly,

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

With any amount of prejudice.

From Editor Novel Co. Limited to Novelist.

DEAR ANTHONY WITH AN "H."

I RETRACT "TONY," and so all is on again between us. Not only believe me, but believe The Company Limited, which I represent, and which deals with you for this work of art (by my advice mind) that is to astonish England, Europe, and the world. Let us have the first instalment of *The Beadle*—it is to be *The Beadle* is it not?—as soon as possible, so that I may fairly announce it together with the correspondence which, of course, you have no objection to my publishing. Don't forget the Bishops, and the "few new dignitaries," and, if possible, make one of 'em an Archbishop. Don't omit the female element of the ecclesiastical life. Thoroughly English. You know how to do the trick. I am, or we are,

Yours most sincerely,

THE EDITOR.

Without prejudice—except in your favour.

(From Novelist to Editor.)

DEAR EDITOR,

WITH compliments. I don't approve of "doing the trick." I'm always prejudiced—in favour of honesty, truth, and justice. Every Englishman ought to be. Oughtn't he, eh? I refer you to my novel *The Churchwarden*; or, *Put that in your Pipe and Smoke It?* Not read it? Get it. In haste.

Yours,

A. D., 1880.

Au Public.—A letter from Mr. ANTHONY DOLLOP protesting against the publication of the correspondence arrived, we deeply regret to say, too late to be of any use. In compliance, however, with the eminent Novelist's request, we at once retract as far as it is possible to do so, the whole of the correspondence in question, which we have only published in view of any difficulties that might subsequently arise between the high contracting parties.

In conclusion we, on behalf of the Novel Company Limited, beg to announce the appearance in our next of an entirely new and original novel entitled

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "*The Chronicles of Barsellshire*," "*Beerjester Brewers*," "*The Halfway House at Aleinton*," "*Thorley Farm for Cattle*," "*Family Parsonage*," "*The Prying Minister*," "*Pearls Before Swine*," or, "*Who Used His Diamonds?*" "*Rub the Hair*," "*The Way We Dye Now*," "*Fishy Fin*," "*Fishyas Wildux*," "*Dr. Thorne and David James*," "*Star and Garter, Richmond*," "*Rachel Hooray!*" "*The Jellies of Jelly*," "*The Bertrams and Roberts*," "*Lady Pye-Anna*," "*Tails of All Creatures*," "*Arny Otspur*," "*Mary Greasily*," "*Vicar of Pullbaker*," "*McDermott of Balladsingerum*," "*Can't You Forget Her?*" "*He Knew He Could Write*," &c., &c.

A Discovery.

We read in the *Times*—

"Some documents seized at Barcelona show the existence of a considerable quantity of forged Spanish Bonds, believed to have the same origin as those detected some time ago on the Paris Bourse."

Spanish Bonds, then, are really worth something—they are worth forging!

GUIDE TO THE ACADEMY.

(By "Private View," of the R.A. Volunteer Corps.)

View, in his full regimentals, precedes General Public. *Montez! Montez!*

At first starting I do not begin at the beginning, but direct public attention to the following numbers, by way of a preliminary canter.

No. 204. "*A Bite!*" Sir F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. Sir FREDERICK should have chosen the Shakspearian line,—

"Flea! Flea'ence! Flea!"

Macbeth, Act iii., Sc. 3.No. 217. *An Infant Phenomenon in the Lady Macbeth Sleepwalking Scene.* H. T. WELLS, R.A. It is called "Victoria Regina," and may be intended for "The Victoria." It may be a Victoria, but it's not a *Shay-d'œuvre*. No matter;—"All's wells that ends wells," as Crutch and Toothpick chaunt on All Swells day. Let's leave WELLS alone and pass on.No. 239. *Out of Order; or, Mechanical Doll with the Spring Broken.* J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. Never mind, there's plenty more from the toy-shop where she came from, and it's never too late to mend.No. 250. *Judge us by what we are, not what we wear.* E. J. POYNTER, R.A. The subject is Venus showing a clean pair of heels to Æsculapius, who, with the skill of a doctor and the eye of a poet, is scanning her feet.No. 262. *On Board H.M.S. Bellerophon, July 23, 1815.* W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A. BONAPARTE a prisoner on board the *Billy Rough 'un*, looking towards the coast of France. The Artist should have called this clever picture, "*Going Nap.*"No. 282. "*Take a card—I won't look—you'll know it again,*" &c. MARCUS STONE, A. For this there should be a "*Hail Stone!*" chorus. A Precious Stone. A Gem.No. 298. *On the Prowl; or, Lionising an Artist.* BRITON RIVIERE, A. A most striking picture. But where was the Artist when he took the portraits of these terrific brutes? Behind a pillar? He calls it "*A Night Watch.*" What a night watch he must have had of it! He must be a very bold Briton.No. 322. *The Right Honourable John Bright, M.P.* J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. Eminent political person on a successful canvass. Admirable portrait. But it's not JOHN BRIGHT at his Brightest. He should have been taken "*Orating,*" and every expression caught. Yet, for all that, 'tis a speaking likeness.No. 328. *Good View from a Private Box.* L. ALMA TADEMA, R.A.No. 416. *Henry Irving as Hamlet; or, Knee Plus Ultra.* E. LONG, A. A three-quarter length, and quite long enough. The Artist felt the subject would scarcely bear E-long-a-tion, and perhaps he'll give us the remainder next year. "To be continued in our next." As *Hamlet* himself observes, "Very like, very like. Stay'd it Long?" &c. (Act I., s. 2). Of course the answer would be—Just sufficient time to have his portrait taken.No. 571. *The Incomplete Letter-Writer.* GEO. REDD. Portrait of a Gentleman trying to think "What on earth he shall say" in his letter. The title is the "Provost of Peter-head," but the bothered and perplexed expression suggests the "Provost of Stupidhead." The Artist is doubtless correct: Ride and Right.No. 606. *Bessie, daughter of C. Andrew, Esq.* G. D. LESLIE, R.A. Pretty Lawn-Tennisonian Picture. Pity she should be represented as a rackets sort of girl. What's the state of the game? "Fifteen—Love."

AVEAT emptor!—Look out, Picture-buyers! The Academy is open. The verdicts have been pronounced. Many who have acquitted themselves to their own satisfaction, have been hung; and the Unhung are no longer in a state of suspense.

Allow me to take you through the halls of dazzling light, and point out the objects of special interest. Where the Artist has made a mistake in his title, I have appropriately rechristened it; and where the description is inaccurate, or misleading, I have just thrown in a few touches to complete the pictures. Walk up! Walk up! Leave your sticks and umbrellas in the hall, purchase a catalogue, refer to the Guide from week to week for aid and assistance, pay your shilling, and be happy! Ladies and Gentlemen, *Suivez moi!* And my friends reply, "Lead on; we follow!" Eyes right and left! And so Private

No. 612. *A Hot Day at Cookham.* OTTO WEBER. It ought to be hot if you go to cook 'em. And there are such a lot of cattle to cook! More like Cows. But why not call it an "Otto" day? Let us hope it is not by any means "Weber's Last."

No. 613. *The Ebb Tide on the Bar.* WALTER J. SHAW. One of the best pictures in this year's Academy. The Artist henceforth to be distinguished as "*Sea-Shaw.*" Visitors are particularly requested to see SHAW, when they will all agree with me, and no waverers among them. *On dit*, that this has been purchased by an eminent R.A. He was sitting before it; and, carried away by the sea-sentiment inspired by SHAW, began to hum to himself, or to himself, "*Buy the Sad Sea Wave;*" and he bought it. This story may be told to the Marines. The title of the picture is a little puzzling to inlanders, who ask "where the ebb is tied on the bar?" and "how is the ebb tied on the bar?" and so on. But no matter—'tis a delightful picture, and "Ebb of thee I'm fondly dreaming," Mr. Sea-SHAW.

No. 614. "*No Bathing-Machine!*"—(but where are the Police?) Sir F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. Sir FREDERICK calls it "*Psamathe.*" Very likely it is, but more suggestive of *Jane Shore*. What a subject it would have been for Mr. SANDYS! Every one must feel considerable delicacy in talking of this Lady, as no charitable person would like to speak of her behind her back; and yet they can't help it, if they are to speak of her at all.

No. 654. *Gushers at Home.* FRANK DICEY. Two young Ladies kissing on the stairs. Quite a *pair-o'-Dicey* notion of fashionable "Angels' visits."

No. 655. *Crenania.* Sir F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. It should be called "*Demi-Twilight,*" and the motto be DRYDEN's line,—

"For little souls on little shifts rely."

A BALLAD OF THE BALLOT-BOX.

I'm as clear as a babe new-born
Of corruption, and of bribery,
As at Highgate I'll dare be sworn,
Or take my davy at Highbury.
If you likes you may stand me a pot,
'Cause that's nothink beyond congenial,
But to bribe me best offer not;
No, I'd not be so beastly venial.

Our Member, he says to me,
As he might have said to any man,
"BILL SMITHERS," he says, says he,
"A fi-pun note to a penny, man,
I'll lay you I don't come in.

Are yer game to take a shy at me?"
He spoke them words with a grin,
And playful he wunk his eye at me.

I says "Done; my chance is fair,
A good offer I never refuses."
Says he, "Now to win you declare,
And I means to pay if I loses."
So I did wot I possible could
In my own self-defence and purtection,
Which the party I backed, when he stood,
Lost his wager and gained his election!

Wen he know'd his seat was sure,
He paid me the bet as I won of him,
Which my 'ands bein' perfectly pure,
The same was 'ansome done of him.
Now 'ere is the fi-pun note,
As I pockets without hillegality.
So don't you say I sold my vote,
Wich I 'olds clean agin morality.

THE LAST CRIME OF THE LATE GOVERNMENT.—(Let us hope so.)—"Ribbonism."



THE NEW SLEEVE.

Granny (from the Country). "BUT WHY DO THEY ALL SHOW THE TOPS OF THEIR ARMS IN THAT RIDICULOUS MANNER?"
Fucetious Youth. "THE FACT IS, GRANDMA, THEY'RE ALL GOING TO BE VACCINATED AFTER SUPPER!"

CABINET-MAKING.

WILLIAM the Woodman lays aside his axe,
 And takes a turn at somewhat finer tooling.
 Deft Craftsman as he is, the work might tax
 The practised skill that follows lengthy schooling.
 Chopping down trees,—Upas or otherwise,—
 Is roughish toil, less asking mind than muscle,
 But here 's a "first-class job," my boy, that tries
 More than comes out in mere athletic tussle.
 You find, of course,—it really scarce needs telling,—
 Shaping and fitting harder work than felling.
 Such lots of timber too! Shortness of stuff
 Is scarce more puzzling than such superfluity.
 Some fine of grain, some all too rough and tough
 To fit the rest with closeness and congruity.
 To shape all well, and joint it firm and fast,
 Use no tin-sound, and waste no good material,
 And make a neat, strong job of it at last,
 Fitted for purposes and needs imperial,
 Was stiff to work, still work you scarce could shirk, man,
 So buckled to like a true British workman!
 Most of your stuff 's well seasoned, some too dry—
 Say some folks; better dry than green, however;
 And some that now for the first time you try
 Is wood unseasoned. Craftsman keen and clever,
 Let 's hope in this you may make no mistake;
 That you may find it nor too soft nor knotty,
 Firm in the fibre, free from "sap" and "shake;"
 Of substance sound, of grain not loose or spotty,
 Taking the polish kindly, and not warping,
 Nor giving rival Joiners cause for carping.
 It does not look amiss, one may admit,
 Strong, shapely, well-squared. As for the inlaying,
 Perhaps that might have been improved a bit,
 Or so some quidnunc critics have been saying.

'Tis hard to please all! If it stand and hold,
 And bide the stress of heat and changing weather,
 The world will own this Craftsman old yet bold
 Has not forgot his cunning altogether.
 The Cabinet shows well, there's no denial,
 But, WILL my lad, remember it's on trial.

HOUSE DECORATION.—"QUOD EDIS EDE."

(From Mr. Punch's Lectures thereon.)

TAKE six pounds of red paint, a pail of whitewash, and an old hearth-broom. Thus provided, commence your dodo. Lay the whitewash freely on the upper portion of the wall, reaching as high as you can, and bearing in mind, if it looks patchy, that a flat tone is thoroughly inartistic. Now begin with your red. If you can't get the depth very uniform, remember that the line of beauty is never a straight one. Having gone up and down the staircase and round all the rooms armed with this reflection, you can begin your furnishing.

Don't have a carpet in the house, but rely solely on fresh straw. Nothing is sweeter, and you can always command a plentiful supply from empty Co-operative Store cases. Friends, on calling, will probably not come in as soon as they notice this. You, therefore, need not have that modern abomination, an iron umbrella-stand, in the hall. Nor, indeed, anything else.

If you possess a drawing-room full of early Victorian furniture, knock off its hideous excrescences with the meat-chopper. This will give it quite a Chipping-dale look. Don't forget that old things are the rage. Chairs going to pieces will serve your purpose. If anybody does call and proposes to stay, say, good-humouredly, "Come, I won't have my old furniture sat upon by you."

Don't buy china. Account for its absence by the remark that you are not going to let handsome things "go to the wall." If you feel you must have a few plates, cut them out of back numbers of the *Graphic*. Better still—decorate your walls yourself. You can do this most effectively with a burnt walking-stick. If hard up for a



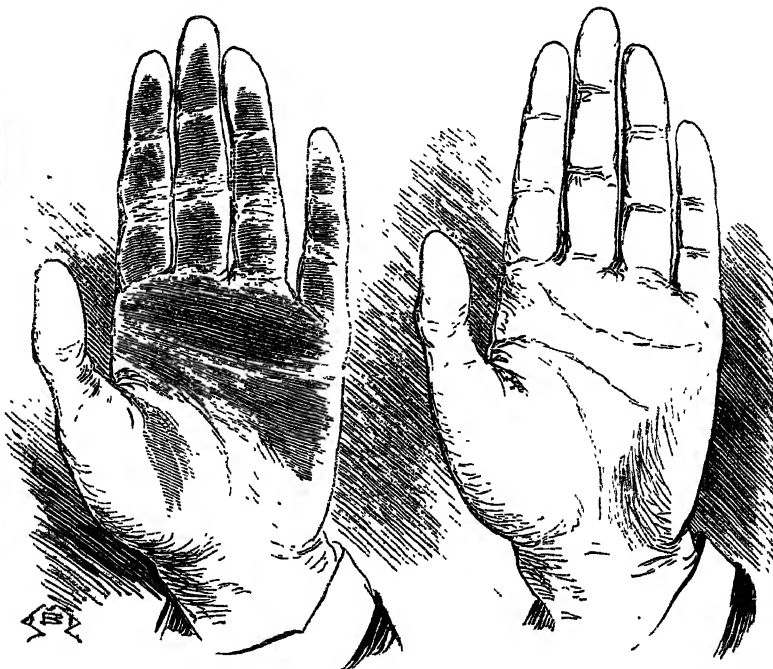
CABINET-MAKING.

HEAD CARPENTER. "I HOPE YOUR MAJESTY LIKES THE NEW CABINET. IT'S BEEN HARD WORK—SUCH A QUANTITY OF MATERIAL!"

THE QUEEN. "I SEE MOST OF IT IS WELL SEASONED—LET US HOPE THE NEW WOOD WILL STAND WELL!"

subject go to the Classics. Try VIRGIL, say, as something neat and appropriate, Dado and Æneas.

With regard to your bed-rooms—don't have any. This will make your house *most peculiar*—at the very smallest outlay. You will, by this means, accomplish the great end of modern artistic effort, distancing your neighbours. In fact, in the æsthetic race, it will be your own fault if, after having heard *Mr. Punch's Lectures*, you don't win in a Cantor.



WHAT COMES OF OPENING CARRIAGE-DOORS ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

UP AT ST. STEPHEN'S—DOWN AT HUGHENDEN.

AS DISTINGUISHED BY A BRITISH STATESMAN OF QUALITY.

(After Browning.)

Now I have plenty of leisure, leisure enough and to spare.
Better is this, far better, than Babylon's bother and blare.
Ah! what a life, what a life I have led for six Sessions there!

Something to see, by Jove, and to hear, more pleasant at least
Than Westminster's benches and babble. The eye and the ear may feast;
Though I rather wish that the wind wouldn't blow so much from the East.

Aha! I dare say *that* wish will be echoed by poor JOHN BULL.
Here I may lie on my oars, let the rival stroke try a pull;
I rather fancy he'll find that his hands are confoundedly full.
He has raised a most thundering cry, let us see if he'll bring in much wool.

But the Country, ah, the Country—the buds and the blossoms! Why
It is forty years or more since this spectacle gladdened my eye—
The Woods in the early spring-time! Oh, pleasant rurality!
I've longed for this often and often, and now I am free to fly,
Just in the nick of time, to the bowers of Aready.
I really take it remarkably civil of Destiny.

What of St. Stephen's? Elections all over in April by rights,
But it will be far on in May ere they muster for party fights.
They've a rough bit of road before them: some of 'em will pant and wheeze,
Whilst I—I am doing the *dolce* here under Hughenden's trees.

Will they better my game, I ask you? Can they change it all at once?
Not e'en at the dictate of DILKE—that fellow is aught but a dunce.
If he really conciliates all, WILL will do most amazingly well;
But the Rads at the end of his "tail," if he snubs them, will rage and rebel,
And swear that Midlothian programme was nought but a sham and a sell—
Dear me! how exceedingly sweet these wild wood-hyaacinths smell!

Won't they just have it hot down there! Won't CHAMBERLAIN spout and splash?

Make GRANVILLE's bland lips quiver, and HARTINGTON's cold eye flash?
That Brummagem Oracle, though, won't be easy to daunt or to dash—
Ah! it looks very promising now, yet how soon it may end in smash.

All the Session long at St. Stephen's, what shall you hear if you linger?

(Eh? Yes, by Jove! that's the cuckoo. "A quaintly significant singer!")

Ah! those apple-blossoms! how pretty! how well with the young green they mingle!

One might dream that the Dryads were dancing down there in the green-misted dingle!—

Sophistry, squabble, stupidity, setting one's ears in a tingle;

Till August, or early September, the Lords and the Commons are shrill,

And drowsy drudges grind on at the Parliamentary mill.
Enough of the Session! I really *don't* envy Magniloquent WILL.

Ere you open your eyes in London the wretched street-cries begin,

And as soon as you're down to breakfast the letters come pouring in;

Then you must skim the news—skim-milk is scarcely so thin—

(The cream down here is delicious!) List to the Radical din

O'er another Conservative whipping, another Liberal win.

Then the comic paper pictures—they give it me awfully hot.

But their pillory isn't so bad as their praise—dull, sycophant rot!

The *Times* with its flabby support, the *News* with its acid rebukes,

Five flaming columns of GLADSTONE's, or four of the tip-tilted Duke's.

Then, there's SALISBURY's hitches to clear, or put a plausible gloss

On a stumble of goody STAFFORD, a blunder of bouncing CROSS.

Until—oh, fickle midge-swarm!—the Mob has its idol deserted,

By Midlothian's unctuous mouthing confounded—they call it converted.

They flock at WILL's heels in procession, and he goes smiling and smart,

With the fumes of applause in his head—and my epigram fast in his heart,

Bang goes the big Whig drum, rootle the Radical fife,—
Oh, *Aura popularis*! the hollowest humbug in life!

But here there is "holy calm." No echoes of hot debate
Come on the breeze, no sense of the thankless burden of State,

As a weary, weary Statesman his lazy length reclines
On a peaceful primrose bank, all under the scented pines!

The town is a horror to think of! The Country for me, not the City!

Statesmen can seldom be choosers of holidays—more's the pity!

Look! two-and-two fly the linnets, and there strut a couple of thrushes,

And was that a water-wagtail that wheeled there over the rushes?

How rosiely down in the sun-glint the apple-blossom blushes!

Ah, yes, this is pleasanter far than St. Stephen's clamours and crushes.

Trill-trill-trill! goes the lark! *Pheu-pheu!* that's the blackbird's fife!

Oh, a day in the Hughenden woods,—there is no such pleasure in life!

THE DIFFERENCE OF A LETTER.

(By a Disgusted Conservative.)

ONCE we used to hear of a Caucasian policy. Now it is a Caucasian policy which seems to be in vogue.

A QUESTION OF THE DAY.

TALK about the difference between an Amateur and a Professional Champion! Which do you call the "Champion Bill Poster"?

NATIONAL OMNIBUS NOTICE.—Woolwich Infants Must be Paid For.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT. (FIRST DROP.)



A FAVOURITE BRAND.

Thursday, April 29.—Wherein dwells the essence of anything, Parliament included? MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS has discoursed learnedly on essences—speculating, *inter alia*, wherein resided the essence of a Lord Mayor, or the essence of Sir JOHN CUTLER's famous stockings, which by often darning from silk grew worsted yet remained the same stockings.

If there be a body in which Parliament may be presumed to be quintessentialised, it should be Mr. SPEAKER. If there be one part of Mr. SPEAKER's substance or accidents in which his quintessence may be supposed to be concentrated, it should be his wig. When the House of Commons met this day, it had no Speaker. And when, in one act, the old Speaker was named, and a Brand New one chosen, he had no wig. It is hardly conceivable, perhaps, how, under these conditions, there can be any Essence of Parliament.

But, at least, the House of Lords met—as a House of Lords and Ladies—and we had a forecast of blessings to come, perhaps, hereafter, in the Lower House, in the spectacle of an Upper House with twenty Peers' Ladies, at least, to twenty Peers. The House looked all the prettier for its intermixture of sexes, the Ladies of creation being more ornamental than its Lords, particularly when five of them are arrayed in the fearful and wonderful costume of Lords Commissioners, scarlet robes cut in the taste of GEORGE THE FOURTH, surmounted by cocked-hats in the fashion of the Regency crowning the venerable brows of Lord Chancellor SELBORNE, the MACALLUM MORE, the Earl GRANVILLE, the Earl of NORTHBROOK, and Lord SYDNEY.

My Lords and Ladies—beg pardon, my Ladies and Lords—met, my Lords Commissioners seated in front of the Throne, and the Speakerless Commons—sheep without a shepherd—duly whipped in at the heels of MAX, not by bright flowers, as might seem appropriate to such leading, but by Black Rod, the Royal Commission opening this the Tenth Parliament of HER MAJESTY's reign was read, and my Lords Commissioners informed HER MAJESTY's Lords and Commons, that HER MAJESTY would, so soon as Members of both Houses had been

sworn, “declare the causes of her calling this Parliament,” (somewhat superfluous, methinks). “Meanwhile, do you, Gentlemen of the House of Commons, repair to the place where you are to sit, and choose you some proper person to be your Speaker.”

Whereupon Black Rod whipped out Commons, this time not at the heels, but close in the front, of MAX, it being the 29th of April.

Then my Lords Commissioners retired to disrobe, the Lord Chancellor ascended the Woolsack, Garter King-at-Arms presented the Roll of the Lords Temporal,—upper-crust, of course, uppermost,—and, my Lords began to swear—a thing they seldom do in that decorous Chamber. Considering the complexion of the new House of Commons, their Lordships, as Conservatives, may be pardoned for swearing.

But it was the first night of the New Parliament. Time brings about its revenges in this Olympian abode too, where things change not with the changing times. Even lordly heads “alter, as they alteration find,” and the Peers' Ministerial Bench receives new tenants.

Punch bids them welcome, and wishes them a good time.

Then to our faithful Commons—as yet inchoate and incoherent, limp, and gelatinous—like a lobster that has just changed its shell, and has not put on new hardness. Pretty, as Mr. PEPPY would say, to see Members changing their sides, and looking about for new perches. Methought the difficulty of finding seats was over. Yet here it is again. Some evidently at a loss—some ready to slip in anywhere. The Liberals in a difficulty, having more Members than seats. The Conservatives uneasy, with seats to let, and no Members to take them. Home-Rulers divided. SHAW's brigade took up a strong position on the Ministerial side. The Member for Meath's tail coiled itself away among the Conservatives, who evidently shrank from the contact. Will they christen the intruders “PARNELL's Hermits”?

The choice of a Speaker is the first Act of Commons' re-incarnation; and there was no question as to the re-election of the Right Honourable HENRY BRAND—the right Brand all agree, one not to be improved upon!

The Gladstonian breadth of Sir THOMAS DYKE ACLAND proposed, and the cultured and venerable Conservatism of Sir PHILIP DE MALPAS GREY-EGERTON seconded him. It is the cheese that two weighty County Members—a Liberal and Tory—should join in this act. Sir THOMAS is best Devonshire; and Sir PHILIP is eminently the cheese, old Cheshire of the richest, choicest, and soundest quality. No voice was raised in opposition. Mr. BRAND humbly submitted himself to the pleasure of the House. Mr. O'DONNELL gave him the blessing of “a third party.” May that third party's dealings with the SPEAKER be confined to interchange of blessings! And Lord F. CAVENDISH, in the absence of the heads of Her Majesty's Government, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, in his new character of the head of Her Majesty's Opposition, in which he came up smiling, joined fraternal hands in blessing over the head of the Brand-new-old SPEAKER. May his shadow never be greater. For last night there was no shadow at all; all was sunlight and *couleur de rose*.

May this first night's harmony be auspicious—the inauguration of a harmonious Session, in which the Jingo shall lie down with the Cosmopolite, and the Orange-man shall play with the Home-Ruler's whiskers and claws.

Friday.—Her MAJESTY, by Royal Commission, put the Seal of her Royal Commis-

sion on Mr. SPEAKER, who attended and received the Royal Benediction, and claimed the ancient and undoubted rights and privileges of the Commons.

These Her MAJESTY, by the LORD CHANCELLOR, confirmed.

Then the Commons retired, Mr. SPEAKER leading his flock, like an Eastern shepherd.

Then, to my Lords swearing, enter Lord BEACONSFIELD; and, falling into the humour of it, swore too.

"So they're all swearing, swear, swear, swearing;
They're all swearing, in the Lords' House at Home!"

Lord BEACONSFIELD was observed to shake hands with Lord SELBORNE with special cordiality. So in the good old days of the P. R. the fighting men used always to shake hands before setting to.

(Commons.)—Met at two, to present their new Speaker to the Lords. And then when they came back, having, we suppose, caught the trick from the Upper House, the Commons began to swear, and were still swearing when *Punch* last heard of them!

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

(A Romance of the Latest Ministerial Movements.)

THE crisis had arrived. Lord HARTINGTON had called upon Lord GRANVILLE, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had visited Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. FORSTER had waited upon the Duke of ARGYLL. The Earl of NORTHBROOK had been in frequent communication with Mr. CHILDERS, and Lord WOLVERTON had been here, there, and everywhere. But, of course, the centre of attraction was the "long unlovely street," in which the new Premier was doing his utmost to entertain right worthily a swift succession of Royal Messengers from Windsor. Day and night the desirable family mansion was watched by an enthusiastic crowd, who cheered every fresh arrival, every new departure.

As night approached the patient throng eagerly purchased the early editions of the evening papers, and then first it was that a sentiment of surprise, not to say of disappointment, might have been felt to circulate through the crowd. It had been observed that amongst the many distinguished personages seeking admittance to the private residence of the Premier Elect, had been a youth whose features were unknown to fame. This young person, with all the fire, energy, and determination of early manhood, had been seen morning, noon, and night on the door-steps. Now he had followed Lord HARTINGTON into the hall; then he had been ushered in almost arm-in-arm with Lord WOLVERTON; and he had constituted himself a Volunteer Member of the suite of the Duke of ARGYLL. "Who was he? What had he come for?" were the questions muttered by the impatient crowd; and the evening papers, instead of satisfying the natural curiosity of the public, had provokingly ignored him. They were silent about his claims to a Parliamentary Under-Secretaryship; they did not even reveal his name.

"Here again?" angrily exclaimed the faithful hall-porter, as this persistent youth presented himself for at least the twentieth time at the Harley Street portals.

"Yes, and I tell you I *must* see him!" returned the intruder, with gentle but persistent firmness. "I am come upon a matter, as I may say, of life and death. You can put me somewhere, until he is ready to see me. I can wait."



STANDING NO NONSENSE.

'Arry. "PHEW!"—(the weather was warm, and they had walked over from 'Ammersmith)—
"BRING US A BOTTLE O' CHAMPAGNE, WAITER."

Waiter. "YESSIR—DRY, SIR?"

'Arry (caughtily, to put a stop to this familiarity at once). "NEVER YOU MIND WHETHER WE'RE DRY OR WHETHER WE AIN'T!—BRING THE WINE!"

"Put you somewhere?" repeated the door-opener, in a tone of impatience. "Where can I put you? The house is quite full. The Duke is in the dining-room having a late lunch; Lord HARTINGTON is taking tea in the drawing-room; Lord WOLVERTON is discussing a sandwich in the study; and the Royal Messenger from Windsor is —"

But before the sentence could be finished, the young visitor had darted away up a staircase, down a passage, through a conservatory, into a well-furnished library.

"The new Premier, I believe?" he murmured, gasping for breath after his recent exertion.

"Yes," was the reply. "But I do not know you. Why this intrusion?"

"Call it not intrusion, Right Honourable Sir!" exclaimed the youth, bowing to the ground. "The result of my visit will be of immense benefit to the human race."

"You are not the representative of an oppressed nationality?" said the Premier, glancing at his interviewer's well-brushed hat and well-cut clothes with admiration not



A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

On returning from the Theatre, the Thompsons find their Housemaid in great distress, with her Arm bound up in her Apron.

Mrs. Thompson. "WHAT IS THE MATTER, ANN? HAVE YOU HURT YOUR HAND?"

Ann. "W-W-W-WORSE THAN THAT, MA'AM!"

Mrs. Thompson. "NOT BROKEN YOUR ARM, I TRUST?"

Ann. "W-W-WORSE THAN THAT!"

Mrs. Thompson. "GOOD HEAVENS!—WHAT IS IT?"

Cook. "THE FACT IS, MA'AM, THE SILLY GIRL HAS BEEN TRYIN' ON YOUR NEW BRACELET, AND NONE OF US KNOWS HOW TO GET IT OFF AGAIN!"

unmixed with curiosity. "You have not the appearance of a Bulgarian or a Greek?"

"You go to Downing Street?" the young man asked abruptly.

"The news is public property," affably replied the First Lord of the Treasury. "At the same time I would not advise you, speaking conscientiously and with that profound sense of earnest responsibility which becomes a man, no less than a Minister, to base upon that fact any hope of preferment. The Cabinet is complete, and it would be impossible to offer you—"

"He does go to Downing Street!" murmured the youth in a tone of ecstasy, ere he continued, "but you had looked forward to a happy life in this noble, this desirable family mansion for many months—perchance years?"

"Certainly the change of residence—so sudden and unexpected—comes upon me with the effect of a surprise," admitted the Chancellor of the Exchequer with a smile. "And now I must pray of you to withdraw. The Royal Messenger from Windsor has a special claim upon my leisure."

"But one word," persisted the youth, positively shivering with excitement; "you will not leave these well-proportioned walls to solitude? This house must not become a desert!"

"Sir!" returned the Statesman, with hauteur, "my domestic arrangements are still incomplete."

"Then make me supremely happy," cried the youth, falling upon his knees, "grant me a boon!"

"A boon!" exclaimed the astonished Premier. "Who are you, Sir, and what do you want?"

"It is my mission to find homes for those who seek them, temporary or permanent, by the season or the year, or even the term of

years. In a word, I am a house-agent. May I be permitted to put this magnificently appointed mansion upon our books?"

A few minutes later the young man was hurrying down Harley Street in a condition of the wildest excitement. It was noticed, by those who observed him, that his eyes were full of grateful tears, and that his face was lighted up with an expression of happiness almost beyond humanity.

The Hardly-used Kelt.

INSPIRED by tenderness towards living things, Correspondents of the *Times* have been complaining that anglers in the Dee, the Tweed and other Scotch Salmon Rivers, for the purpose of landing the Kelt they catch, employ the painful method of "gaffing," that is, clicking them with a sharp hook. Angling may perhaps be so practised as to deserve the name of "the gentle craft," although in the hands of fishermen accustomed to gaff Kelt it seems but a roughish sport. Gaffing is, certainly, a practice which somewhat reminds us of what VIRGIL'S Prophetess saw in the infernal regions—

"Vidi et crudeles dantem Salmonea poenas."

Still, if it be the only way to keep a hold on your Kelt when you have caught him, your Kelt may be excused; yet we should be sorry to come to it in Ireland.

A HAPPY RETURN.

MR. ADAM has been reinstalled in his former office, the First Commissionership of Works. ADAM's friends may now congratulate ADAM on his restoration to his official Paradise in Whitehall Place.

WHAT IS EXPECTED OF THE NEW MINISTRY.

To re-arrange Easter.

To revolutionise the spelling of the English Language.

To regulate and control the passion for Athleticism, and to settle a uniform code of laws for Athletic Sports.

To grapple with the multiform miseries, vexations, and difficulties which now beset the relations between Master and Mistress and Domestic Servants.

To satisfy all the parties concerned in the great question of Stores *v.* Shops.

To put down Intoxication.

To lighten the labours of Rural Postmen by authorising the Treasury to supply them with Bicycles out of the Public Funds.

To reduce the National Debt (after a while) to an inconsiderable amount.

To abolish the Income-Tax.

To bring down the Price of Butchers' Meat, Fish, Poultry, and other articles of daily consumption.

To encourage the Manufacture of Irish Poplin.

To reduce the Estimates several Millions yearly.

To subsidise the Coffee Taverns.

To perfect electric lighting.

To throw open Lincoln's Inn Fields.

To stay the erection of a certain statue in Westminster Abbey.

To prevent trichinosis in pork.

To appoint a Commission of Inquiry into Artists' pigments.

To free St. Paul's, and open the National Gallery all the year round.

To make deceased wives' sisters happy.

Besides such simple affairs as Extension of the County Franchise, Redistribution of Seats, Government of London, Local Taxation, Foreign Affairs, Finance, Ballot Laws, Bankruptcy Laws, Burial Laws, Game Laws, Liquor Laws, and the pacification and contentment of Ireland.

AN ABANDONED TEETOTALLER.—
A Bohe(a)mian.



"SEMPER PARATA."

The Doctor's Daughter. "JANET, ARE YOU NEVER GOING TO LEAVE OFF THAT UNBECOMING OLD BONNET?"

Aged Villager. "WELL, MISS, I'VE WORE IT FOR THIRTY YEARS, AND THE VICAR SAYS I MAY BE TOOK ANY HOUR!"

A JAPANESE FIRE ASSOCIATION.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

ALTHOUGH we, most of us, pretty generally well understand that Civilisation has been of late years considerable on the Advance in Japan, the British Industrious classes ain't, p'raps, quite altogether fully aware of the length our Japanese brethren has gone ahead of ourselves in the steps of Progress. A Japanese newspaper, the *Tokio Times*, informs them it may concern as how—

"Here is a vast City, containing a million of inhabitants, all peculiarly exposed to the extreme hazards of fire, and without a solitary steam-machine in use or existence—with hardly an efficient hand-engine at command."

Now, if I was a readin the Above out in Company, of course there'd be a Laugh, and cry of "Ha! ha! is that what you call Japanese progress?" But I should say just you wait and ear what follows:—

"It is an historical fact that during a conflagration in 1873, a steam-engine, brought to Japan on speculation, was put into operation with a success that showed how easily a dozen such could keep the City permanently free from peril."

So there, you see it ain't for want of nollidge the Tokio people remains unpervided with steam fire-engines. No; but read on, and see, and mark, learn and innerdly disgust the reason why.

"In less than a week after the triumph upon which he had been vainly congratulating himself, the exhibitor found it desirable to leave the capital with his machine, which was straightway re-shipped to America. The experiment has never been repeated, and why? Because the firemen will not allow it. There is no other answer, and none is offered."

No; nor none Wanted. The firemen gets their livin by the fires. It's their work. Steam fire-engines would make short work of it. The Shorter the work the Smaller the Pay. Very well, then. Wot's the Firemen to do? Wy, to be sure, make the Land they lives in too Ot to old Speculators bringing fire-machines to take the Bread out of their mouths. And that they does; and 'tis the fact of their doin of it without bein liabel to be Punisht for usin

HOMAGE TO BEACONSFIELD À LA RUSSE.

PUNCH has received the following direct from Russia. It is too great a curiosity in its way not to be published *verbatim et literatim*, not as a specimen of international courtesy in the wind, but as a sample of Russ dealing with the English language:—

"At the Redaction of 'Punch.'

"They informe in many letters of supposed journey His Honour's Lord BICONSFIELD in all metropolis of principal country in Europa. If His Honour also in Moscow will come, the Moscow's patriots have a 'ceremonial' of Her advent prepared, that they sent you word for word.

"Moscow, April 18-30th, 1880.

"CEREMONIAL

of pompous advent His Honour's the before prime Minister of United Kingdom's England, Scotland and Ireland and Indian Empire, Duc of Cyprus, marquiss of Transvaal, count of Afghanistan, a baptized jew's BENJAMIN DIZRAELI in primitive metropolis of Russian Empire, Moscow.

"1. When the train will approach to the railway-station, they congratulate His Honour with hissings.

"2. When His Honour will lass the wagon all the people begin to spit, turn her backs and continued to hiss.

"3. When His Honour take place in the carriage, that to follow from the railway-station to hotel, who wished can to make the honour to His advent strewing insted flowers with dead body of rats, putrid eggs, rotten aples, the pieces of brokead utensils, etc. and all the people congratulate His Honour with relative cry.

"4. The rule 3 most be rigidly executed every time when His Honour will go about Moscow's streets.

"5. When His Honour will go to sleep, then for windows Her hotel must to meet all the workmans of Moscow's butcher's market (Okhotny Riad) and all the people who wish with her woman and children and begin to congratulate His Honour with the concert of saucepans, kettles, copper scales etc. 'From time to time all people must to cry, to break the vessel and utensil to make all possibility to noise till morning.

"6. Before the starting His Honour from Moscow most be executed the rules 1 and 2 of this ceremonial."

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

Tory Brewer. The Conservatives are showing their mettle at Oxford.

Liberal Do. Yes—base metal—though with the Hall-mark on it.

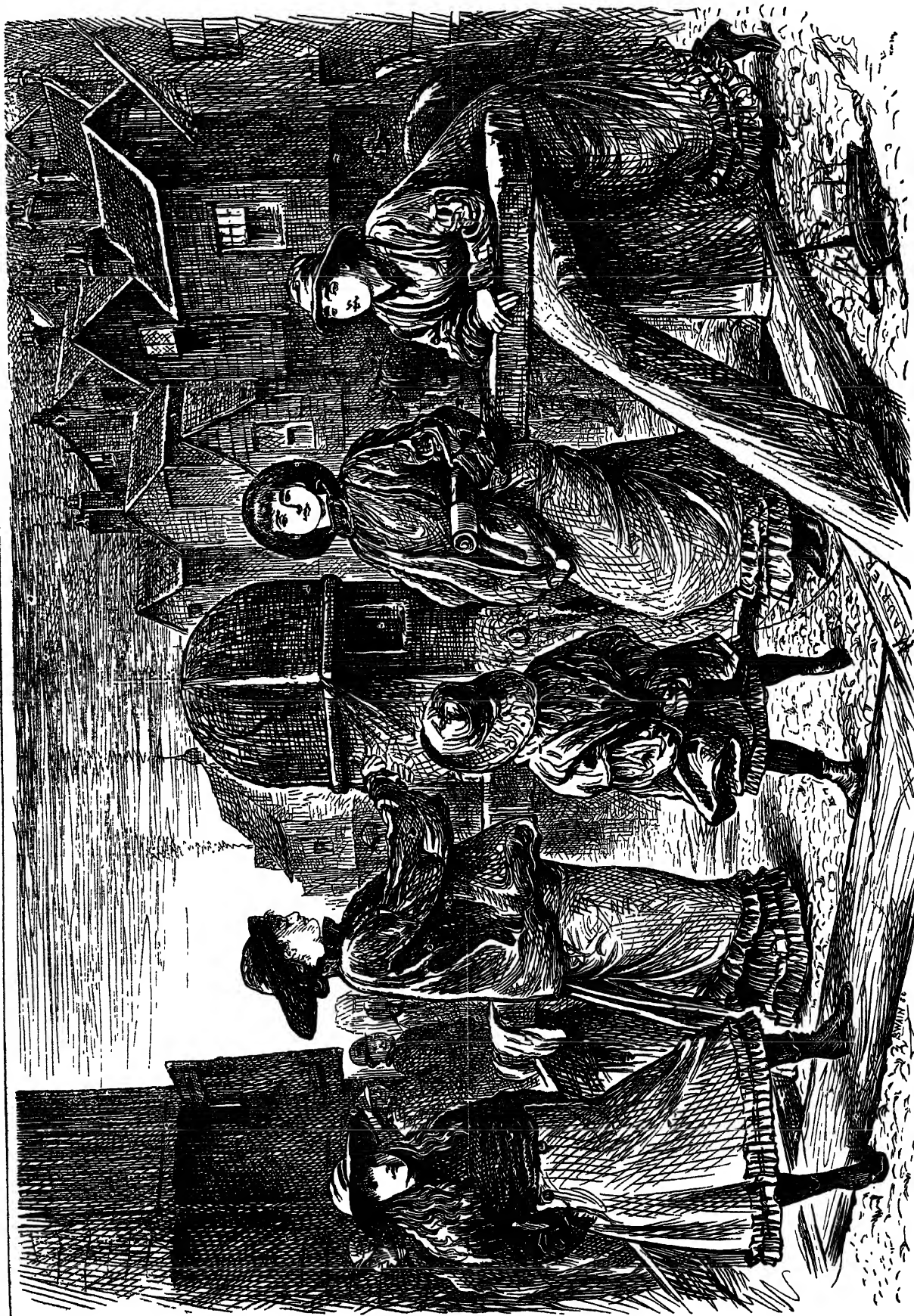
the Necessary Means, as I considers the Japanees' Point of Advancement in Social Progress. The *Tokio Times*, is, no doubt, an Organ of Cappital agin Labur, as it winds up with the followin Arbitrary and Tiranical observation:—

"Until the Firemen of Tokio are disbanded, their organisation broken, and their leaders rendered incapable of further conspiracies against the security of the community at large, no genuine protection will be possible."

Yes, it will. Genuine Protection will be perfectly possible. Protect the Workin Men. That's genuine Protection. Pay the Firemen enough to make it worth their while usin steam fire-engines so as to put fires out as soon as Possible and prewent 'em spreading. Pay 'em as I once heer'd a proposal to pay Doctors for the disease and Damage they saves you from, and not according to so many Visits they pays you, and the Lot of Fizzick they makes you swoller. Pay 'em for Results. Japan hasn't yet got to that Polish. But no more ain't we. More's the Pity. Sir, I don't suppose you'll exactly approve of all the Foregoin Communication; but p'raps you won't deny but wot there's somethink in some on it—leastways the latter Potion—which, therefore, I remain, yours Respeckfully, a Consistent Member of the Amalgamated Plummers and Glaziers' Union, at your Servis to command, and my name it is WILL: PUTTYMAN.

P.S.—By the Way, 'ow about the amount of provision the Metropolitan Board of Works allows to the Widders and Orfans of sitch Firemen as loses their Lives in the Performance of their Dooty? It shouldn't be no mean Pityanee, but the Ansomer the Better, with a view to Secure the Community at large Genuine Protection from Fire.

THE FUTURE IN ALL ITS MOODS OF HUMANITARIANISM (*Fine Prospect for a Reforming Liberal Majority*).—Positivism, Teetotalism, Vegetarianism, Socialism, Communism, Fraternity, Free Love, and Phonetic Spelling.



HINTS FOR A NEW FASHION.

AT EASTER, SMITHSON TOOK HIS FAMILY TO HASTINGS FOR A FORTNIGHT, AND THE GIRLS WERE SO FASCINATED WITH THE BUSINESS END OF THE TOWN, THAT THEY ADOPTED THE WAYS, PURSUITS, AND AS MUCH AS THEY COULD OF THE GARB, OF THE JOLLY SUSSEX FISHERS.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE NEW "COCK OF THE WALK" FOR CONSTANTINOPLE.

MR. ALEXANDER BERESFORD HOPE has supplied us with a picture of Parliament this week as a "Half-hatched Chick." "Essence of Half-hatched Chick" is not a pleasant idea. But Essence of Over-hatched Chick is worse. That is the essence which, in old times, used to be freely bestowed on culprits in the pillory, and is even now, occasionally, administered to unpopular candidates on the platform. At all events, the Half-hatched Chick has been heard chirping this week, if not to much purpose.

On Monday, May 3, the Peers met in what seems, just now, their normal character, as a Corps of Royal Commissionnaires and Commons-Keepers, to proclaim a Recess for the provision of new pegs for the official holes in the Lower House, square for round, and vice versa, as the case may be. Till these holes are stopped, the vessel of the State being unseaworthy, my Lords will sit aboard her, in harbour, as Highest Court of the Realm, for declaring law, but not adventure on the high seas, as Highest Branch of the Legislature for enacting it.

(Commons.)—To Members merrily swearing enter MR. BRADLAUGH,

and asks leave to say instead of swear, "as a person by law permitted to make a solemn affirmation or declaration instead of an oath."

[Tableau! Sensation! Curtain! Exit MR. BRADLAUGH for the rest of the Act.

MR. BRADLAUGH being a legal Ulysses, conversant with the minds and manners of many courts and judges, says he has many times, since 1870, been admitted to affirm instead of swearing. He asks MR. SPEAKER'S leave to do so in the House of Law as in the Courts of Justice.

MR. SPEAKER having his doubts handed them over to the House.

LORD F. CAVENDISH, treading in the path of Parliamentary Procedure, which—

"slowly broadens down
From Precedent to Precedent."

as the Laureate has said or sung, moved that the House, following the tracks left in the times of Quaker PEASE and Hebrew ROTHSCHILD, should appoint a Select Committee to sit on MR. BRADLAUGH'S case.



THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Master Freddy (from Eton). "WHAT LOTS OF ENERGY YOU'VE GOT, GRANDPAPA!"

Grandpapa. "PRETTY WELL, MY BOY, FOR MY TIME OF LIFE."

Master Freddy (languidly). "OH, BUT ENERGY'S SUCH AWF'LY BAD FORM, YOU KNOW!"

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE seconded the Motion.

Mr. WHITBREAD weightily reminded the House that it was dealing with a weighty matter, which might affect the tenure of more than a seat in that House, *e.g.*, a seat on the Woolsack.

Mr. GREGORY felt a scruple whether this mixing up of questions as to Legal and Parliamentary Oaths and Affirmations might not somehow bring the House within whiff and wind of the Law Courts, to which, as an attorney—we beg pardon—a family solicitor, he may be presumed to have an objection.

Earl PERCY, as representative of the high lineage of the SMITHSONS, and Sir H. WOLFF, as representative of the still higher lineage of the Children of Israel, having a natural aversion to the Proletarian and Latitudinarian representative of the Northampton *sutors*, who have soared so far beyond their last, in their present, representatives, moved and seconded the adjournment of the House, at least till they could see the Motion in black and white, and discover whether they liked it any better in print than in Lord FREDERICK'S mouth and the Clerk at the Table's Manuscript.

Sir C. DILKE and Mr. WALPOLE deprecated delay, in the teeth of WOLFF.

Mr. BERESFORD HOPE said the House was only a half-hatched chicken, so had no right to be wholly chicken-hearted, though a mine HAD been sprung upon it.

Whereupon the PERCY and the WOLFF having done their utmost to divide the House, and failed, let their Motion be negatived without a division, and the House set to again for a "good swear." Then, by way of getting BRADLAUGH off the brain, several Orders were agreed to, several new Writs were issued for seats emptied by Office, and two for seats emptied by death; and Notices of Motion were given—

By Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF—second cry of WOLFF this Session—to call attention to our Treaty obligations towards Turkey.

By Mr. MORGAN LLOYD, for a Bill to Prevent Canvassing. (My dear MORGAN LLOYD, don't you wish you may get it?);

By Mr. MOLYER, to call attention to the operation of Free Trade on Manufactures and Agriculture in Ireland, and to move a Resolution. (What can move Mr. MOLYER'S Resolution, who has still the courage of his belief in Protection?);

And by Sir WILFRID, to move a Resolution in favour of Local Option.

In shorter words, enter three M.P.'s on three hobby-horses—*pavant, prancant!*
N.B.—Mr. MORGAN LLOYD'S is not a hobby-horse, but a Welsh pony, a very different animal, though as little likely to come to the halfway-house on the road to Purity of Election,

with the sign of "No Canvass," as the veriest hobby-horse that was ever trotted out on the Westminster Course.

Wednesday.—More parading of hobby-horses. Mr. CHAPLIN on Agricultural Holdings; Mr. PLIMSOLL, on Grain Cargoes; and Mr. RICHARD, on Disarmament.

The animals were not much admired, and their well-known points did not call for much remark—or, at least, did not provoke any beyond the familiar, "Ah! the old story!"

A squabble over the nomination of the Bradlaugh Committee, of which Lord R. GROSVENOR brought down a list including all shades of opinion and legal lore, from the mild wisdom of WALPOLE to the fervid genius of CHAPLIN, and from the ponderous erudition of HOLKER to the legal liveliness of HOPWOOD, and all ingredients of British blood, from the solid John Bull-it-headedness of MASSEY, to the Welsh warmth of WATKIN WILLIAMS, and the Irish fire of Captain NOLAN.

On Monday more names, said Lord RICHARD, would be added, if their bearers were by that time housed, as it was to be hoped they would be.

Sir H. D. WOLFF, as champion of orthodoxy, had opened the ball, or rather the fire, by announcing his intention of opposing the nomination of the Committee when and by whomsoever moved.

Hereupon a lively little teacup-tempest was stirred up over the question whether a Motion could be made to add names without notice of names given; Messrs. GORST and CALLAN, RITCHIE and McCULLAGH TORRENS, bringing their small tea-spoons to Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF'S big gravy ditto.

The SPEAKER being referred to, said no doubt the rule was that Notice of Names should be given, but the House might dispense with it; and Lord F. CAVENDISH, as *Deus ex machina*, suggested that Lord RICHARD had better keep his Notice of Names till Monday, and move the Committee the day after.

Here is a mighty craning at an imaginary fence. It is a mere cry of "Wolff"—not serious. The House has swallowed too many camels, Quakers and Separatists, Moravians and Jews, Latitudinarians, and Platitudinarians, Unitarians and Humanitarians, Anythingarians, and Nothingarians, to be now straining over such a gnat as poor Mr. BRADLAUGH, natural representative of the Northampton Shoe-makers, who object to the Immortality of the Sole, and spell the word indifferently with and without a "u" and an "e."

The time has surely passed when the House should seek shelter against objectionable beliefs or unbeliefs behind such delusive defences as oaths and tests. "Let the swearers swear, and the sayers say," the Law has proclaimed, for all Courts. Why, then, not for the High Court of Parliament—the Court of Courts—the very conduit and fountain-head of Law?

Let us hope that the Commons' Committee will be enabled so to report, and thus allow the troubled WOLFF to lie down with that brace of little ewe lambs—BRADLAUGH and LABOUCHERE! It is surely enough that Northampton has made a Member of Mr. BRADLAUGH, without the House making a martyr of him—and, as such, a much more prominent and important person.

A BRIGHT IDEA FROM PRACTICAL LANCA-SHIRE.

How to get the most good out of the New Parliament. Put it on Peace-Work.

ROYAL ACADEMY GUIDE.

SECOND VISIT.

(By "Private View," of the R.A. Volunteer Corps.)



No. 4. *The Dean's Daughter*. G. F. WATTS, R.A. Which of *Dean's* daughters? *Effie* or *Jeannie*? Observe the background. Probably a valuable picture to somebody, but it might be sold in America for a "greenback."

No. 11. *Christopher*, son of T. W. Erie, Esq. JAMES SANT, R.A. Little boy with little fiddle, ora Christopher with a Kit. "Small and Erley."

No. 16. *The Olive*. PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A. Girl with basket of olives, looking very serious. She has evidently tried one, having heard that it is "quite an acquired taste," and the taste she has acquired she doesn't like. This picture must be taken just before its companion Number, which is

No. 25. *The Vine*. PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A. Which

naturally follows the Olive. Happy thought this—the Vine, after giving us the Olive as a *flip*, CALDERON. Very vine picture, Sir.

No. 27. *Mrs. Arthur Broadwood*. G. E. HICKS. Semi-grand.

No. 37. *Old Houses at Godalming*. JAMES E. GRACE.

"Here Nature smiling shows the winning Grace."

Pretty place for a river-bank holiday.

No. 39. *The Finishing Touch*. W. F. YEAMES, R.A. Green-room at private theatricals, in the Theatre Royal Backdrawing-room, South Kensington (late Brompton). The piece has been got-up economically, as they've evidently made their own dresses, and have dispensed with the services of NATHAN, the costumier, and CLARKSON, perruquier and "maker-up." The finishing touch wanted is the "one touch of Nature" which is not to be found among Amateurs. What on earth is the piece they're playing?

No. 40. *Children of a Larger Growth*—or, Elderly Babies building Castles in the Air with the contents of a superior Box of Bricks. FRANK DICKSEE.

No. 58. *Tenby Fisherwoman*. W. P. FRITH, R.A. Uncommonly fine prawns this morning. If this is a specimen of the Fisherwomen generally at Tenby, apartments for single gentlemen must be at a premium. She has caught her prawns, and now she's fishing for compliments. Ten buy! fifteen buy! twenty buy! any number buy—but don't be caught, like the shrimps, or you'll get into hot water.

No. 65. *Family Affection*. H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A. Much better have called it "Animal Magnetism." Charming effect of sunlight on Mr. DAVIS's calf.

No. 73. *Discontented With Her Lot*. THOMAS FAED, R.A. Girl, in an evident ill-humour, with a kitten in her arms, which she is unconsciously tormenting.

No. 87. *Late for Church*. G. A. STOREY, A. "Late for Church; or, So the Storey Goes," is the entire title. This represents a young Lady, first-cousin to little Swansdown, with anything but a *Common Prayer-Book* under her arm, at the door of a church, as I suppose; but wherever she may be bound for, the book is evidently bound for church. Notice the book-markers: though she is late, her places are kept. My reading of the Storey is that this is the portrait of a Lady-Help, and ought to have been entitled "Going into Service."

No. 83. *Plenty of Room in the Stalls*. WILLIAM LOGSDAIL. [N.B.—The reader is particularly requested to carefully compare the title here given with the one in the Academy Guide, and then to study the picture closely and decide which is the more appropriate.]

No. 63. *Master Willie Gabrielli*. G. GABRIELLI. "Do not forget your Gabrielle!" as they used to sing in "*Vive Henri Quatre*" in the good old gleeful days of EVANS'S. Notice the remarkable room, with remarkable perpendicular floor. Master WILLIE is seated on a stool; but what is the stool on? On nothing, for what should be carpet is part of the perpendicular wall. So WILLIE's on nothing, or nil. Poor Willie Nilly!

No. 102. *Watching the Skittle-Players*. ROBERT BARRETT BROWNING. "Watching the Knife-and-Fork-Players," as the

portrait of this pig-headed Baconian philosopher is just close to the entrance into the refreshment department of the Academy—

"Whence, about midday, is wafted a fume."

as *Simon the Cellarer* sings. Pig and BROWNING are as naturally associated as Pork and Cracking.

No. 122. *A Delightfully un-Selfconscious Family Party; or, "As Merry as Greggs."* JOHN PETTIE, R.A. Of course these children are not *Pettie'd* and spoilt. "Take us as you find us," said the Lady to the Artist. "We're always in some attitude or other. It comes natural." And he did so.

AN ACTRESS WORTH SEEING.

"*La Traviata*" is a pretty name for a pretty woman gone wrong. As the Italian title of the Operatic edition of the younger DUMAS's *Dame aux Camélias*, it stands for about the most mawkish, unreal, unwholesome piece of sickly sentimentality that has ever been transplanted from even the luxurious French-Stage-growth of such vegetation to English boards.

For a long time the Lord Chamberlain put his veto on any English Stage-version of the *Dame aux Camélias*. If his key had never been worse used than to shoot the bolt against such sickly and sickening rubbish, the British Public would have every right to be obliged to him. How Mr. MORTIMER's *Heart's Ease*, a version of this perilous stuff, came to be licensed—whether the Lord Chamberlain has grown less squeamish, or the British Public less particular—we know not. But after seeing it as now acted, with Madame MODJESKA in the part of *Marguerite Gautier*, *Punch* can safely say that Madame DOCHE did nothing more with the part, to account for the *furor* that brought Paris to her feet, than does Madame MODJESKA, a Polish performer, who, after crowning a native reputation as the best actress of her own country with a wreath won in the United States, now comes to ask for an English wreath to set beside her American one. The Press and Public of London have given her two; and *Punch* now gives her another.

Madame MODJESKA is not only a consummate but a charming actress. She has all the required resources of face and figure, voice and action, and perfect command of them, with the unmistakable stamp of refinement and good-breeding. She is old enough to be mistress of all her gifts, which no very young actress can be, and yet young enough to invest any part she plays with all feminine charms of look, and voice, most musical even in its broken English.

So much is certain already; though this accomplished Artist has as yet had only one string to play upon, and that a string which can give no true note, being out of tune with all truth of life and passion—at least, as English folk feel it. But Madame MODJESKA shows us how much a fine and finished actress can do to make even this discordant string discourse sweet and delicate music.

Punch has seen no woman's performance of recent times, Miss TERRY's excepted, showing such keenness of womanly sensibility, such grace, *finesse*, and feeling as Madame MODJESKA's in the scenes with her lover in the First and Second Acts, with her lover's father in the Third, again in the scene where she is insulted and spurned by her lover in the Fourth, and in the protracted dying scenes of the last. Her death, coming, as it did, after all that tedious harping on the same discordant string, was most touching, and the smile on her dying lips a thing to remember. With a limited gamut to run of impossible unselfishness and inconceivable self-sacrifice, diluted in the melted butter of sickly sentiment, she contrived, even with nothing better than this mawkish mixture to set before her audience, to be always interesting, and at moments intensely pathetic and passionate.

We can conceive no greater proof of the actress's power. A much pleasanter one would be her performance of a part more worthy of her ability. We have heard great things of her *Cleopatra* and her *Juliet*. Could she not find a stage for adequate presentment of either, or, better still, both, in London before she leaves us?

The United States may be proud that, at one and the same moment, London should have two Transatlantic reputations so justifying themselves as Miss GENEVIEVE WARD's and Madame MODJESKA's; and two Transatlantic pieces in such full run of popularity and prosperity as *The Old Love and the New*, at the Prince of Wales's, and *The Damites*, at Sadler's Wells.

PUNCH'S ADVICE TO EARL COWPER.

If he wants to be popular as Lord Lieutenant, he has only to shift his Kentish seat, and set up a "Rattling Court" in Dublin.

A NEW DEVICE FOR THE FRENCH REPUBLIC (By a Jesuit).—
"Liberty, Equality, and no Fraternity."



HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS DUE.

Sir Gorgius Midas (who has not been made a Peer). "WHY, IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A MAN TURN RADICAL, 'ANGED IF IT AIN'T, TO THINK OF SUCH SERVICES AS MINE BEIN' REWARDED WITH NO 'IGHER TITLE THAN WHAT 'S BESTOWED ON A HEMINENT SAWBONES, OR A HINGERNEER, OR A LITTEY MAN, OR EVEN A SUCCESSFUL HARTIST!"

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns (sympathetically). "IT DOES SEEM HARD! BUT YOU'VE ONLY TO BIDE YOUR TIME, SIR GORGIUS. NO MAN OF YOUR STAMP NEED EVER DESPAIR OF A PEEAGE!"

"SUAVITER IN MODO."

Bismarck. Well, GRANVILLE, *mon cher*, back again, after all!

Granville. As you see, my dear Prince—at my Countrymen's call.

Bismarck. What a change!

Granville. Which, however, I trust won't affect Our relations of mutual love and respect.

Bismarck. Oh, that goes without saying. But—well, what's your line?

Granville. The straightest is shortest.

Bismarck. You do not incline

To a voyage en zig-zag?

Granville. Oh yes, for a stroll;

But hardly when aiming at policy's goal.

Directness and frankness you like.

Bismarck. They are treasures!

Do I then understand you've changed men and not measures?

Granville. Ahem! That's a little bit absolute.

Bismarck. True.

But,—well, what the deuce are you going to do?

Maintain your position, or—

Granville. Pardon me, Prince,

That "or" is a little superfluous, since

There can be no alternative, seeing we're not

A mere *pouvoir fini*. Folks have said what is not

Who have said that the Liberal Party in place meant

A shop-keeping programme and England's effacement;

That's mere party blague, my dear Prince.

Bismarck. Oh, of course.

Granville. We intend to stand firm, but not ride the high horse.

Vous comprenez?

Bismarck. I think so. "Hands off!"?

Granville. To oppression.

But that don't mean reversal, or mad retrogression.

Bismarck. Changed motif combining with clear continuity
Will tax e'en a GRANVILLE.

Granville. Means more in congruity

With ends we ne'er challenged is all we shall try.

Bismarck. And how about "England's Ascendency"?

Granville (smiling).

To quibble o'er terms were a trifle absurd;

But I think I may say we shall not use *that* word.

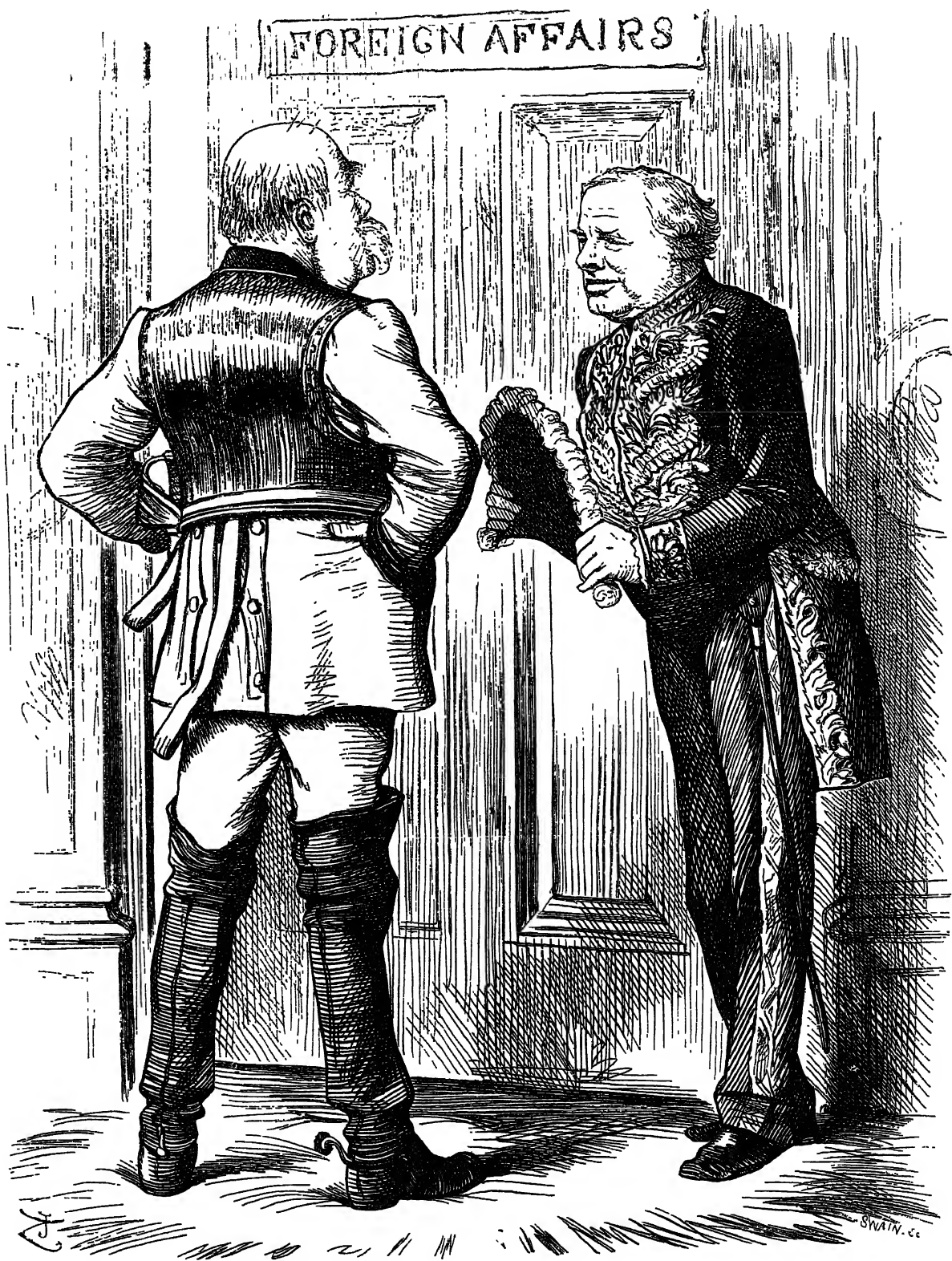
Why,

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

*At the Alhambra—The Folly—The Danites at Sadler's Wells—
Burlesque at Olympic—An Operatic Line.*

La Fille du Tambour Major is a genuine Comic Opera, well sung, well acted, and admirably mounted. There is nothing very new either in the music, or in the idea of the story, but the one is taking and tuneful, and the other is sufficiently interesting; the contrast of character is marked, the situations are dramatic, the business of the scene is lively and well-managed, the action never flags for a second, and the *coup d'œil* is strikingly brilliant.

Mr. FRED LESLIE is capital as the short-sighted Duke; but for a tendency to exaggeration, his performance would be the funniest thing I've seen for a considerable time. As it is, it is immensely amusing, and a critic in the Stalls at the Alhambra must remember that critics in that lofty gallery have to be pleased as well as himself. Miniature painting in the make-up, and "little touches" of character in the acting, will go for very little here with the general public; while anything like amateurishness, which can be tolerated in operatic entertainments of a more burlesque type in a smaller house, would be at once detected here, and be fatal to the Artist's success. Therefore, too, Miss FANNY LESLIE must be pardoned for overdoing the Drummer, and, this allowance being made, it only remains to be added that her little *Griole* is full of life and energy,



“SUAVITER IN MODO.”

PRINCE B. “BUT, I SAY, GRANVILLE,—HOW ABOUT ‘ASCENDENCY,’ EH?”

EARL G. (*blandly*). “WELL, PRINCE, WE SHAN’T CALL IT BY THAT NAME!”

and is enthusiastically received by the crowded audience. Mr. W. CARLETON, as *Captain Robert*, is a great acquisition as the tenor of comic opera. Miss EDITH BLAND is a magnificent Vivandière, amusingly contrasted with her little lover the Drummer. Mr. KELLER's absurd fop, *Marquis Bambini*, is an example of a most difficult small part artistically played; he knows exactly where to draw the line, and draws it distinctly. Miss CONSTANCE LOSEBY sings and plays charmingly, and is the life and soul of all the Opera.

Mr. MERVIN has a conventional type of soldier in the Tambour Major, but he is thoroughly in earnest, and triumphs over the difficulties of what ought to be a most dramatic situation, but which, unfortunately, is the most weakly-written scene of the Opera. The music could not be better rendered than by the orchestral army under the *bâton* of Field-Marshal JACOBI, to whom also are due the training of the Chorus and the perfect *ensemble*. The first four bars of the March to which the French Army makes its grand entry for the final tableau, are, it seemed to me, note for note, the commencement of "Twos in Trafalgar's Bay," which is remarkable as a coincidence.

The Alhambra has scored a success, and I hope the same may be said of Mr. TOOLE at the Folly, with Mr. BYRON's *Upper Crust*, though here again there is not much novelty either in the story or the characters. It is "Old materials carefully worked up to look as good as new." *Doublechick*, soap-merchant, who makes up for dropping his H's by putting them in again when least expected, is only twin-brother to the Buttermen in *Our Boys*—the distinction being that the latter was written for Mr. DAVID JAMES, and this is written for Mr. J. L. TOOLE, who is, of course, imitatively funny in his own peculiar way. We all cry "Hoorah!" as the song says, "When Johnny comes Marching Home." *Doublechick* is like the Rich Parient in the song of "Villikins and his Dinah," who, Mr. ROBSON used to inform us in one of his inimitable asides, was also "a large soap merchant,"—

He has but one daughter, an unkinamon fine young gal,
Her name it is NORAH, scarce eighteen year old,
With a werry large fortune in silver and gold.

And then, of course, he wants to marry her to a title, and is struggling to get into what *Jeames* calls the "upper suckles," by the assistance of an impecunious nobleman, represented by Mr. JOHN BILLINGTON, who might have stepped right out of one of the pictures which illustrate the thrilling tales of the *London Journal* or *Reynolds's Miscellany*. There is the strawberry-mark on the left arm to finish up with, in the shape of a ring on *Walter Wrentmore's* finger, and the 'aughty Hearl acknowledges the nameless Morphan as his long-lost child. There is some really good writing in it which goes for very little, some carefully-led-up-to jokes which go for double their value, and a few old friends which receive a welcome "frosty but kindly."

Mr. TOOLE's part will never be so popular as his *Tottles*, nor as his *Chavies*. The "Nameless Orphan" can't achieve the popularity of "the Bard," and when *Doublechick* is not on the stage, in the First and Second Acts, there is not much to amuse us except *Sir Robert Boobleton, Bart.*, which is capitably played by Mr. E. W. GARDEN. The absurd row at the end of the Second Act brings down the curtain on a tellingly funny climax; but the merit of the piece is that its Third Act is its liveliest, though marred by a weak finish and an old-fashioned "tag." Mr. TOOLE's "get-up" as *Doublechick* is admirable.

I can strongly recommend all in search of moving incidents, an interesting story and stirring situations to go to Sadler's Wells for *The Danites*. The acting is very good, and the scenery and general mounting of the piece reflect the greatest credit on Mr. HALL the Artist, and the Manageress Mrs. BATEMAN. Mrs. MCKEE RANKIN—it's an awkward name—is very effective as *Nancy Williams* "the last of a doomed family" (doomed is not *John Browdie's* Yorkshire for swearing), and still more so when she is disguised as *Billy Piper*; this Lady shares the success with her husband, who plays the part of *Sandy*, "A Miner,"—not at all in a minor key. The story, in fact, may be described as that of a Miner and an Orphan. Mr. HARRY HAWK as *Washee-Washee*, the Heathen Chinese, an inevitable type in what *The Parson* (Mr. W. E. SHEERIDAN) calls "the glorious climate of Californy," represents the broad comic element, and is very amusing. *The Danites* who have committed most of their crimes before the first rising of the curtain, get hung before its final descent, and from what is seen and heard of them, the verdict of the audience will certainly be "Sarve 'em right." I should think *The Danites* is a growing success, and ought to draw East and West to the Wells for some time to come. The scenes are based on BRETT HARTE's sketches. By the way, why was this eminent American signalled out as the Representative of Literature generally at the Academy Dinner? Of American Literature certainly, but scarcely of Literature *in toto*. In reply, he read his speech from a manuscript, so that, after all, as he couldn't learn it, it wasn't a speech by Harte.

At the Olympic, Mr. BYRON's latest Burlesque is not of a political

character arising out of the late elections, though it might be so inferred from the title, which indicates his having, under a Liberal management, *trove a Tory* for his subject. Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD has the only genuine Burlesque Company in London, and such a team as Misses NELLIE FARREN, KATE VAUGHAN, and the two EDWARDS, TERRY and ROYCE, can't be equalled just now anywhere.

Madame ALBANI is singing better than ever. Her *Lucia* was magnificent. The one Opera ought to be doing immensely. It certainly was on the *Sonnambula* night, when there was scarcely a seat to be had for love or money, or for

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

HAZY MAY.



HESTNUTS and
apple-trees blow
in May,
Pear-trees blow
over cowslip and
daisy,

The hyacinth blows under hawthorn spray,
But the wind blows too, and the vista's hazy.
East and north-easterly airs prevail,
Lambs bleat, bull-calves bellow, and heifers;
The susceptible creatures rue the gale,
As poets and little pigs pine for zephyrs.

At times, though skies be little o'ercast,
The sun glares fiercely upon thee, my Brother,
And thou shiverest in a biting blast,
Parched one moment and chilled another.
Behold the leaflets, golden green,
In the blaze that illumines and warms not glowing;
They droop and they shrink, for all their sheen,
Pinched by the May breeze keenly blowing!

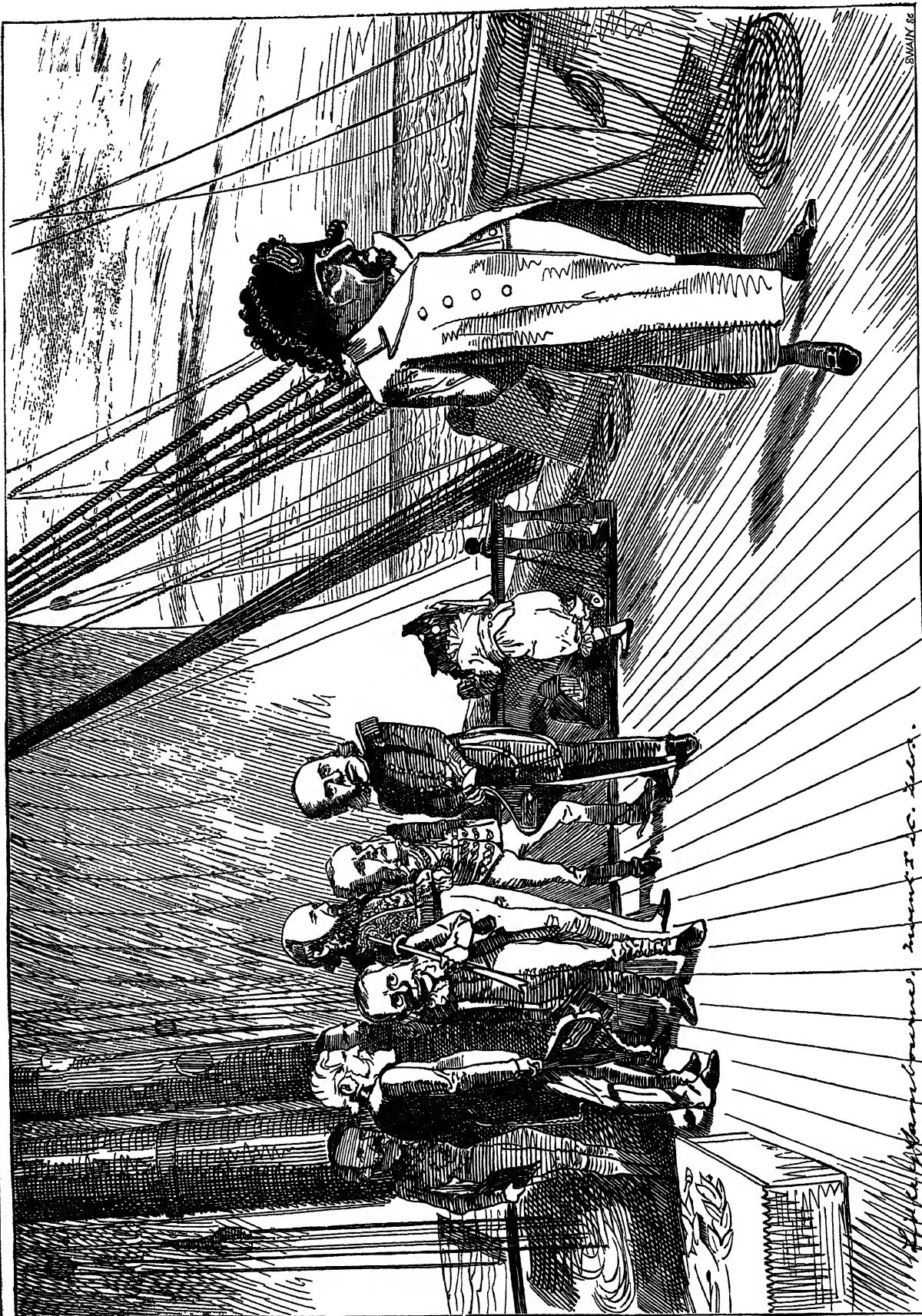
Lo, the foliage, verdure, and bloom,
In garden and grove and field that mingle,
Scathed by an arid and sharp simoom,
Which dries up the ground to shard and shingle,
And puffeth clouds of dust in your eyes,
Doing all that it can to drive you crazy,
While the song-birds are mute, not a cuckoo cries,
And May is in general bleak and hazy!

Reassurance for Radicals.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, who was until recently in a large way of business at Birmingham as a Screw-turner, has been turned into a Cabinet Minister by Mr. GLADSTONE; it being considered necessary, for the safety of the Cabinet, that he should be "screwed down."

METROPOLITAN MEDICAL AFFECTIONS.—Congestion of the British Museum and Determination to South Kensington.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—May 15, 1880.



John Tenniel

HICKS BEACH. NORTHGATE. STANLEY. CROSS. SALISBURY. CHAMBERLAIN. SMITH. LITTLE LORD BOWEN (A good boy).

ON BOARD H.M.S. "OPPOSITION." (MAY, 1880.)
(With Punch's apologies to WILLIAM QUILLER ORCHARDSON, R.A.)

TEACHING BY EXAMPLES.

(The Elementary School of the Future.)

SCENE—Interior of a Board-School room.
Master and Pupils discovered. Diagrams, Magic-lantern, Dissolving view and Lime-light apparatus, &c., &c., on the platform. Piano, with Accompanyist, in the corner.

Master (bowing his thanks for applause.) And now that you have duly appreciated my efforts to amuse, we will continue our lesson. Go on.

Promising Pupil (reading). "The ox produces meat."

Master. Stop a moment! Let us take the word "meat." When it is spelt m-e-a-t, it means the gathering of a hunting field. I will try to give you an idea of those who figure in such a gathering. (*Disappears under his desk, and re-appears in trick suit of pink and leathers, tops and spurs. Applause.*) Thank you! The huntsman gets on his horse, and blows his horn—thus. Now, Mr. BRASSY, if you please. (*Accompanyist blows hunting calls on the bugle. Applause.*) Thank you! Then he cracks his whip (*uses appropriate action*), and throws the hounds into cover. But, perhaps, as we have no pack here, I can best illustrate the situation by reciting the famous speech of Lady Gay Spanker in London Assurance, describing a run with the hounds, and its accompanying emotions. (*Does so. Thunders of applause. Bows his thanks. Disappears under his desk, and re-appears in his usual costume.*) Before we go any further, I dare say you would like to see pictures of some of the various kinds of oxen. (*Applause.*) Darken the room! (*The room is darkened. The "Roast Beef of Old England" is played on the piano by the Accompanyist, and dissolving views are thrown upon the disc of a Kirghiz tribe on the march with their herds of oxen, a South-African Boer, "on trek," with his ox-waggon, the Gaur or Aboriginal wild Ox of India, the Yak or Mountain Ox of Thibet, a group of the Chillingham wild Cattle, the Durham Ox, &c. &c. Master delivers a neat little Explanatory Lecture with each view. The light is then readmitted.*) And now we will resume our books!

Promising Pupil (resuming reading lesson). "The ox produces meat."—

Master. So he does. (*Looking at his watch.*) And as I find we are come to dinner-time; so will I. (*Loud applause.*) Thank you! (*Opens door, and sniffs.*) I can see, or rather smell, that our mid-day meal is on the table. So now, my dear pupils, to the social board! And that the subject may be properly impressed on your minds, we will sing the good old song—the air of which the Accompanyist has just been playing—"Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England!" and "Oh, the Old English Roast Beef!" with chorus from Classes.

[*Loud applause, as the Scene closes in. Curtain.*]



IMPLICATION.

Young Lady. "WHY, JAMES, YOU'RE SPOILING THAT HEDGE!"
Gardener. "AH! THOMAS LAPHAM HE COME ALONG THIS MORNIN', AN' HE SAYS TO I, SAYS HE,—'WHY, JAMES, THEE BEINT A SPILIN' THIR HEDGE!'—'THEE BEINT A BIG LOIAR,' SAYS I, 'THOMAS! THE MORE THEE DO TRACKLE AN' OUT THOMEN HEDGES, THE BETTER THEY BE!'"

ON BOARD H.M.S. "OPPOSITION."

Hicks Beach. On the old deck again!

Stanley. Oh, hang it, yes.

Rather a nuisance.

Hicks Beach. Not to say a mess!

Salisbury. Don't be disloyal, HICKS.

Hicks Beach. Stern Abdiel, no.

You'll ne'er rat from my Lord, you love him so.

Smith. Shipmates are shipmates!

Stanley. What salt-water pith!

'Tis nautical or nothing now with SMITH.

Cranbrook. You youngers chaff, but when it comes to battle, You won't get much save noise from a mere rattle.

Hicks Beach. Hark to the Hardy Norseman—a true Viking!

Salisbury. What will BEN do?

Cranbrook.

His attitude is striking

But unsuggestive.

Salisbury.

Silent, self-absorbed.

Say, is the sun that lately shone full-orbed

To set without one final blaze of glory?

Northcote. That seems scarce the finale for his story.

Cross. If one could understand him—which, at present, I can't—'twould make affairs so much more pleasant.

But to look on, and see him stand like that,
Like—like—

Hicks Beach. Well, say a Sphinx in a cocked hat.

Cross. That's flippant. But it fidgets one. You see
It has its use, no doubt, has Mystery,
In fogging foes, but, when applied to friends,
I rather think 'tis apt to miss its ends.

Smith. Keep sailing-orders dark.

Cross. Ah! very true,

From enemies; but how about the crew?

If he had only given us the straight tip,

'Twould have saved me and NORTHCOTE many a slip.

Northcote. Speak for yourself, Sir RICHARD.

Stanley. Come! be fair.

How often has it bothered you to square
Your rosy talk, one day, with that his lips
Draped in the hues of darkness and eclipse
The next?

Northcote. Well,—yes,—he does run rather dark,

And I must own 'twas the reverse of lark

To square accounts with him, or for him.

Stanley. Just so.

GLADSTONE will have his work out out.

Cross (viciously). I trust so.

Northcote (musingly). I only hope—

Cross. Hope what?

Northcote. Well—our strong point,

I said—I thought—but times are out of joint—

What wonder if as great a dislocation

Should be discovered where—Well, jubilation,

When premature, is dangerous. STRACHEY, LYTON—

Hicks Beach. Are you with the oracular mania bitten?

One Sphinx is quite enough. Oh, STAFFORD mine,

Don't, I beseech you, don't turn Sibylline!

Salisbury. What will he do?

Stanley. Ask ROWTON.

Cranbrook. Pooh!

Smith. Ah! well,

At fighting and finesse he's borne the bell

So long, that even now his brooding air

May cover—who knows what? Still, standing there,

Silent and shoulder-bowed, yet firm of foot

As though on these old planks he'd taken root,

He may mean mischief.

Salisbury. Humph! To whom, I wonder?

Will he again fall on his foes like thunder,

Or, owning final fate, last flout, resign

His office into younger hands? (*Aside.*) Say mine!

[*Left looking on and looking forward.*]

MISS BRADDON'S SCHOOL DAYS.

(Recommended to the School Boards of England by Mr. Punch.)

8 A.M.—Breakfast Class. Examination of Plates and Mugs in the
Bread and Milk Consumption Exercises.

9 A.M.—Body-Strengthening Class. Examination in Athletics.

10 A.M.—Reading Hour.

11 A.M.—Writing Hour.

12 NOON.—Arithmetic Hour.

1 P.M.—Grand Dining Competition. Knife and Fork Class,
under Two Standards. First Standard—Meat and Pudding Inspec-
tion. Second Standard—Working out Eating Exercises.

2.30 P.M.—Reading Half-hour.

3 P.M.—Writing Half-hour.

3.30 P.M.—Arithmetic Half-hour.

4 P.M.—Final Dismissal for the Day.

Vivat Regina! Money well spent, and health returned!

On the Newest Peerage.

MESSERS. BRYANT and MAY need not fear for their hoards;

In safety henceforth they may tell 'em;

Match-taxing's beneath a LOWE high in the Lords—

"*Ex luce,*" behold the "*lucellum!*"

"*Sic transit Gloria Mundi!*"

WE have heard for some years of the Yankees having licked all
creation, but it appears that the defeat has now produced an effect
on the marketable value of that article. The following advertise-
ment lately appeared in the *Exchange and Mart*:—

WANTING MONEY, will sell the Universe. Good as new. 15s.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT LAST!



THE following correspondence has found its way to 85, Fleet Street.
As the concluding telegram will have an especial interest for the
Government just now, Mr. Punch has much pleasure in publishing
the correspondence for the information of the public in general, and
Lord HARTINGTON in particular.

Office of the Indian Pickle and Preserve Company,
London Branch, April, 1880.

DEAR SIR,

I am desired by the new Board of Directors to request you
to furnish them with an explanation of the fact that in your Balance
Sheet for last year you have omitted to include the cost of lighting
the Company's premises.

From bills which have recently come in, it appears that had this
item been included among the disbursements, the Company's books
would have shown a considerable loss instead of a profit.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

(Signed) C. SENSE, Secretary.

Office of the Indian Pickle and Preserve Company.

DEAR SIR,

Calcutta Branch, April, 1880.

I hasten to reply by return of post. The reason for the
omission of the lighting account is obvious. The Balance Sheet was
prepared in broad daylight, and the cost of artificial illumination
was not present to my mind, as it was not then necessary. Unhap-
pily, as you have practically found out, darkness *did* come on, and
has since continued to recur regularly. Under these circumstances a
charge for gas, oil, and candles, of course, became necessary.

Trusting that the new Board of Directors will be satisfied with
this explanation,

I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

(Signed) B. HEAD, Manager.

Telegram from C. SENSE, London, to B. HEAD, Calcutta.

YOUR explanation not sufficiently full. Send additional par-
ticulars.

Telegram from B. HEAD, Calcutta, to C. SENSE, London.

HAVE no additional particulars. Beg to resign. Have offered
services to Government. Excellent prospect of employment in
preparation of next Indian Budget.

HOME-RULE IN JERSEY.

It is announced that a Bill has been laid before the Jersey States
for consolidating the public debt of that island into perpetual *rentes*.
Consolidate a national debt! Better liquidate it.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE TWO MEMBERS FOR NORTHAMPTON.

THE one weekly presides over the Revelations of Truth; the other
strongly denies the Truth of Revelation.



ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE POETS.

To Lady Florabella de Brabazon on her —th Birthday.

"WE SHIFT AND BEDECK AND BEDRAPE US;
THOU ART NOBLE AND NUDE AND ANTIQUE."

SWINBURNE—"Our Lady of Pain."

TWIN SCREWS: TOO LOOSE AND TOO TIGHT.

LAST week the Undergraduates of University College, Oxford (some eighty in number), were rusticated, *en masse*, in consequence of an "outrage" committed by a tipsy fraction of the body.

After a "Bump-Supper," at which the bumpers seem to have too freely indulged in kindred bumpers, some of the boys, screwed themselves, determined on screwing up a tutor, who was senior Proctor into the bargain. That doubly dignified dignitary was therefore forced to make an ignominious exit through the window. This was very bumpitious behaviour on the part of the boys, a wicked, but not altogether unnatural wind-up of a bump-supper, as *Punch* remembers such entertainments.

The names of the offenders were demanded, and as they were not given up, the whole College has been sent down. Thus for the sake of the silly few, the steady many have been punished. *Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi*—"The fast men make fools of themselves, the common lot are rusticated." The foolish delinquents should, of course, have come forward; but as they had not the pluck to plead guilty, and take their punishment like men, it seems rather hard that three-score unoffending undergraduates should be made to pay the penalty of a stupid freak perpetrated by a handful of feather-brained and chicken-hearted asses.

Surely silly sport need not have been dealt with in such serious earnest—above all, should not have entailed such an indiscriminate distribution of punishment.

The Head of the College is an old school-master, which, perhaps, accounts for the weight with which he has come down on his "children of a larger growth." Respect for Tutors, who are senior Proctors, must be maintained, but it is a pity, all the same, to set everybody asking—"Would not some sentence less severe and less sweeping have better met the importance, as well as the justice of the case?"

ONLY A DONKEY.

At Birmingham a man was charged with allowing his donkey to starve to death in its stable, where it was found dead after the lapse of a foodless week, having eaten up nearly the whole of its wooden manger, and gnawed some brick-ends. The Defendant's excuse was that he had been too busy about the Elections to remember a donkey. The case created great mirth in Court, and the Defendant was ultimately fined five shillings.

He-haw!

I'm getting scant of breath and slack of jaw,
That bray would scarce evoke
The chuckle of the cad who spies a joke,
In everything about me, takes my voice
As type of a stupidity more crass
Than his, who oft hath made me much rejoice
That I was but an ass.

He-haw!

Who was it said that no one ever saw
A donkey dead? Some minutes hence, at rest
For the first time since I was foaled,
I fancy that my body stiff and cold
Will somewhat blunt the point of that rare jest.
Here have I starved for a whole week at least,
No, stop! Shall an ass lie? I've made a feast
On brick-ends and the timber of my manger.
More mirth, my masters! There is little danger
Of failure in materials for mirth
Whilst despot man—and donkeys—walk the earth,
Two or four-footed.
Long-suffering Issachars are sweetly suited
To sharpen jest's keen tooth on—better even
Than brick-ends! Seven days, and long nights seven,
Alone and foodless, save for timber rotten,

Simply forgotten!

How *should* Man think 'midst the Election's Babel
Of a mere donkey starving in a stable?
Stick and short commons, labour and low diet,
Are donkey's destiny—'tis Wisdom's fiat—
Shall a thick-hided brute, long-eared and humble,
Presume to grumble,
Or hope by Man—that humorist!—to be pitied?
And yet—*he-haw!*—had destiny but fitted
Asses for drudgedom's duties more completely,
Hunger and cudgelling had come more sweetly.
There seems, I know not where, a slight mistake.
Man can't imagine how thick hides can ache,
And as for sheer starvation, pang and prick,
Not much allayed by gnawing wood or brick,
They're really quite ridiculously real.
I wonder is it Heaven's or Man's ideal
Of donkey life—and death—that is awry?

He-haw! I think I'll try

Just one more munch. The manger timber's dry,
Why did I dream of thistles? Of the grass,
Close cropped, yet juicy, whereon I, when young,
In fact, a long-shank'd little baby ass,
So many happy, happy hours did pass!
Oh, out on dreams! They add a pang to hunger,
And spoil these last tough splinters. Ah! my eyes
Grow dimmer, and how 's this? I cannot rise,
E'en to the manger's height.

A sound? A step? A light?

Is it my master's foot? *He-e-hee-aw!* Alas!
All's silence, which that last faint feeble bray
Scarce breaks. I'm dying. Crowning jest, they'll
say,

Who see a sight men don't see every day,
Just a dead Ass!

A "R-a-i-l" Miracle.

SINCE the apparitions at the Chapel at Knock, County Mayo, the shares of the "Midland," which has a station not far off, have improved nearly twenty per cent., and their receipts have risen to nearly one thousand pounds a week!

TWO EDGES OF AN OLD SAW.

"ENGLAND's necessity is Ireland's opportunity" (for evil).—DANIEL O'CONNOR.

"Ireland's necessity is England's opportunity" (for good).—FRANCES MARLBOROUGH.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



"MAN OVERBOARD!"

MONDAY, May 10 (Lords).—The Olympians met to swear and adjourn till Thursday.
 (Commons).—A crowded House in anticipation of a WOLFF and BRADLAUGH bait. But first, to the pleasant music of cheers, the Returned Office-bearers took their seats, Sir HENRY JAMES and HERSCHELL—*par nobile fratrum* in law and love—FAWCETT and BRASSEY, HOLMS and Lord CHARLES BRUCE.



A STRAIGHT "TIP."

Tramp. "WHOSE 'OUSE IS THIS, SIR?"

Gardener. "SQUIRE NOAKES'S."

Tramp. "DO YOU THINK I COULD GET ANYTHING THERE?"

Gardener. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW—THE LAST O' YOUR SORT GOT TWENTY-ONE DAYS!"

But where was HARCOURT? Echo answered "Where," and our heading explains why. (Is it true that the venerable CHARLES VILLIERS goes to the Upper House, and that faithful Wolverhampton will furnish a life-buoy to the "Man overboard" without going to the Chiltern Hundreds for one?)

Meantime, to the cry of "*Floreat Aula*," HALL took his seat for Oxford, if not to music of barrel-organs, to chorus of loud and lusty Conservative hurrahs.

"Let's laugh, and quaff, and make good cheers,
Now Oxford's HALL is Westminster's."

Counter-cheers from the Government side as the young man from Leeds—"My son, Sir!"—took his seat, and the oath. *Punch* would like to know why the Benches were dissolved in laughter as the ex-Judge-Advocate kissed the book?

After oaths, notices—. By Sir HENRY HAVELOCK-ALLAN to look into the short-comings of Short Service. An announcement much cheered by the Opposition, as a confession of failure of the system on the side of the parents that begat it.

Ultima Thule has its eye on India. SAMUEL LAING, ex-Indian financial Secretary, means to ask Lord HARTINGTON when he will help the House to look the yawning STRACHEY and LYTTON deficit in the face from the vantage-ground of a thorough overhauling of Indian accounts.

Mr. BAXTER is going to call over the coals the Laws relating to the transfer, ownership, and tenancy of the soil.

"So, landlords and lawyers, make ready for me,
I'm for heckling o' Land Laws, says Bonnie Dundee!"

On Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR, giving notice of nomination of the Bradlaugh Committee for to-morrow, the WOLFF all but flew at the SPEAKER, who begged him to wait till to-morrow, as that was the day for the Bradlaugh Bait, when the WOLFF could have his "run," with which assurance the WOLFF was, with much ado, "tailed off." (It is refreshing to find oneself involuntarily reverting to the vocabulary of the bull-ring and the bear-garden.)

Tuesday.—Notices to abolish—

By Mr. MONK, *congé d'élire*, for Bishops;

By Mr. RITCHIE, *congé de détruire*, by African Consuls;

By Sir GEORGE BALFOUR, the office of Advocate-General;

By Mr. P. TAYLOR, the use of the Navy Cat;

And to call attention—

By Professor THOROLD ROGERS, and Sir C. ROUNDALL, to the Oxford Commissioners and their reports.

By Mr. PAGET, to the maintenance of our roads, and the rates for their repair;

By Mr. H. J. BALFOUR, to a little bird in the India Office, who had been blabbing;

By Mr. COOPE, to the reasons for opening the National Gallery on more days, and for more hours in the day.

The SECRETARY of the TREASURY could not oblige Mr. CALLAN with any information about the Parliamentary movements of Mr. SULLIVAN, who declines to sit with him for Louth.

Mr. PARNELL, that Paris of Parliament, among the three constituencies that sue for his choice—Meath, Mayo, and Cork—has thrown the apple to Cork.

"Then, great Intransigent, of cheer be brighter,
And, thanks to Cork, upon the House sit lighter."

This pretty little lot of business and pleasure cut out for it, the House turned to the Bradlaugh Committee.

Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR added the Attorney and Solicitor-General to the list already given.

Then fiercely forth sprang WOLFF, and, unreprieved
By adverse looks, the Previous Question moved.

"The Cause of its Assembling undeclared,
The Bill for its First Reading unprepared,
With no Queen's Speech whereto its life to pin,
There *was* no House such business to begin.
Wherefore this haste, defying Faith's alarms,
To take affirming BRADLAUGH to your arms?"

PEASE was a Quaker, but some faith he knew,
And even Baron ROTHSCHILD was a Jew.
With Jew and Quaker you had *something* there—
Something whereby to hold, whereby to swear,—
Here all is void. a Nothingarian's vain
The Constitution to infringe or strain!
In this great battle Tories take the field,
Echo the cry of 'Wolf!' and scorn to yield!"

Returning from lyrics to law—

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL pointed out that the nomination of the Committee to inquire if Mr. BRADLAUGH was a person by law permitted to affirm, was a matter in furtherance of the Royal Message giving direction to Members of the House to take the oath. The SPEAKER might have disposed of the question, but having doubts had referred them to the House, and the House had taken the usual course to settle them—a Committee. The precedents were strictly in point. The House must be constituted before it could hear the Queen's Speech. This was the removal of a difficulty arising in course of its constitution.

Mr. STANLEY LEIGHTON backed the cry of WOLFF with a cry more strident. This was purely a legal question. The Committee might report that the Member for Northampton was at liberty to affirm instead of swearing. Then all the fuss would have been for nothing. Or they might report that in their opinion he could not affirm instead of swearing. In that case, his oath, if he took it, would be a mockery and a scandal. But the whole thing was a sham and a masquerade. They were only acting out the play in which ADAM and BRADLAUGH had been principal performers and GLADSTONE prompter. The Liberal leaders had bargained with BRADLAUGH and were bound to their bargain even with him. But don't let Conservative Members run their heads into the noose, and act "as the outnumbered minority of a Committee whose report was a foregone conclusion."

Sir R. KNIGHTLEY wanted to know why Mr. S. MORLEY's name was missing on the Committee? He had been god-father to the Bradlaugh Baby, and ought to stand to his sponsorship.

Sir J. HOLKER felt bound to back the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's view of the Law. This *was* business the House was competent to transact. But the reference was too wide. It ought to have been confined to the BRADLAUGH case. It raised the general question whether a person who had been admitted to affirm instead of swearing in Courts of Law in certain cases, could be permitted to affirm instead of swearing in Parliament.

Sir J. MOWBRAY thought the House was acting in an undignified hurry. In Baron ROTHSCHILD's case they had waited eleven years. Surely in BRADLAUGH's case they might have waited for as many days.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL reasserted the legal view already taken by acting and ex-ATTORNEY GENERAL.

A leash of Lawyers—GREGORY, GIFFARD, and JACKSON—said they say, generally in accord with the Lawyers who had already spoken.

Mr. O'DONNELL, as a Catholic Member of the House, relieved his mind by an acrid protest, turning on the argument thus summed up:—

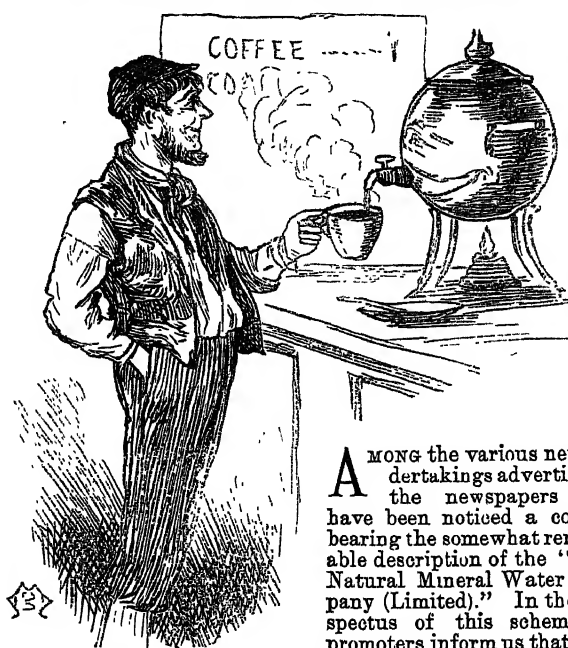
"The sanctions to an arrangement founded on considerations of Divine Providence and immutable morality must have a very different weight—at any rate in the minds of Christian people—from engagements in no way strengthened or confirmed by any moral sanction whatever. Therefore, although the House might, on due consideration, deem it right to admit a Member who objected entirely to all faith in morality and in God, who explained religion as a disease of the brain and conscience as a nervous contraction of the diaphragm, yet the question ought to be brought plainly before the House; and no backstairs arrangements or electioneering contrivances ought to turn the responsible Government of a great Christian country from its plain duty to the Christian representatives of the nation. ('Hear, hear!') Catholics, he believed, entertained stronger ideas than many other people on the subject of the relations between Church and State, and he thought that question ought to be brought clearly before the House. The reference to the proposed Committee would simply result in a waste of time, for it carefully avoided the real point at issue, which must be eventually debated in the House, however the Committee might report."

This is, at least, intelligible; but Mr. O'DONNELL talked a good deal besides, that seems to *Punch* equally irrelevant and unintelligible, about "chicanery" and "manœuvring" and "shirking the real question at issue." Surely the House is doing anything but that.

Earl PERCY and Mr. NEWDEGATE warned the House they meant to have their respective says whatever the report of the Committee. And then the House Divided on the Motion that the Question be now put—171 Ayes to 74 Noes. A new Writ was ordered for County Meath. And then St. Stephen's School broke up till Thursday, the 20th, for its unearned Whitsun holidays.

The latest news is that the Committee has reported (by the casting vote of its Chairman, Mr. WALPOLE) that Mr. BRADLAUGH is *not* a person who can be allowed to sit on affirming his allegiance, instead of swearing it. It is well the Collective Wisdom has a week to collect itself in. May it be wisely guided to any conclusion but the martyrdom of Mr. BRADLAUGH!

A PUZZLE FOR THE PEOPLE.



AMONG the various new undertakings advertised in the newspapers may have been noticed a concern bearing the somewhat remarkable description of the "Bilin Natural Mineral Water Company (Limited)." In the prospectus of this scheme its promoters inform us that Bilin is the name of a place in Bohemia. This explanation is needful as the Public will be likely to imagine the Bilin Natural Mineral Water to be Bilin Water from some hot-spring or Geyser. The wonder in their minds will be how the water, after being bottled for sale, can continue Bilin.

ROUGH NOTES FROM A DIARY.

VARIOUS mischievous and idle rumours having got abroad as to the origin of the PREMIER's now famous communication to Count KÁROLYI, Mr. *Punch* has much pleasure in finding room for the following. Being nothing more than a leaf torn from a rough scribbling diary, it tells its own tale.

In the hope and belief that its publication will help to clear the air, he has much satisfaction in giving it publicity:—

May 2nd, 9 A.M.—Disagreeable telegram from ELLIOT while at breakfast. German Band outside, playing, "*He is an Englishman*." Felt so worried, that I had a shilling sent out to them to shut up, and be off. Re-read telegram. ELLIOT wires that the Emperor called him out publicly from the Diplomatic Corps at the Reception yesterday. Tore off two of his decorations, and informed him that he had forbidden a new carriage-horse to be named after me. He then burst into tears, and ordered the mobilisation of the Second, Fifth, and Seventh Army Corps, informing him that he has forbidden at the same time the use of the Gladstone Bag in the Danubian Frontier Provinces. This is serious. Send off for GRANVILLE. Band still playing "*He is an Englishman*" round the corner. Feel altogether unnerved.

1 P.M.—GRANVILLE looking pale. Guess the worst. KÁROLYI is going. Offered his opera-box, subscription at MUDIE's, tickets for three Co-operative Stores, and Royal Academy Catalogue, half-price, to a speculative Nobleman, in confidence, only yesterday evening, at B—'s. G. tells me, also, he was seen being measured for a travelling Ulster at a well-known West-End tailor's this morning. This is very serious. Band playing somewhere in back street. G. upset, but offers to do what he can. Meantime, have sent band off to Belgrave Square to play the Austrian National Hymn in octaves. Have given them the number. Hope K. will understand the compliment. Very much worried. A distressing day.

May 3rd, 8.30 A.M.—Still distressed. Band outside since half-past six, playing the Austrian National Hymn. They went to the wrong number in Belgrave Square yesterday, but afterwards found the right one, and played "*He is an Englishman*" for two hours and a half, till removed by the police. This is very unfortunate. Have wired to G. to see the Count, at all hazards, and tell him that I will put something nice about him in next month's *Fortnightly*. Begged him to explain, in good diplomatic French, the difference between "responsibility" and "independence." Wires back, "Can't, without OLLENDORF." This is very unfortunate. To bed, miserably.

May 4th, 9 A.M.—Glorious news. Telegram from F. O., "All right. Squared him yesterday evening. Be with you at ten." Feel very happy. All my old energy returning. Band again outside playing Austrian National Hymn. Capital tune.

10 A.M.—G. has come. All is settled. Met KÁROLYI at a high tea, and, by great tact and well-timed attentions, in the way of muffins and cream and sugar, quite won him over. He disclaims all intention of going beyond four corners of Berlin Treaty. Is ready to say so if I'll apologise. Determined to draw him. I have only got to sign a "neat little letter," and the thing is done.

NOON.—Have signed letter; posted copy to ELLIOT. KÁROLYI's disclaimer most satisfactory. Ha! Ha! Happiest day since Midlothian. G. in capital spirits. Have sent out to band for "He is an Englishman" once more. Gave them five shillings. This is certainly the best move I've made yet. Hope J. B. will see it in the proper light. What will papers say? To bed early and radiant.

"THE BROAD END OF THE WEDGE."

(By Mr. Punch's Prophetic Reporter.)

20th May, 18

YESTERDAY the new Government Office, commenced some four years ago on the Thames Embankment, was opened to the public for the transaction of business. As this novel bureau is unique, it deserves description.

It will be remembered by the rising generation that the building was first called into being to meet the needs created by the passing of the Imperial Metropolitan Gas and Water Supply Act. The original design had many architectural merits, but during the course of construction the plans had, from time to time, to be altered to meet the requirements created by the passing of measures of a kindred character. Hence the somewhat patch-work appearance of the new office, which, to tell the truth, is useful rather than ornamental. It cannot compare, in outward effect, with the neighbouring buildings.

For instance the Technical Education Museum (recently erected and endowed by the Municipality of London), is infinitely grander, and the Anti-Monopoly Fish, Fruit, and Butchers'-meat Co-operative Emporium unquestionably more picturesque. Still, backed and flanked by its screen of forest trees (transplanted last year from Kew and Kensington by the American process), it is far from an unæsthetic pile, and may well extort the admiration even of foreigners.

On entering the main building, the visitor finds himself in a suite of one hundred and twenty rooms devoted to the management of the Metropolitan Gas and Water Supply. London (Proper) takes a score of apartments, and the affiliated Cities and Boroughs (extending as far as York, Brighton, Bath, and Colchester), the remainder. Here the householder can obtain every information and assistance; can pay his latest gas-bill, or complain of his newest supply-pipe. Passing on through a short passage, an enormous hall is reached, which serves as the Central Office of the National Banking Corporation. This "combination" (to use a Yankee expression) is, of course, merely an elaboration of the Post Office Savings Banks' scheme. Still, as every one knows, the Corporation has taken the place in public estimation of the position once occupied by the Joint Stock Banks of Limited or un-Limited Liability, formerly so much resorted to. Beyond the hall are a few rooms devoted to the Government Metropolitan Cab Department. This scanty accommodation is in marked contrast to the three large wings that have been found necessary to accommodate the various branches of the Government General Amalgamated Railway and Steam-Boat Offices, by which the entire trade of the nation is now conducted. A corridor leads from this enormous branch-department to the rooms of the Perishable Food Controllers, which are next to the sanctum of the Chief of the Patent Medicine and Quack Nostrum Examiners. For the convenience of Lady Students for the Stage, there is a separate entrance to the Sock and Buskin Branch in the Strand, close to the Government Theatre and State Opera House. Test Rehearsals for declamation and deportment, are, for the present, still held at the Royal Albert Hall as the only enclosed area large enough for the purpose, now the management of the theatres has become a branch of the Government.

Perhaps the most interesting department in the whole building is the Sumptuary Laws Enforcement Office. The Commissioners have an entire block to themselves. In one of the rooms new dresses are registered. Here sometimes the most amusing scenes occur. The Registrar, who sits as Chief Judge, has made it a rule never to pass a costume of either an extravagant or unhealthy character, in spite of the tears and blandishments of the most emotional or captivating of *modistes*. His colleague, at the head of the House Erecting and Furnishing Department, is equally conscientious; and it requires builders and decorators of more than ordinary perseverance and astuteness to gain the Government sanction for a badly-constructed building, a tasteless scheme of decoration, or an insanitary scheme of house-drainage, or water-supply. The Furniture Design Department is also extremely interesting, as the Commissioners take the greatest pains that all the chairs, sofas, and tables brought before them shall be of the best quality, and in the best taste. "Reclamations" (as the French would say), are not unfrequently heard in the branch of the bureau charged with the licensing and pricing of this class of article.

The vast building has not yet been christened; but will probably bear the appropriate, if somewhat cumbrous, title of "The Government Universal Public and Private Business Transaction Office and State Department for the Extension of the Principle of Paternal Interference in Great Things and Small." This rather lengthy designation in the course of years may possibly be abbreviated by the Public into "The General Circumlocution Office."

SONG OF THE SPRINGTIDE.

(Not by Mr. Swinburne.)



O SEASON supposed of all free flowers,
Made lovely by light of the sun,
Of garden-flowers, field-flowers, tree-flowers,
Thy singers are surely in fun!
Or what is it wholly unsets
Thy sequence of shower and shine,
And maketh thy sproutlings and petals
To shrivel and pine?

Why is it that o'er the wild waters
That beastly North-Easter still blows,
Dust-dimming the eyes of our daughters,
Blue-nipping each nice little nose?
Why is it these sea-skirted islands
Are plagued with perpetual chills,
Driving men to Italian or Nile-lands
From Albion's ills?

Happy he, O Springtide, who hath found thee;
All sunlit, in luckier lands,
With thy garment of greenery round thee,
And belted with blossomy bands.
From us by the blast thou art drifted.
All brag of thy beauties is bosh;
When the songs of thy singers are sifted,
They simply won't wash.

True, the pictures in proud Piccadilly
And beauteous Bond Street are hung;
True plaudits of LINGTON and MILLAIS
Fall soft from Society's tongue;
But what avail sunshine and flowers,
In paint upon Burlington walls,
When without all is dust-drift, and showers,
And whirlwinds and squalls?

True Clerical cohorts are flocking
To Exeter Hall in the Strand;
We see the episcopal stocking;
The Canon is loud in the land;
What, then, when the only May Meeting
A fellow finds time to attend
Is the North-Easter's boisterous greeting
At every street-end?

What lunatic luné, what vain vision,
Thy laureate, Springtide, may move
To sing thee—oh, bitter derision!
As season of laughter and love?
You make a man mad beyond measure,
O Springtide, thy lauders like thee,
Spring's flowers her pastimes and pleasures,
Are fiddlededee!

THE LAST CROSS AWARDED.—GEORGE ELLIOT'S!



THE MUTUAL ADMIRATIONISTS.

(Fragments overheard by Grigsby and the Colonel at one of Prigsby's Afternoon Teas.)

Young Maudie (to Mrs. Lyon Hunter and her Daughters). "IN THE SUPREMEST POETRY, SHAKESPEARE'S, FOR INSTANCE, OR POSTLETHWAITE'S, OR SHELLEY'S, ONE ALWAYS FEELS THAT, &C., &C., &C."

Young Postlethwaite (to the three Miss Bilderbogies). "THE GREATEST PAINTERS OF ALL, SUCH AS VELASQUEZ, OR MAUDIE, OR EVEN TITIAN, INVARIABLY SUGGEST TO ONE, &C., &C., &C."

THE PIE AND THE PLUM.

Mr. Bull. What, WILLIAM, the old dish already? Come! This is too bad.

William. But look at this fine plum! Worth stooping for, I fancy, Mr. BULL. Even if it gives my enemies the pull To see me squatting here on this low stool.

Mr. Bull. Stool of repentance, eh? I'm not a fool To fidget about forms when matter's gained; But really, WILLIAM, I'm a little pained At your peculiar posture. People laugh.

William. Ah, don't you be too sensitive to chaff. My foes will make the most of it, no doubt; But this big plum that I have just pulled out Will prove of value, after hot Lord GEORGE And many a one who vows his very gorge Rises at what they call my retraction, Shall have cooled down again.

Mr. Bull. The situation Invites invective—

William. From the Tory scorner Of all the words and ways of WILLIAM HORNER. But then, you see, they always crab my game; Play high, play low, dear BULL, 'tis all the same. To drink up Bile, eat a crocodile, Would not disarm them, if I did it. Bile!

Mr. Bull. That's what it is, and nothing will agree With a disordered stomach, don't you see!

Mr. Bull. Humph! That's your way of putting it; but I Confess I do not relish Humble Pie.

William. Bless you, this isn't Humble Pie at all!

Mr. Bull. The deuce it isn't!

William. No, 'tis what I call

Policy Pasty, with a well-glazed crust Of courtesy covering statecraft.

Mr. Bull. Well, I trust, Your taste regarding in whatever light, The world will not mistake my appetite. For Humble Pie, however well embellished By cook-craft, is a dish I never relished; And this looks too much like it, for my mind. A most unfortunate first course.

William. You'll find This Austrian plum good picking; and I stoop To conquer.

Mr. Bull. Do you mean to lead your troop To victory through the Caudine Forks? I'm sure You are forgetting—as you did before— That though to seem and not to be is bad, To be and yet not seem's almost as sad, Sometimes, in issue. Meekly munching there, You do not look imposing.

William. I don't care.

Mr. Bull. But I do. LAUNCELOT should not seem to creep, Nor hot ACHILLES ape *Uriah Heep* In act or attitude. Charge at full heat Followed so soon by what looks like retreat, May be fine strategy—but looks like blunder; And, seeing it, you really cannot wonder If foes exult. I trust that you mean winning. But this, in form at least, 's a bad beginning!

A Sure Sign.

THERE seems to be no doubt about the Revival of Trade. Prospectuses of projected Joint-Stock Companies begin to thicken in the letter-boxes of persons unlucky enough to be on a Professional Register.



THE PIE AND THE PLUM.

BIG WILLY HORNER SAT IN THE CORNER,
EATING HIS HUMBLE-PIE.
HE PUT IN HIS THUMB, AND HE PULLED OUT A PLUM,
AND SAID, "WHAT A SHARP BOY AM I!"



TRIUMPH.

Frame Maker (in ecstasies). "BY JOVE! JEMIMA—EVERY ONE OF 'EM ON THE LINE AGAIN!"

HARD LINES!

A STATUE of BYRON, we are grieved to hear, is shortly to be set face to face with "the Great ACHILLES, whom we know;" that greatest offender ever blown out of who knows how many guns: that colossal embodiment of "*robur et æs triplex*;" that biggest, and most brazen-faced of "cribs" from one of the young men with the Horses of *Monte Cavallo*—so often mistaken by country cousins for a great likeness in bronze of the Great Duke in Iron.

The pedestal of the Poet's statue, in Hamilton Place, is, we are told, to be inscribed with the single word—"BYRON!" Why this further cruelty? Is it not enough to set the Poet in the modern and more durable substitute for the pillory, but you must label him besides? *Don Juan* may have been a grievous crime against propriety, and even morality; but has it deserved *this*? Bad as BYRON's life may have been, it can hardly be said to have fairly drawn down the retribution that enrols him in that ignoble army of martyrs, the tenants of that enlarged out-door Chamber of Horrors, that hideous array of the most heinous offenders against taste, the London Street-Statues!

A sect of enthusiasts is loud for the abolition of capital punishments; and yet we are content to go on sentencing our unfortunate celebrities in Arts and Arms to the infliction of æsthetic public infamy so long as marble lasts, and bronze survives!

Our benighted and hard-hearted forefathers felt even the pillory too cruel. Shall we, who boast our enlightenment and humanity, retain its far crueller substitute—rotten eggs apart—the pedestal?

A Man of Metal.

SIR HENRY BESSEMER, addressing the Common Council, with the LORD MAYOR at their head, on being presented with the freedom of the City in a gold box in recognition of his great discovery, may say—

"Grapple me to your souls with hoops of steel!"

NO MORE PROSAIC LORD-LIEUTENANTS.

ROMANTIC imaginative Ireland does not need Politicians to govern her. She prefers Poets. Having once enjoyed SPENCER, she is now going to try COWPER.

A QUERY?—Since the HOME-SECRETARY lost his seat, what is his official standing?

THE NEW FIRM.

(A Card.)

GLADSTONE & Co., on succeeding to the business carried on during the last six years by BEACONSFIELD & Co. (Unlimited), in Downing Street, the Guildhall (City Branch), Constantinople, Afghanistan, the Cape, Egypt, and the Metropolitan Music Halls, have the pleasure of announcing to their numerous friends and supporters in all parts of the country, that the stock for home consumption, which, under their predecessors, was allowed to fall too low, will shortly be replenished with a choice and varied assortment of articles suited to the growing wants of the times. Several novelties are in active preparation, and will be offered to public notice at the proper season.

In the Foreign Department, GLADSTONE & Co. have been fortunate enough to secure the co-operation of a Manager of great tact, ability, and experience, whose instructions to the Representatives of the House in every quarter of the world are confidently expected to produce prosperous results, and favourably to affect the future Dividends of the Firm.

A lot of Berlin-work still on hand. Must be cleared off within a very short period, and without further notice.

A new Agent has been appointed at Constantinople. All orders received by him will secure immediate attention, and will be executed with vigour and promptitude.

Colonial Produce of a superior quality.

The Indian Department will be under fresh and improved management. The Cashier's Branch will be remodelled.

GLADSTONE & Co. have the gratification of announcing that the Senior Partner has consented to undertake the Book-keeping Department. His vast knowledge and long experience may be accepted as a sufficient guarantee that all liabilities will be met as

they become due; that Deficits will not be mistaken for Surpluses; and that in making-up Balance Sheets, items of some millions in amount will not be omitted from the Accounts.

As large Land Agents, GLADSTONE & Co. hope to give satisfaction to their various supporters and clients.

Although extensive law-stationers, GLADSTONE & Co.'s law will be anything but stationary.

Farmers and Agriculturists may rely on their commissions receiving early and careful attention.

Shipping Orders executed with skill and despatch.

Schools dealt with on liberal terms.

The Undertaking Department will be at once rendered complete in all its branches. (Communications to be addressed to "O. M.," on the Premises.)

GLADSTONE & Co. feel that it is almost superfluous to mention their large stock of Scotch fabrics, all warranted to wear well, not to shrink, to resist any amount of pressure, and to keep their colours. They can also point with unqualified satisfaction to a most useful and important consignment of Welsh manufacture. Some samples of "Irish" can also be strongly recommended.

GLADSTONE & Co. solicit a renewed trial of their Ballot Apparatus.

GLADSTONE & Co. cannot refrain from drawing attention to their Birmingham and Sheffield goods, and also to an unusually fine example of Chelsea ware.

For further particulars, see Bills, which will shortly be issued.

10 to 12, Downing Street, S. W., May, 1880.

THE MAGNANIMITY OF EXASPERATION.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's last words at Oxford (on Saturday, 8th May, 1880).—"Good night, and God bless you, 'All'!"

EXCELSIOR, EXCELSISSIMUS.



R. WHYMPER ought to change his name from WHYMPER to CROW, and take for his crest a Chanticleer, struttant, chantant, on a mountain reduced to a mole-hill.

There is no earthly eminence, good or bad, over which the great WHYMPER is not, already, or does not mean, shortly to be, entitled to crow, as its conqueror, climber, and chawer-up. He has long ago "polished off" the Alps, to use his own appropriate phrase, as a brigade-boy polishes off a biggish pair of high-lows. The highest mountain is indeed a high-low to him. He thinks nothing of taking down a dozen *aiguilles* in as many mornings, like the famous sailor who used to swallow pocket-knives. He has done brown—for all their perpetual snows—Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, the Jung-Frau, and the Matterhorn, till these wretched monarchs of mountains, as they once called themselves, are reduced to the smallest potatoes, and crouch in whimpering submission at their conqueror's feet, as the lions used at VAN AMBURGH'S. He has "polished

off" the Caucasus, and looked down on the rocky bed on which Prometheus suffered all the tortures of liver-complaint. He keeps the Himalayas we understand in reserve, as a monkey keeps a big nut in his pouch, "when mouthed, to be last swallowed."

It is, probably, to get his head, legs, and breathing apparatus in order for Dawalajeri, that he has been lately flooring the Andes, "polishing off" Chimborazo, Corazon, Sincholagna, and Antisana, and showing us where to spend a happy day, by passing twenty-six hours a-top of Cotopaxi, 19,500 feet above sea-level. He is now, by last advices *per* TUCKETT,—who plays the part of trumpeter assigned him by SHAKESPEARE, "It is my Lord, I hear his Tucket,"—on his way to Cayambe, the mountain under the Equator—who must, therefore, one would think, be keeping up his perpetual snow under difficulties unknown to more northern mountains—to polish off, *en passant*, Saranen and Cotocachi. The latter, he drops out incidentally, is the volcano which destroyed Ibarra some years ago, ("but needn't flatter himself he is going to destroy me,") and is reputed to be 16,300 feet high, ("till I take him down, and put him under his own feet and mine, in the boiling of a thermometer!")

This reducer of bad eminences, this active swallower of active volcanoes, this defier of the highest high-lines of fire and snow, as he has got into the habit of climbing heights impossible to ordinary man, has taught himself to live at them, and breathes the difficult

air of the mountain-top as comfortably as the Fire-King, CHABERT, breathed the breath of the seven-times-heated furnace.

His only bother is that the toes of his Swiss-guides—the molly-coddles!—will get frost-bitten on Chimborazo, at 19,600 feet, and that the South Americans—lazy beggars!—won't follow in his footsteps, and get up their native mountains as *he* does. To be sure the miserable wretches have one excuse for not rising to the height of their situation. You can't see anything either at the top or bottom of these South-American ranges, for, as WHYMPER complains, it is thick fog every day and all day long in Ecuador, except for one hour from six to seven A.M. And even WHYMPER, extraordinary getter-up as he is, can't always insure even his own getting-up, say 20,000 feet, by *that* unearthly hour.

If ever a Gentleman was entitled to advertise himself as "in the perpetual snow line," WHYMPER is the man, a self, with no company.

We propose that the empire he has so proudly asserted over the old-established inaccessibilities of the world, should be recognised as a higher form of Imperialism—Whymperialism; that his prowess should be honoured by a Victoria Cross of his own, of iron with sky-blue points and a line of perpetual snow frozen into them; and a coat of arms found for him, with two ice-axes, borne saltire-wise, in chief, over a mountain bowing its head, diminished, and the motto "Sich a Gettin' up Stairs," or, if that be thought disrespectful in the vernacular, its statelier Latin equivalent, "Excelsior!"

THE LETTER OF LETTERS.

SUCH R., the First of the famous Three, seems destined to become. The New Educational Code not only authorises, but proposes to encourage Masters of Elementary Schools, by pecuniary rewards, to teach, in the form of Reading Lessons, Geography, Natural History, Physical Geography, Natural Philosophy, History, and Social Economy, besides an indefinite number of subjects under the head of "Etc." Not only the "Three R.'s," but as many more letters as you please, are included within the single "R." of "Reading." The abbreviation, "Etc.," clearly comprehends every letter in the Alphabet that can stand as an initial for any branch of human learning. The book to be read for exercise in "R." must be an Encyclopædia treating *de rebus omnibus et forsan quibusdam aliis*; "R." corresponding to *Rebus*. What "R." the Ratepayer will say to this "R." for "Reading," and to "R." for the Regulation requiring him to supply "R." the "Ready" to pay for it, remains to be seen. Perhaps another "R." for some illiberal individuals crying, "Rot!" or "Rubbish!"

Cook—Christian and Conservative.

THAT Bridport is one of the few homes of True Blue principle, its choice of a representative at the late Election shows. What a fine sense of the connection between Christianity and Conservatism, and of the comfort to be anticipated from a union of the two in Kitchen as well as in Hall, in that advanced locality, is indicated in the following advertisement extracted from the *Bridport News*:—

WANTED, for the Country, a good COOK, a Christian Conservative Widow, aged forty. An abstainer preferred.—Address, &c.



MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKYN'S ON MARRIAGE.

Gorgius Midas, Esq., Junior (who thinks of entering the holy state). "NOW THEN, MRS. T., GIVE US THE STRAIGHT TIP! WHICH HAD I BETTER SPOT FOR BETTER FOR WORSE!—MARY ROBINSON, WHO'S AS GOOD AS GOLD, AND A BEAUTY!—OR LADY JANE CADBURY, WHO AIN'T? THEY'RE BOTH TO BE HAD FOR THE ASKING!"

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "BEAUTY FADES, DEAR MR. MIDAS, AND MERE GOODNESS IS APT TO PALE! NOW, A TITLE LASTS FOR EVER, AND ONE DOESN'T TIRE OF HAVING A DUKE FOR A BROTHER-IN-LAW!"

Gorgius Midas, Esq., Junior. "RIGHT YOU ARE, MRS. T., AS USUAL!"

INDO-EUROPEAN MYSTERY!

IN one of the "Sacred Books of the East," lately edited by Professor MAX MÜLLER, namely, the *Khandogya Upanishad*, first chapter and first verse, you will find these words—

"Let a man meditate on the syllable Om."

This precept you may possibly consider more concise than clear. In a note thereunto appended, however, the meaning of meditation on the syllable Om is thus expounded:

"Meditation on the syllable Om consisted in a long repetition of that syllable with a view of drawing the thoughts away from other subjects, and thus concentrating them on some higher object of thought, of which that syllable was to be made the symbol."

Om-m-m-m-m! Hum-m-m-m-m! These syllables are evidently much the same, and the long repetition of one makes a sound very nearly like that of the other. You occasionally hear it uttered in unison by British Nonconformists of the humbler class sitting under an energetic minister, such as Mr. STIGGINS.

"This concentration of thought the Hindus called one-pointedness."

That is to say, the concentration of thought upon the single point, Om. It is difficult, with unassisted vision, to see the point of that monosyllable; but behold it pointed out:—

"He who meditates on Om meditates on the spirit in man as identical with the spirit in nature, and thus the lesson is taught that none of the Vedas with their sacrifices and ceremonies could secure the salvation of the worshipper, but that meditation on the knowledge that is meant by Om can alone procure true salvation, or true immortality. Thus the pupil is led on step by step to what is the highest object of the Upanishads—viz., the recognition of the self in man as identical with the Highest Self, or Brahman."

"OURS" AND HOURS.

THE Cavalry Barracks at Knightsbridge are perfect, with the exception of one insignificant detail. The quarters of officers and men could not be better, and the horses seem to be thoroughly satisfied with their stables. The riding-school is admirable, and the mess-rooms and ante-rooms are quite too awfully æsthetic. And yet, to speak plainly, the place is scarcely up to the time of day. There is, to be sure, a magnificent clock-tower, containing an equally magnificent clock, but both tower and clock are so placed that the occupants of the barracks can see neither. It is rumoured that the regimental challenge has become a chronic "What's o'clock?" and the standing counter-sign, "Wait a moment, while I run out and see!" In fact, there has been so much shouting in connection with attempts to learn the hour at Knightsbridge, that the gallant tenants of the new barracks are likely to be permanently known, in spite of the periodical changes of the "Lifes" to "Blues," and "Blues" to "Lifes," as the Royal *Hoarse* Guards!

Anatomy at Fault.

"FALSE ribs" are defined in the Anatomical Manuals to be those "which have only one attachment." Allowing that all Women, as descendants of our first "rib," Eve, partake of her nature, this definition is unsatisfactory. In the existing state of Society, false ribs are those with more than one attachment.

CONSERVATIVE REJOICINGS.—Round the May-poll at Oxford.

AN APPALLING CONTRADICTION IN TERMS.—A Screw'd Proctor!

When the Boshmen were on view some years ago at the Egyptian Hall, their exhibitor being asked by a spectator whether they possessed any object of adoration, replied, "No, Sir; every one of them believes himself to be the Superior Being." Perhaps this was what they had brought themselves to by a practice essentially the same as that of meditating on the syllable Om. Brahmin and Boshmen seem very much alike, especially Boshmen.

Ecclesiastical historians mention a sect of enthusiasts, named *ομφαλόφυχοι*, "men whose souls were in their navels," so called from being accustomed to get into trances by concentrating their attention on the umbilical centre. Do not the *ομφαλόφυχοι* seem to have practised a sort of meditation on Om?

At the conclusion of the Eleusinian mysteries the initiated were dismissed with the words *κόρυς ομραξ*. Is the first syllable of *ομραξ* identical with Om, and if so, what does *κόρυς* mean? "Conk" means "nose." In uttering those two mystic words, used the hierophants to apply their thumbs to the ends of their noses? That action suited to those words might then be conjectured to mean, "All my nose," or much the same as "All my eye." Now Om, as we have seen, is convertible with Hum, and Hum is actually spoken Om by an Italian talking English, who pronounces our ordinary slang synonym for imposture Ombog. What, therefore, the Eleusinian mystagogue really said, in mystic speech, when he sent the mystified about their business, with a valediction which he wished them to take for a blessing, was probably "All Humbug!" Hence it would seem that the root of Humbug, in the Indo-European language, is the syllable Om.

WHAT SIR WILLIAM DID NOT PROPHECY.—That he would be Hauled out of his Seat at Oxford.

ROYAL ACADEMY GUIDE.

SECOND VISIT (CONTINUED).

(By "Private View," of the R.A. Volunteer Corps.)



No. 131. "No Deception!" G. D. LESLIE, R.A. A stage peasant, out for a holiday, performs the Bowl of Fish Trick in the open air. All so nice and clean, and tidy and pretty. The Ladies in the porch say, "Oh, yes, we know how it's done; we've seen it before! Do go away, before Papa comes home!"

No. 141. *Preparing for the Festa.* HENRY WOODS. It sounds unpleasantly like making a bread-poultice. On

reading the title, and seeing the picture, this idea is dispelled.

No. 145. *Goathland Mill, Whitby Moors.* ROSE MARSHALL. What are Whitby Moors? Descendants of Moors washed white? or Provincial Christy Minstrels? Or are Whitby Moors any relation to Digby Chicks?

No. 147. *Cross and Crescent.* H. FABER BLUHEN. Perhaps one of the aforesaid Whitby Moors going to Bath. The Whitby Moor looks cross; and as he is standing by the water, he may be sniffing the water-cross-scent. (N.B.—Read the quotation in the H. R. A. Guide. Don't spare more than a quarter of an hour in trying to apply it, and pass on.)

No. 155. *Follow My Leader.* G. A. STOREY, A. Follow my miss-leader, apparently. It represents a scene in Colwell Hatchney on the festival of Founder's Day. Keep your eye on the boy at the back, who has cleverly got himself mixed up with the screen, in order to avoid observation. All young familiar faces—merry models. STOREY, like History, repeats himself.

No. 161. Tableau representing a theatrical pic-nic, with "property" pie and papier mâché plates. The only thing likely to be really stuffed is the dog. H. T. WELLS, R.A.

No. 169. "Ticklish Times." ALFRED ELMORE, R.A. "I'll go in," said the little Eastern; "but please don't tickle, it's not fair."

No. 170. "Tottie"; or, *the Child's Silent Protest.* W. CHRISTIAN SYMONS. "Look here," the child's eye seems to say. "I'm dressed up quite enough already, but you don't expect me to wear this white coat and rug that are lying on this chair—now, do you? If you do, you're more of a Herodian than a Christian, SYMONS."

No. 184. *Before the Battle; or, What a Confounded Nuisance!* JOHN PETTIE, R.A. The Knight, just "Before the Battle, Mother," finds that his armour pinches him over the instep, so that he can't walk, much less run. The armourer-shoemaker is sent for, who says, "Yes, I see, Sir, where it is; I'll let you have it back to-morrow." But it's too late; his regiment is assembling, and his company is requested immediately.

No. 189. *After Annibal Scratchy.* J. R. REID.

No. 200. "Hard Lines." C. W. COPE, R.A.

No. 211. "Captives of His Bow and Spear." PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A. Evidently a very polite person to Ladies, whom he has captivated with his bow. The nearest kneeling figure is, however, giving him the cold shoulder, with which, strangely enough, he appears much pleased.

No. 212. *Portrait of the Painter; or, Watts His Name.* G. F. WATTS, R.A.

No. 218. *A Solo; or, Millais by Himself.* J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.

No. 224. *Brightenpence An Hour; or, A Ride on a Camel.* FRANK GOODALL, R.A.

No. 225. *Ladies' Compartment, First-class Carriage. Engaged. A Tiresome Journey.* ALFRED ELMORE, R.A.

No. 229. Somebody, who has been told he is so like the Prince of Wales, goes to a Fanny Dress Ball made up as H.R.H.; and he really is not very unlike him. J. BASTIEN LEEAGE.

No. 230. *Leading Strings.* J. C. HORSLEY, R.A. A taking Picture, full of life and colour; but what a misleading title! Everyone acquainted with Mr. HORSLEY's love of music, only exceeded by his devotion to painting, would expect from the title of "Leading Strings" a collection of portraits of eminent violinists, beginning with Herr JOACHIM, with SAINTON, and other chefs d'attaque. This is what "Leading Strings" should have led to.

No. 247. "Ought we to Visit her?" W. C. T. DOBSON, R.A. Mr. DOBSON calls it "Mignon," and "What's the meanun' of it?" ask the Cockneys. Anyhow we oughtn't to visit her.

No. 249. *His Grace.* JOHN PETTIE, R.A. Very light-headed person. Look at his hair. Is there an "e" omitted in the title? Ought it to be "his Grease"?

No. 268. *Hand and Glove; or, His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.* GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A. Here's the Archbishop, but where's his Grace? The Guide informs us the picture was "painted for Lambeth Palace." Everybody thought it was intended for the Archbishop, as it is more like him than Lambeth Palace. The style of the Artist is to be traced in every detail, specially in the nose, which is quite a Richmond bridge. The situation seems to be, "Bother it! here I am dressed for a Court ceremonial, and I've only got one lavender kid glove!"

"Oh where, and oh where is my little kid glove?"

Oh where on earth can it be?

With its fingers long and its buttons strong,

That I bought for two-and-three!"

Then it occurs to him that, being all right for one hand, he might buy an odd glove, as he goes along, "second-hand." This is an example of "Doctrinal Economy."

No. 275. *King Henry the Sixth, Part II., Act III. sc. 2. The Death of Gloster.* Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A. To quote *Justice Shallow*—"The same Sir JOHN, the very same," and long may he be so. If this scene were on the stage, the defunct Duke at back would not be the real *Gloster*, but a double-*Gloster*. Notice the characteristic central figure of *Cardinal Beaufort*, in a sort of REMBRANDT glow, "all hot," the very impersonation of the Churchman who "loved the flesh," and who "delighted in broils"—as do many modern ecclesiastics—specially at breakfast. The horror of the situation has partially driven the colour from his damask cheeks, and left the tip of his nose a deepened sun-set red. Yet he feels that he is satisfied; that after going through a menu of evil courses, he has had his knife into the genuine *Gloster*, and now there is nothing left for himself but his own desserts. In spite of the excellence of all the other characters, the *Cardinal* is the central fire with which Sir JOHN has scored a hit.

No. 283. *Portrait of one of the Inferior Clergy turning his back on a distant See.* GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A. N.B.—Examine the landscape. Very imprudent of him to come out on a bleak moor, without either hat or overcoat. It may be considerate for his parishioners, as he is sure to catch cold, and won't be able to preach on Sunday. And where was RICHMOND when the Curate went out?

No. 286. *Dutch Boat Becalmed.* CHARLES THORNELY. Pooh! Dutch Boat be-blown!

No. 303. *A Ram-shackle sort of affair.* T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.

No. 315. "Cuckoo!" JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A. Out for a lark, but satisfied with a Cuckoo. Delightful picture of a pair of kids about seven-and-three-quarters.

AFFIDAVIT AND AFFIRMATION.

AN Agnostic you call yourself, do you? Why loth, When such is your creed, to be put on your oath? Can an oath in your system be more than mere patter; And from that point of view what does taking it matter?

Yet to taking an oath why confine your negation, While accepting a solemn, so-called, affirmation? If unto the former there's no respect due, What solemnity, pray, has the latter for you?

After all, you're perhaps not quite sure of the ground Upon which you object by an oath to be bound, Have a conscience too timid for telling a lie, And but doubt the belief you profess to deny.

UNPARLIAMENTARY BEHAVIOUR.—That Mr. BRADLAUGH cannot take his seat in the House without swearing (*vide* Committee's Report).

COWPER'S "TASK."—To govern Ireland.

ERRATUM.—In the legend to our last week's cut, "By Implication," "trackle" should have been printed "hackle," and "Thomen" "Thornen."



A HOPEFUL CASE.

Patient. "THEN, ACCORDING TO YOU, DOCTOR, IN ORDER TO LIVE AT ALL, I MUST GIVE UP ALL THAT MAKES LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

Doctor. "I'M AFRAID SO—AT LEAST FOR A FEW YEARS."

Patient. "PERHAPS YOU'D RECOMMEND ME TO MARRY?"

Doctor (a confirmed Bachelor). "OH NO! COME, MY DEAR FELLOW, IT'S NOT QUITE SO BAD AS ALL THAT, YOU KNOW!"

MORE MEN OVERBOARD!

It is Mr. PLIMSOLL, and not the Hon. CHARLES VILLIERS—Derby, and not Wolverhampton—that will provide the life-buoy for our "Man Overboard," of last week, the Right Hon. W. V. HARCOURT. There is another man overboard since then, Mr. M'LAREN, the Lord Advocate, flung over by the Wigtown Burghs.

If this goes on, the Government Ship will be getting short-handed, or a system of seats that won't sink will have to be adopted, like that advocated for our ocean and river steam-boats.

It is not every Minister cast adrift without a seat to float him that can expect to find a PLIMSOLL ready to surrender his seat to him, as a generous cast-away has been known to surrender his spar to a messmate whose life he thought more important than his own.

Mr. PLIMSOLL thinks the cause he has at heart will be better served by what Sir W. V. HARCOURT can do for it in the House than by any efforts of his own there.

So he hands over his seat to the Home Secretary battling with the waves without a spar, and himself goes down, without a sigh, to the depths of private life!

The act becomes Mr. PLIMSOLL. Impulsive he may have been, but his impulses were always generous and self-sacrificing. The ending of his parliamentary life is consistent with its tenor; it shows more consideration for his cause than for himself.

Gain and Loss.

SHOULD venerable BOODLES disappear,
Now Boodlers must turn beggars and not choosers,
Whatever his seeming triumph, it is clear,
That GAINER will be heaviest of losers!

"FORM, RIFLEMEN FORM."

AND very "good form" it seems to have been, by the official reports, at Brighton on Easter Monday.

ADDITION TO THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF A QUAKERS' WEDDING.—Friends will please to accept this intimation.

A SEASONABLE WISH.—May Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT win his Derby!

ROYAL ACADEMY GUIDE.

THIRD VISIT.

(By "Private View," of the R.A. Volunteer Corps.)

A Hint from Your Own Private Guide.—The Academy is crowded. Turn to the right on entering, and commence with Gallery No. X. You will then start cool and comfortable; and, with an unruffled temper, you will arrive at Gallery No. I. Let us begin with Gallery X. to-day:—

No. 1410. *Mrs. J. Major.* G. POPE. Having succeeded with Mrs. J. MAJOR, the Artist may be induced, next year, to try Mrs. D. MINOR. If he has luck, it may be D "on the line."

No. 1413. *Motes in the Sunbeam.* ALFRED W. HUNT. Allow me to suggest a companion picture, "Castles in the air;" or the two mixed together, as "A Castle in Ayr, surrounded by a moat on a Sunbeam." So mote it be.

No. 1414. *Ophelia.* ANNA LEA MERRITT. What's in a name? Merritt undoubtedly. The theatrical perruquier, from whom this *Ophelia* hired her wig, ought to be ashamed of himself. Fortunately for him, his name is not in the Catalogue.

No. 1425. *Wards in Chancery.* JOHN MORGAN. Not quite colour enough in this picture. Does the Lord Chancellor wear a scarlet robe when hearing two Wards argue their own cause in his private-room? Isn't it rather a scene from some private theatricals, or after a *bal masqué*? Judging from appearances, the longer these Wards are kept in Chancery, the better.

No. 1432. *The Rev. Henry Parry Liddon, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's.* GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A. Profile only, showing one side of the character. Observe the High-Church-light on his temple. View of Richmond in the distance.

No. 1433. *Deputation of Villagers Presenting a Wedding Gift.* JAMES HAYLLAR. Model villagers. Six of them have saved up their money and bought a silver cup. They are evidently very peculiar people. Observe the satin smocks of the two oldest inhabitants.

No. 1439. *Early Morning: Venice.* CLARA MONTALBA. If CLARA goes on at this rate, it will be *clara—clarior—clarissima!*

No. 1442. *Mr. Worrall.* CHAS. BRAGGER. He may be a Bragger after producing such a likeness!

No. 1456. *For Ever!* HERBERT SCHMALTZ. "Don't you feel well?" said the Lady in the yellow dress to the musician. "Let me see if there is any green in your eye." She examined it closely, and then observed, "Perhaps my dress has made you feel a little bilious. It can't be helped; it's the only one I've got, and I'm going to wear it for ever!"

No. 1481. *A Difficult Passage.* CARL SCHLOESSER. No. 1482. *Mrs. George Lewis.* RUDOLPH LEHMANN. The position of these two pictures do credit to the dramatic instinct of the Hanging Committee. The old Gentleman living at No. 1481 is playing a difficult passage on the piano, and the Lady residing next door, No. 1482, is listening with evident pleasure to the performance which she can distinctly hear through the wall. Both Artists are to be congratulated.

No. 1505. *A Summer Flood: North Wales.* B. W. LEADER. This will be a great favourite with children who will call it "a sweet picture," reminding them forcibly of lemon cream and rock.

No. 115. *Race to Market. Tahiti, Society Islands.* N. CHEVALLIER. Queer sort of Society on these Islands. They really want a "dress-ing" from a Society Journal.

No. 139. *Evangeline.* G. H. BOUGHTON, A. "Charming single figure," as Mr. BLACKBURN justly observes in his capital illustrated Guide. She oughtn't to be single; but, of course, *Evangeline* is wedded to a Six-foot Hexameter. "I didn't know *Evangeline* was so tall," said a young Lady. "Nor so green either," said Private View, quoting the *mot* about CANNING's statue.

No. 142. *Sister's Kiss.* SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. Second title, "Go it, my Tu-lips!" The President's best this time.

No. 231. *Multiplication.* KATE PERUGINI. Arithmetical table-turning. A spirited picture.

No. 304. *One of the Family.* F. G. COTMAN. This represents, hoss-tensibly, asking a horse in to dinner. The young woman in the corner is telling it the *menu*, so that the picture illustrates "The Carte before the Horse."



Inebriate (who had somehow been precipitated from the top of Tram-Car). "WHA-SH MARR'R?—COLLISZH'N!!"

Bystander and Passengers. "No!"

Inebriate. "'XSHFLOSH'N?"

Bystander and Passengers. "No!"

Inebriate. "CAR OFF RAILISH?"

Bystander and Passengers. "No!"

Inebriate (with grave composure). "THEN, IF I'D KNOWL'T, I WOU—WOU—WOULDL'T HA' GORE OUT!"

No. 360. *H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.* AUGUSTUS SAVILE LUMLEY. *Ecce Signum!*

No. 481. *H. C. Okeover, Esq., of Okeover Hall.* J. E. HODGSON, R. A. Elect. This portrait justifies Mr. Hodgson as one of the elect. Okeover Hall is, of course, 'All over oak. Mr. OKEOVER himself appears a little surprised at something. What is it? Is Okeover Hall haunted?

No. 482. Apparently the Lord Mayor at Margate, in the olden time, seeing a man in armour bathe (but consult the Catalogue). ROBT. HILLINGFORD.

No. 490. *The Last Days of Edward The Sixth.* ANDREW C. GOW. Very much obliged for the information conveyed in the title, which, at first sight, looks like a theatrical advertisement, announcing the final matinées of some successful historical piece. The unenlightened spectator would imagine, from the picture itself, that several cruel mediæval people had got a young invalid at a window, whence they were trying to "pitch him over" in answer to the clamorous demands of the populace below. *The Last Days of EDWARD THE SIXTH* must have been peculiarly uncomfortable ones for the person most interested.

No. 625. *Injyable Injia; or, Ruling the Roast.* VAL. C. PRINSEP, A. Scene in an Imperial Indian Circus. Distribution of prizes for the best conundrum. All hot! All hot! From a distance of three rooms off you can see this splendid Indian Pickle Show, which represents the Rajahs, the Maharajahs, the Pickle-jars, Begums and Begoshes, the Grand Chutnees, the Guikwars, the Jam-jam-jelly-bhoys, the Tom-Toms, the Indian Drums, the Great Panjam Drums, and the distinguished JARGEAR GUSTUS SALAR JUNG himself, assembled in Durbar, for which artistic triumph over intense difficulties the Artist has been invested with the historic title of *The Great Daubhar of India*. It is all glaring sun-light; the Indian Potentates look as brown and as hot as chestnuts a-roasting; and if even there were a shadow of a doubt thrown on the success of the scene, it would be felt as an immense relief to the sweltering concourse. In the centre are the professional Trump Players, who are invariably engaged for an Imperial Indian Rubber. Altogether quite an Imperial Valentine, and a work of praiseworthy Hindoosty.

No. 948. *The Armada in Sight.* SEYMOUR LUCAS. Excellent title! So appropriate—as just the one thing that is not in sight is the Armada!

No. 1012. *Old Actors.* F. SMALLFIELD. PEG WOFFINGTON visits Manager RICH, and finds him in a rare position for a Manager—cultivating the *Mews*. Tabby or not Tabby.

No. 1026. *A Picture of Indigestion.* EDW. LADELL.

No. 1031. *Tragedy.* F. D. HARDY. Tragedy! I should think so. A party of seven—having come "with an order"—have been crammed into a private-box intended for four people only. Notice the two Gentlemen at the back. The one in the remote distance, who can't possibly see anything, without being rude, is wishing he hadn't come, and wonders if he can get away. It is a Tragedy.

No. 1046. *Out with her Beau.* G. A. STOREY, A. Portrait of a burlesque actress in classical costume about to make a hit.

No. 1072. *The Girl I Left Behind Me.* CHAS. GREEN. Nonsense! The subject of the picture is evidently the girl I can't leave behind me, because she *will* come. She is sticking to him like wax. Green as the Artist is, he ought to know better than to so mis-call his picture.

The Derby in a Nutshell.

(By Mr. Punch's Monosyllabic Contributor.)

Up! Fed! Off! Crush! Place! Train! Cards! Cheats! Row! There! Plod! Hill! Mud! Mob! Noise! Roughs! Rags! Drags! Lunch! Pops! Swells! Cads! Sweeps! Ring! Bets! Bell! Dog! Race! Hush! Roar! Howl! End! Sell! Wine! On! Dolls! Crush! Smash! Home! Boots! Bed! Next Day.—B. and S., lots!

ONE AND THE SAME.

ADOPTING PAR-NELL'S LEADERSHIP—(By the Irish National Party)
—As good as its Knell.



THE WEALTH OF YOUNG LOVE.

Edwin (who has just sold his first Sketch from Nature to a Benevolent-looking Stranger for Twenty Guineas). "THERE, LOVE! IT ONLY TOOK ME TWO HOURS! WORKING SIX HOURS A DAY FOR SIX DAYS A WEEK, THAT MAKES 18 SKETCHES—AT 20 GUINEAS EACH, 360 GUINEAS A WEEK—SAY POUNDS 360 A WEEK—SAY POUNDS 360 A YEAR, AS WE MUST TAKE A FORENSIGHT'S HOLIDAY, YOU KNOW! AND ALL THAT WITHOUT RECKONING THAT I MEAN TO RAISE MY PRICES AS I GO ON!"

Angelina.

"SPLENDID, DEAREST! AND WE'LL ALWAYS LAY BY HALF, YOU KNOW, IN CASE OF A RAINY DAY!"

THE COLOSSUS OF ROADS.



So *Punch* takes leave to re-christen EDWARD FORDHAM FLOWER, one of the biggest-bodied, biggest-souled, and best-looking men in London, on the strength of his present crusade for the comfort of his fellow-dwellers in London.

He had already fought, and substantially won, a good fight for the Horses, in his *Bits and Bearing Reins*. He has now set himself to a task not less hard and not less urgent, the improvement of the paving of the London streets, mis-called "Macadamised."

MACADAM was a long-headed Scotch road-surveyor at Bristol, who died in 1836 at the age of eighty-one, and deserved to have inscribed on his monument—

"He found England's roads cobble-stone, and left them Macadam."

He thought and worked out the great and simple truth that the best way to make a smooth and durable road was to use for road-metal six-ounce stones that would pass through a two-inch gauge; he having proved by long and wide experiment these to be the stones best fitted to unite, by their own angles, without any use of sand or gravel, into a compact and impenetrable body.

Mr. FLOWER knew this sagacious Scotchman, who reformed the whole system of road-making, not in England only, but all over the world, wherever there are roads, and was but poorly paid for it by a Parliamentary grant of £2000, and the ultimate repayment of his expenses out of pocket.

He lived to see his principles everywhere adopted.

Had he lived till now, it would have been to see these principles nominally followed, but practically shirked, by nine out of ten of our road-contractors, and the violation winked at by almost as large a proportion of our road-surveyors.

It serves the contractor's interests to supply stones of a pound weight instead of six ounces, and of three-inch, instead of two-inch gauge, and to fill up the hollows left between such "base metal" with gravel, to be crushed flat by the steam-roller, worked up by the traffic, washed out by the rain, and finally carted off with the road-scraping.

Then hey! for the hills and hollows all know so well, who travel London roads on wheels,—the horses, who pull carts and carriages, even more to their cost than the men who drive them and ride behind them!

Mr. FLOWER has devoted himself, at cost of much money, time, and trouble, to the exposure of these malpractices. They lie at the bottom of the dissatisfaction that now finds expression in the doubtful substitution of asphalt and costly wood, for cheap, durable, and useful Macadam. They are one main cause of the burden of

heavy road-rates, the bother of constant road-repairs, and the discomforts of rough road-riding.

And shall not the man who sets himself to right this wrong, who in his capital sixpenny pamphlet *The Stones of London* (published by Cassell), has given us a likeness of MACADAM, a history of his road-reform, and an account of the gradual divergence from his admirable "*antique vice*," made of stones of six-ounce weight and two-inch gauge, till our streets have become the rough and costly horse-traps that we know—shall not EDWARD FORDHAM FLOWER have his statue set up in the pages of *Punch* at least, if not in some great London thoroughfare, to keep contractors in check and surveyors at their work, as "the Colossus of Roads!"

Behold it here! It remains for our Vestries and District Boards to do their best to second his efforts by propagating his pamphlet, and putting in practice sound principles of road-making and right methods of road-repair.

THE DERBY LUNCH.

Gladstone. Well, here we are!

Hartington.

It's been a precious pull.

Granville. I feel quite empty.

Gladstone.

Well, the hamper's full.

Hartington. Full!—yes; but what a luncheon!

Gladstone.

My dear HARTY,

I did not plan it; 'twas that other Party.

They never started, and we got their hamper.

Hartington. Humph! A bad Derby feed's a regular damper.

Gladstone. It is, dear boy, and, trust me, I should never

Have laid in such a luncheon.

Gipsy (aside, ironically).

Ain't we clever?

Hah! Humble Pie's about the mark for you,

My ancient joker, or an Irish Stew.

Granville. There's lots of it, but everything comestible

Seems precious tough and deuced indigestible.

Hartington. How ever shall we manage to get through it?

Gipsy (aside). Jest hand it here, my Swells, and twig me do it!

I'd bolt the blooming lot like winking.

Granville.

Well,

It isn't taking to the sight or smell,

But we must make the best of it.

Gladstone.

Just so.

Next year it shall be nicer.

Gipsy (aside).

Shall it, though?

Don't be too cocksure, my old cove!

Harcourt (coming up dry and dusty).

I say,

Give us a drink. I'm parched.

Gipsy (chuckling).

Ah! he looks gay!

Granville. What, HARCOURT! Well, dear boy, you do look dusty!

Ha! ha!

Harcourt.

There, stow your chaff.

Granville.

Come, don't be crusty.

Harcourt. Have just walked over. Do let's have some fizz.

Grant Duff. Won't Cyprus do?

Harcourt.

No, MOET'S.

Grant Duff.

Here it is.

Sorry we haven't got some HALL'S Entire.

Hartington.

How you perspire!

Harcourt (savagely). Why so would you, if you had trudged from town.

Hall (as Tout). My noble Sportsman, let me brush you down.

Done yer afore at Oxford. Recollect?

Harcourt. I say, will no one wring that rascal's neck?

Gladstone. Come, come! cheer up, Sir WILLIAM! And you chaps,

Don't be too prompt to chuckle at mishaps.

We may meet more of them.

Hartington.

I say, no croaking!

With such a smart turn-out 'twould be provoking

To have a spill.

Granville.

Depends upon the Whip.

Gladstone. Well, I have tooled you down without a slip,

Haven't I?

Hartington.

Humph! Some precious narrow shaves.

You're such a Jehu!

Gladstone.

He who never braves

A crown thing will never make a driver

Of aught but donkeys.

Granville.

Well, the sly contriver

Of the sweet joke of leaving us this lunch

Was a mad wag. A Mammoth's teeth might crunch

This Indian Pasty.

Hartington.

Fancy getting merry

On this South-African—D'ye call it Sherry?



THE DERBY LUNCH!!

HARRINGTON. "HULLO! HERE'S A PRECIOUS LUNCH! IT WAS MEANT FOR THAT OTHER PARTY!"
GRANTLEY. "INDIGESTIBLE, I'M AFRAID—BUT WE MUST MAKE THE BEST OF IT!"

HARRINGTON. "I SAY, YOU FELLOWS, DO GIVE US SOME WINE! I'VE JUST WALKED OVER!"
GRANTLEY. "WELL, YOU WON'T LIKE THE FLAVOUR OF THIS TAP!—ALMOST AS BAD AS HAIR'S ENTIRE!"

GUEST GURZEN. "LET ME TELL YOUR FORTUNE, MY PRETTY GENTLEMAN. AH, YOU'VE A WICKED EYE!"

Grant Duff. Or this confounded Cyprus, or bad Porte.
Gipsy (aside). Crab it and swallow it! Just like your sort!
 Better than Gladstone Claret.

Gladstone. Well, we're here.
 And though the prog's unwholesome, tippie queer—
 Here's luck, dear boys! No heel-taps, no wry faces!
 Next year, I'll cater.

Gipsy (aside). Yah! At next year's races
 You mayn't be in it, p'raps. You can't tool steady.
 The 'osses have begun to shy already.

(*Aloud, to Gladstone.*)

My pretty Gentleman, do let me try
 To tell your fortune. You've a wicked eye!

Gladstone (solemnly). Ribald impostor, hush!

Harcourt (peremptorily).

Now, you get out!

Gipsy (jeeringly). You can't get in!

(*Is moved off.*)

Gladstone (briskly).

Well, put the wine about!

'Tis just seven years since we were here together.

And though the lunch is queer, 'tis glorious weather!

(*Left making the best of it.*)

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THURSDAY, May 20.—To-day the new Coach started for the Session from the Queen's Head, St. Stephen's, Westminster, with everything in spruce, spick, and span order; WILLIAM, the old whip, on the box; HARTINGTON as guard, to look after the drag; the way-bill satisfactory, every seat booked, and all, let us hope, promising and presaging a pleasant and prosperous season!

To be sure, there have been a couple of spills, before starting,—but what is that among so many? HARCOURT has got a "leg up" already, and M'LAREN, let us hope, won't have to wait for one long.

The Queen's Speech?—Well, it was dull in prose—in rhyme *Punch* can't promise it will be livelier, though shorter it certainly shall be.

With the Treaty of Berlin we no more will play the fool,
 But mean to insist on a little less cry, and a little more (Berlin) wool;
 To which end with the Powers of Europe we hope to concert measures,
 And not wait, any more, on the Sultan's and Pashas' wills and pleasures:
 And, lest this should not suit LAYARD, we have had the happy notion
 Of converting Stamboul, that land of dearth into a land of GOSCHEN.

For the Afghanistan mess we'll rig the best stays that can be rigged for it;
 Look into the Indian Deficit, and see who ought to be wigged for it.
 Do what we can in South Africa to promote Confederation,
 And not take our hand off the Transvaal, through regard for that favoured nation.

Trade let us hope, is looking up, though the revenue doesn't show it.
 That we've little time left for making laws, I need hardly say, as you know it.
 But we mean to try and keep Irish peace without measures of coercion,
 Seeing that they chiefly serve 'gainst the law to keep up aversion.
 We hope to bury the Burials row, by giving Dissenters permission
 To be buried anywhere with the forms for which they make provision.
 We must renew the Ballot Act, and if Time but gives us tether,
 We mean to give "fur" to the Tenants, while keeping the Landlords in "feather."

Fix employers' liability for damage to those they employ;
 And give all Borough-votes in Ireland who such votes would here enjoy.

Such is about the sum and substance of HER MAJESTY'S gracious Speech, over which the Ins and the Outs sat down, like Millennial Lions and Lambs, for a playful picking of holes that was more like fun than fighting.

But first there was the usual Moving and Seconding of the Address: done in the Lords by Lord ELGIN lively, and by Lord SANDHURST lamely: in the Commons, by Mr. ALBERT GREY, gaily and glibly, and by Mr. HUGH MASON, glumly and grimly; and then the Duke of MARLBOROUGH and Lord BEACONSFIELD, in the Lords, did the due amount of warning and verbal criticism, provoking the pleasant and prompt counter-sparring that might be anticipated from so accomplished a master of the noble art of self-defence as Lord GRANVILLE. The same offices of the opening night were discharged in the Commons, by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE for Her Majesty's Opposition, and Mr. GLADSTONE for Her Majesty's Government.

Only Mr. O'CONNOR POWER insisted on interrupting the harmony of the evening by a silly Amendment, turning on the omission from the Speech of all allusion to the Irish Landlord-and-Tenant difficulty, though everybody, even Mr. PARNELL, admitted that no dealing with the matter could have been possible in this far-end of a Session.

Still the Home-Rulers must do something to justify their existence, so they divided 47 to 300. Much good may it do them. Let them, by all means, take for their motto "*Divide et non impera!*" if they like it.

Folly for Folly.

ACCORDING to a telegram from Berlin:—

"The Czar has forbidden the inhabitants of Libau to export wheat to China."

If the Emperor of CHINA is a very great fool, perhaps he will forbid the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire to export tea to Russia. But perhaps the Chinese monarch is too wise to be persuaded by Protectionist Mandarins or other stupid counsellors to make bad worse, by resorting to self-depriving Retaliation under the name of Reciprocity.

ADOLPHUS ON THE DERBY.



THERE are some things—aw—don't you know,
 That tax a fellah's brains to spot.
 Horse-racin' now's a sort of show
 That's really little short of rot.

I like to see the fillies run
 With graceful bounds along the course,
 Their flanks all shinin' in the sun.
 There's nothin' prettier than a horse—
 Exceptin' p'raps a pretty gurl
 With fetchin' eyes and creamy skin,
 And gold-brown hair inclined to curl,
 And—aw—hum, well—and lots of tin!
 But if a fellah's got a fad
 To run his nag for stakes or fun,
 Why need a beastly howlin' cad
 Keep yellin' "Two to one bar one"?
 And why should pale quill-drivin' snobs,
 With groggy knees and pimply gills,
 Who don't know racin' titts from cobs,
 Come here in droves to chew their quills?
 Of course the pimples ain't their faults;
 But chemists live in all the towns.
 Why don't they take some Epsom Salts,
 And keep away from Epsom Downs?
 Then gipsies singin'. Well, that's right—
 Horse-chantin' is their reg'lar trade;
 But why should sportsmen take delight
 In hearin' niggers serenade?
 Black-legs, now, might be in the race,
 And sportsmen's hands ain't always clean;
 But what's a dirty lamp-black face
 To do with Horse? What does it mean?
 The three-card trick's all very well;
 Aunt Sally, too, wants skill and force;
 But will some fellah kindly tell
 What's all this got to do with Horse?

THE STRAIGHTEST OF TIPS.—The Toe's—for a Tout.



THE OLD JOCK UP AGAIN.

THE OLD JOCK UP AGAIN.



“IL FAUT SOUFFRIR POUR ÊTRE BELLE!”

THE SCENE DEPICTED ABOVE IS NOT SO TRAGIC AS ONE MIGHT SUPPOSE. IT MERELY REPRESENTS THAT BEST OF HUSBANDS, JONES, HELPING THE LOVELY MRS. J. TO DIVEST HERSELF OF HER JERSEY.

THE OLD JOCK UP AGAIN.

Mr. Punch (Trainer) loquutur:—

WELL, WILLIAM, my plucky old man, I am glad
To see you once more in the saddle, of course;
But I hope you'll make use of the lesson you've had;
And not take too much, too soon, out of your horse.
Old Jock as you are, you've still need of the bit,
Take my tip; he's a donkey good counsel who spurns.
Mind, steady's the word when you steer the old tit,
And don't rush your hills, and hold hard at the turns!

You've "The Rad" to make running, he's good for the pace,
With young CHAMBERLAIN up, but he's only a boy;
Don't trust 'em too much, or they'll risk you the race;
Your own judgment and nerve you will have to employ.
Don't be in a hurry to squander the field;
The course is a stiff one, your weight isn't light.
There'll be stayers behind who, be sure, will not yield
Without costing your colours a resolute fight.

Then the Irish Horse, WILLIAM, beware of that brute!
If he cannons he may knock you out of your stride.
PARNELL has the mount, but I don't think he'll suit;
I've not yet seen the Jock who Green Erin could ride.
Recollect that last spill, and be wary, dear WILL;
We all know your prowess, none questions your pluck:
But "'tis dogged as does it," and strength without skill
Will not pay in the long run. Now off, and here's luck!

Idea for an Eisteddfodd.

MR. FLUELLEN AP THOMAS, has offered a prize of five-and-sixpence, and a cheese, for the best invective to be composed in the Cymric language in the form of an Ode against the impropriety of calling an insolvent sporting rogue and vagabond a "Welcher."

TO ANÆSTHESIA—SURE IF NOT SHORT CUTS.

DEAR PUNCH,

I SEE a correspondence in the columns of one of your contemporaries about "Insensibility to Anæsthetics." It was commenced by a Gentleman writing to say that "laughing gas" had no power to send him to sleep. This is not surprising. Why does he not try some stronger soporific, and on the other side of his mouth? Here is a list of excellent Anæsthetics quite at his service—the serious instead of the laughing order.

1. Sitting under the occupants of nine out of ten suburban pulpits.
2. Trying to attend to the reading of a night's papers at the Royal Society, or attempting to listen to a lecture at the Royal Institution from the Visitors' Gallery on a crowded Friday night.
3. Half an hour in the Patent Department of the South Kensington Museum.
4. An hour of solitary meditation in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House.
5. Two hours with the Plaster Casts at the Crystal Palace.
6. An hour devoted to the contemplation of the Fish Tanks at the Westminster Aquarium.

The use of any one of these soporifics, or, at worst, any two of them taken in succession, should produce a state of utter insensibility. If, however, the patient by some inexplicable peculiarity of temperament still remain unaffected, let him take a course of two columns at a sitting of educational articles in any paper, daily or weekly, and if he does not *then* go to sleep, never again call me

Yours, knowingly,
WIDE AWAKE.

AN UNPLEASANT REMINDER.—The strictest orders have been issued, that no Ministerial Hamper at Epsom this week is to contain anything in the shape of a Sandwich.



RATHER TOO MUCH OF A TREASURE.

Lady (engaging Parlour-Maid). "AND WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR LAST PLACE?"

Candidate (bridling). "WHICH I WERE CONSIDERED TOO GOOD LOOKING, MUM!—VISITORS WAS ALWAYS A TAKIN' ME FOR MISSIS, MUM!!"

JUST IN TIME.

MR. PUNCH has reason to believe that at the moment when the criminal responsible for the late outrage at University College, Oxford, confessed his guilt, the Head of the College had under consideration the following "List of Pains and Penalties," with a view to the maintenance of discipline amongst the men under his control. They will now be reserved for further consideration.

CRIME.

Appearing in the High at prohibited hours without a cap and gown.
Refusing to attend Lectures.

Missing morning chapel.

Applying for an "eager" without sufficient reason.

Omitting to cap a Proctor.

Daring to smile impudently in the face of the Master himself!

PUNISHMENT.

Deprivation of pudding in Hall for three days.

A good wiggling from the Head for the first offence; a box on the ear by the Senior Tutor in Camera for the second; and restoration of the mediæval punishment of the rod in Hall before the Head and assembled members of the College for every repetition of the outrage.

Five days in the corner behind the high table during dinner time.

Bread and milk for a month, with daily confinement in the Scout's cupboard.

Immediate expulsion. Speedy diffusion of the news of the disgrace in all the leading papers, and infliction of a fine of £100 to £300 upon the culprit's parents, according to their means.

Too terrible for publication!

A FEW RACY PROVERBS.

ONE man may take a horse to Epsom, but twenty won't make him win.

It is a long course that has no turning.

It is the early tout that picks up the tips.

A little knowledge of horse-racing is a dangerous thing.

What's the odds, so long as you're happy?

Too many starts spoil the horse.

The better the race, the better the steed.

One man's horse takes another man's poison.

Every Derby day has its dog.

Think before you bet.

One man may back a horse, when another may not be able to hedge.

Be the race short, or be the race long,
A fool's book isn't worth an old song.

Your money on the right horse.

The worst of steeds must start.

The proof of the hamper is in the luncheon.

No horse like a dark horse.

There's many a slip 'twixt the spur and the whip.

A betting man dreads the wire.

Least laid is soonest paid.

Set a Jockey to catch a Jockey.

Turf tries all.

Beaconsfield to the Rescue!

PUNCH congratulates the Great Educator on the spirit of his address to his discomfited pupils at Bridgewater House on the 19th. Never was the "magic of patience" better inculcated, or more necessary. This is true Conservatism—whose motto should be, "Keep your temper, bide your opportunity, and conserve your patience till you can put it to profit." Such is Lord BEACONSFIELD's political strategy, briefly stated. Well may Lord BEACONSFIELD believe in "the Conservative working-man." Is he not himself the most working man among Conservatives, the most Conservative among working men?

A HINT FOR GOSCHEN.—To close the Eastern Question—*Fermez la Porte!*

SOLDIER AND SUTOR.

THERE lately appeared in the *Times* this characteristic example of "CAVALRY CRITICISM."

"SIR,—On looking at the equestrian statue of Lord NAPIER of Magdala (No. 1585) at the Royal Academy, I observe that the spur on his right heel is buckled in an impossible manner, the tongue being downwards instead of upwards. This will offend the eye of every cavalry soldier who looks at it, and has not even escaped that of

"Your obedient Servant,
"May 16."

"YEOMANRY ADJUTANT."

Though the writer of this is, as he would modestly say, "only," an Officer of Yeomanry, his criticism is worthy of any Cavalry Officer of the Line. The true military eye is ever apt to be offended by any mistake in details of such immense importance as a buckle or a button. This is quite right, so long as the gallant heroes stop there. It is to be hoped that the "YEOMANRY ADJUTANT" will be wise enough not to go beyond his spur in any future criticism he may venture on. Probably Mr. BOEHM knows as much about spurs and buckles as he does, and may have something to say on his view of this important question.

TOPSY-TURVEY COSMOGONY (*Evolutionist's Motto*).—"Spects I grow'd."

NOTE FOR THIS MERRY MONTH OF MAY.—Lilac lacking.

CULPA NOSTRA.—Punch owes, and hastens to pay, an apology to one for whom he feels the highest respect, GEORGE ELIOT. It was another Lady bearing the name of Mrs. G. H. LEWES, who lately married a Mr. CROSS. Punch regrets that a paragraph connecting GEORGE ELIOT's name with that marriage should have found a place in his columns.

** Owing to press of matter, Mr. Punch is obliged to defer for this week the opening of ANTHONY DOLLOP's Naval, "The Beadle."

FRED ON PRETTY GIRLS AND PICTURES.



DEAR GUS,
I'M not top form at writing,
but seeing you're laid by the leg—
Beastly bother that cropper on *Bugler*!
—that horse must have been a bad
egg!—
I will drop you some chat, as I promised.
Don't look for TED's rattle, I beg!
Awful fellow that TED at his letters!—
he writes for the *Scanmag*, you know;
And his style never falls below "par."
—Not *my* joke, heard him putting
it so—
And the "pars" in the *Scanmag*—he
does them—are proper, and chock
full of 'go.'
Only paper I care to grind through, never
preachy, or gushing, or slow!

"Terse and tart!" is TED's motto, he
says; and he does touch 'em up,
Gus, indeed!
"The *Slow* is the only Gehenna that's
left in Society's Creed;"
That's another of TED's apophth—Oh,
come, I really *can't* spell it, old man!
Means maxims, you know. Well, I
think, having prowled from Beer-
sheba to Dan,

That Society isn't far wrong. Dan, dear boy, was the Grosvenor, with me,
And Beersheba was Burlington House, both as beastly slow holes as can be.
Talk of valleys of Dry Bones! I tell you the specimens "down in Judee."
Must have been precious dry to beat Bond Street on Saturday morning at
three,

"Why go?" Well, the Scraggington girls, who are nuts upon "motives" and
tones,—

Who go in for wasp-waists and ROSETTI—though he's a bit "fleshy," BELL owns,
(Which is very much more than *she* is, for her flesh scarcely covers her bones.)
And gush till their eyes grow like saucers concerning that fellow BURNE JONES—
Are up, and I have to escort them, worse luck! Oh, dear boy, *how* I gape!
Why there isn't one out of the three has a bit more of sense than of shape.
If one of those paint-spilling chaps had a clothes-prop to pose and to drape
With a few yards of tight-twisted serge, BELL would beat it for slimness and
angles.

I give you my word I'm so sick of her sausage-skin dress and her bangles,
Her voice which is always a gasp, and her hair which is always in tangles,
I'd like, yes, by Jingo, to dose her with one of Medea's worst messes,
Or choke the last "oh!" from her thorax with one of her own snaky
tresses.

Art's rot. I've arrived at that sweeping conclusion by rigorous roads,
And I'll stick to it, GUSSEY, my boy, though they prod me with critical goads.
Pretty girls, nicely painted, I grant you, are all very well, in their way,
Though one pretty girl on your arm is worth twenty on canvas, I say;
But the deuce of it is they *aren't* pretty, these painters' she-creatures. A hag
With a face like a sea-sick consumptive's, a neck that's a regular scrag,
For a beauty is rather *too* rich; sets a fellow adrift to be told,
By a similar guy in the flesh,—what there is of it—open and bold,
That the pea-green presentment is Psyche or Venus. It strikes me, dear boy,
Though classical trash and stone figures are things I could never enjoy,
Those Greek fellows were far better form than to worship a woman whose skin
Was the colour of stale sorrel soup, and whose hand was as limp as a fin.

No, the painters can't paint pretty girls. As for anything else, such as pigs,
And babies, and buttercup gatherers, buffers in full-bottomed wigs,
Rustics, female and male, digging things, in a style in which HODGES never digs,
As though they were posed for a tableau, and stockinged chits dancing jigs,
Historical Swells in their war-paint, and landscapes all wheel-rucks and
twigs—

It's all bread and butter and bunkum. Dare say there's some use for a saint,
P'raps even for babies and boors, but I really don't think it's to paint.
Bad enough to put up with such bores in the flesh, but to hang them in rooms,
Where elbow spread's not to be had, and the skirts brush the dust up like
brooms,

Till the small of one's back is one ache, and one's neck has a horrible crick,—
Oh, it's just purgatorial penance, a draw in advance on Old Nick!

Art's rot! Give me Nature, dear boy, wearing "Sixes" but pretty and plump.
The worst is that girls dress up now to the daubs of each dashed High Art
Pump.

The lemon and sunflower lot, sour and gawky like GWENDA and GLADYS,
They're two of the Scraggington girls—crack-jaw names the last finical fad is—
Are out of the race by a mile. I was looking with one, at a smudge,—

At least so the thing seemed to me, though I do not pre-
tend I'm a judge,—
"How supremely intense!" groans the girl. "How
intensely disgusting!" says I.
"You're a Philistine, FRED!" she remarks, with no
end of contempt in her eye.
"But what is the subject?" "Oh! subject, in Art, is
no object," she said.
"Gad, GLADYS," I cried, "there you're wrong, you *are*
putting the tail for the head;
"I should say such an object as that is no subject for
Art." But, dear boy,
A man with a fresh-broken leg is not likely this trash to
enjoy.
We are going to Bond Street again, almost envy you
stretched on your bed;
Four hours of MAKART and BURNE-JONES beats a fracture!
Yours, wearily,
FRED.

FIRES IN SURREY.

'ARRY's Spring depredations are confined to the haw-
thorns and chestnuts. But Surrey is worse than 'ARRY.
Its roughs are firing its commons, setting the gorse
blazing over hundreds of acres, and leaving a blackened
waste, where but now all was spring green and golden
blossom.

This is mischief all the more irritating that it is either
wanton and malicious, or the mask of other mischief
more insidious and demoralising if less conspicuous.
Some say that these fires are the work of poaching rogues
who take this means of drawing keepers and cottagers in
one direction, that they may pursue their little game of
stealing pheasants' eggs in another. Others say it is the
work of labourers irritated by curtailment of common
privileges enjoyed so long that they had assumed the
character of rights in the eyes of those who used them.

In any case these fires leave ugly scathes and scars
on the face of the country at its fairest, and, worst of
all, within the range of some of *Punch's* favourite walk-
ing and sketching haunts, all about Dorking, and Leith
Hill, and Holmwood, with their wild stretches of fir-forest,
and gorsy common, and lovely birch and beech copse.
Only the other day we heard of a painter—a friend of
the human race—whose house at Holmbury was with
difficulty saved from the black jaws of one of these
Surrey incendiary fires.

If only *Punch* could *light* upon the sneaking kindlers
of these fires, how he would like to inflict summary
justice on them, before handing them over to Mr. HARP-
MAN, the excellent Chairman of the Surrey Bench—the
harder the man the better fitted to deal with such
rascals!

Punch would be almost tempted to pitch a few of the
scoundrels into their own fires. That would be at least
giving bits of the waste to feed the flames!

PICKPURSES.

FROM some recent correspondence it appears that the
thieves in our thoroughfares have lately turned their
especial attention to "purse-snatching." For this
ladies are described as offering every facility by a
habit they have lately adopted of carrying their purses
in their hands as they walk the streets. One ob-
server declared that he and a friend, in the course of
a walk from the Army and Navy Club to Grosvenor
Square, counted no less than seventeen ladies thus
carrying their purses. This fashion may have been sug-
gested by the example of the legendary little pigs that
ran about ready-roasted crying, "Come, eat me!" So,
"Come, pick me!" is the cry of these purses in their
fair owner's hands. Wearing your heart on your sleeve,
for daws to peck at, is a practice which *Othello* con-
demns. What would the Moor have said to carrying your
purse in your hand, for London thieves to "grab at?"

Quoth the Basuto.

"AM I not a man and a brother?"

Asked a Governor *Punch* could well spare.

"Nay," said the Basutos; "quite t'other;

'Tis by name, not by nature, you're *Frère*."



A LOVE-AGONY. DESIGN BY MAUDLE.

(With Verses by Jellaby Postlethwaite, who is also said to have sat for the Picture.)

RONDEL.

So an thou be, that faintest in such wise,
With love-wan eyelids on love-wanton eyes,
Fain of thyself! I faint, adoring thee,
Fain of thy kisses, fainer of thy sighs.
Yet fairest, love! an thou wert fain of me,
So an thou be!

Yea, lo! for veriest fainness faint I, Sweet,
Of thy spare bosom, where no shadows meet,
And small strait hip, and weak delicious knee!
For joy thereof I swoon, and my pulse-beat
Is as of one that wasteth amorously,
So an thou be!

Shepherd art thou, or nymph, that ailest there?
Lily of Love, or Rose? Search they, who care,
Thy likeness for a sign! For, verily,
Naught reck I, Fairest, so an thou be but Fair!
E'en as he reckes not, that hath limnèd thee,
So an thou Be!

[The Colonel declares that the whole thing makes him sick. Grigsby, we regret to say, has set J. P.'s poem to music of his own—whereof more anon.

ATHEISTS AND ASSES.

(Considerations for the Collective Wisdom.)

A MAN who imagines and declares himself an Atheist most probably does but believe he disbelieves that which in truth he only doubts.

If he has any doubt concerning the belief he denies, then, in so far as it is doubtful to him, he must fear it may be true, and be proportionately afraid to tell a lie.

He must necessarily have some doubt about Atheism unless he is a dogmatic Atheist.

A dogmatic Atheist is the only thorough Atheist possible.

To be capable of being a dogmatic Atheist, a man must be the most unreasoning of dogmatists.

In other words, he must be the greatest of fools.

A thorough, genuine, dogmatic Atheist is therefore a very uncommon fool indeed. How often do you suppose you have ever met with one?

If you have to deal with such an out-and-out Atheist, how are you to discover his Atheism, if he doesn't choose to let it out? He can keep it to himself and hold his tongue.

Query: What if you altogether abolished oaths, and, for the oath, in every case where it is now required, substituted a simple adjuration to speak the truth? Is it likely that the number of lies told, and false declarations made, would be increased so much as by one?

DIARY OF A FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND.

Monday.—Left Paris for London. *Traversée* too horrible for description.

Tuesday.—Too ill to attend to business. Requested the Foreign Secretary to excuse me until to-morrow.

Wednesday.—Just starting for Downing Street when I received a telegram from President, requesting my immediate attendance in Paris. *Traversée*, if possible, more terrible than before.

Thursday.—Too ill to attend to business. Requested the President to excuse me until to-morrow.

Friday.—Request from the President that I will go back to London immediately. Purposely missed the train, which would have been but the prelude to another *traversée* too horrible for description.

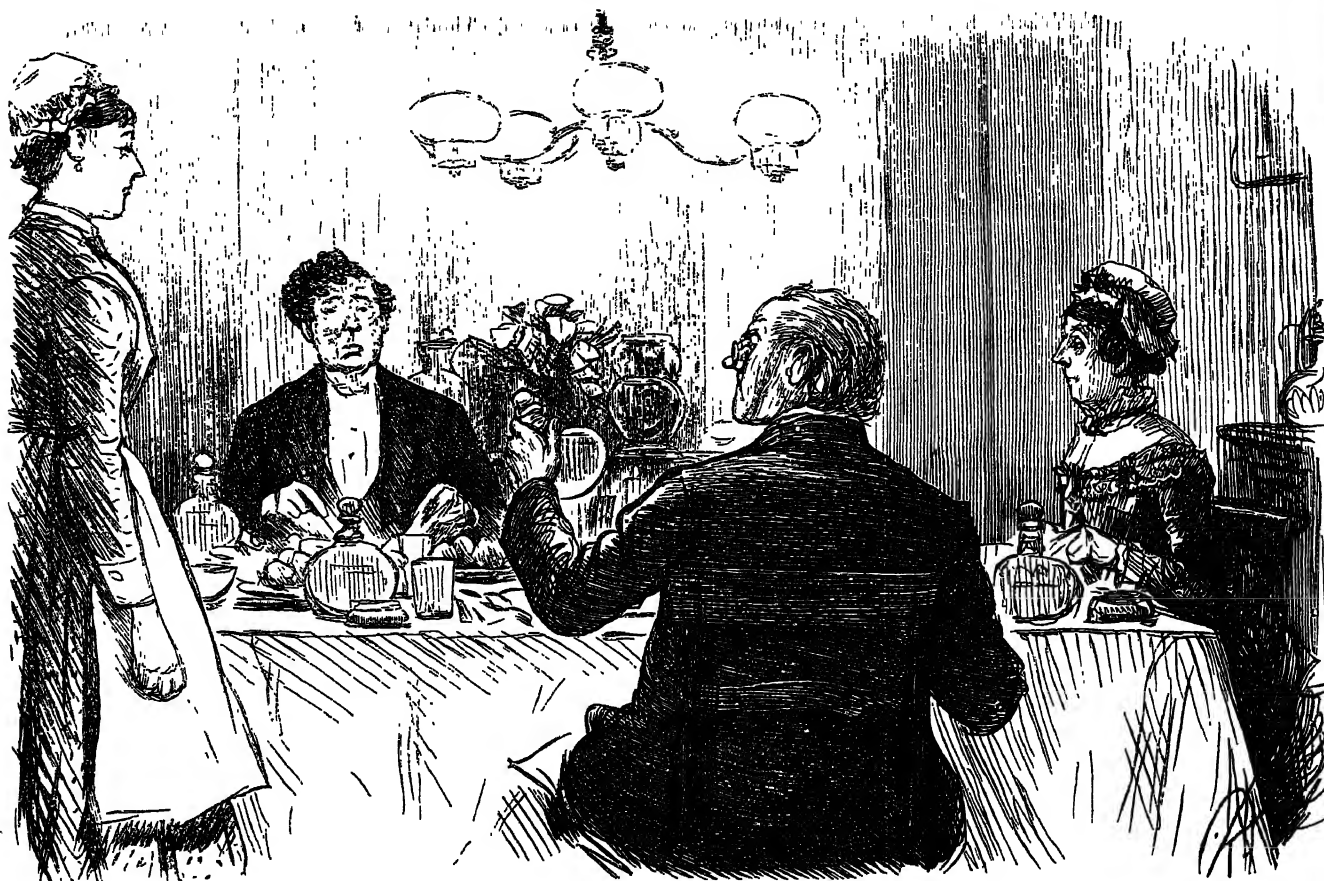
Saturday.—I see now why no Frenchman will retain the Ambassadorship to London a day longer than he is absolutely compelled to do so. Resigned, accepted the Presidentship of the Senate, and escaped for ever more *traversées* too horrible for description!

The Common Lot.

PORTUGAL has had one great poet, CAMOENS. She has been accused of not appreciating him. A most unjust charge. She has awarded him the normal treatment of great poets. After denying him bread in his lifetime, she is now giving him a stone, in the form of a splendid Tercentenary resting-place for his poor old bones!

THE EASTERN QUESTION.—What Next?

NOTICE GIVEN OF A NEW STANDING ORDER (by Mr. Punch).—That every Member shall be enabled to sit down.



CHOICE OF EVILS.

Duckwidge and Pottles meet. Many years had passed since they were at School and College together. Duckwidge invites Pottles to Dinner "in a quiet way."

Duckwidge. "NOW WHAT WILL YOU DRINK, POTTLES? WE HAVE HERE SOME"—(holding Decanter against the light)—"YES, THIS IS 'EAST LONDON'—THAT BY YOU, I THINK, IS 'NEW RIVER.' PERHAPS YOU TAKE SPARKLING——" (to Serving Maid.) "MARY, DID YOU BRING UP THE SELTZER AND APOLL——" (Pottles gesticulates dissent.) "NO? WELL, I ASSURE YOU YOU'LL FIND THAT 'NEW RIVER' AN EXCEEDINGLY PLEASANT—AH—WATER!!"

["By Heavens," as Pottles said at the Club that night, "the man was an irreconcilable Lawsonite!!"]

THE PROPOSED VOLUNTEER REVIEW IN HYDE PARK.

W.O.C. 14,000,147.

FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH, having been informed that the Volunteers desire to hold a Grand Review in Hyde Park, begs to say that he cannot give his consent to the proposal unless the Citizen Soldiers agree to be bound by the following regulations:—

1. Field Artillery on no account to be allowed to unlimber their guns on the flower-beds.
2. Battalions of Infantry, unable to find room elsewhere, not to be permitted to form up in the Serpentine unless due precautions are taken to save the water-fowl from unnecessary alarm.
3. Light Horse, who may get mixed up with carriages in the Drive, to be subject to the usual traffic regulations under the directorship of the police.
4. Regimental Bands finding difficulty in securing sufficient space during the march-past of their corps not to take up positions in the trees adjoining the saluting-point, without the consent of the Park-keepers.

If the Volunteers agree to the above rules, Field-Marshal PUNCH will be glad to see them reviewed in Hyde Park—if they can find no place better suited for the purpose:

By Order (signed) TOBY, D.A.G.

Intelligence Department, War Office, Pall Mall.
June 1, 1880.

THOSE WHO RUN MAY READ.

A PROCLAMATION of Mr. GLADSTONE'S "Hands off" Policy. The face of the Westminster Clock under repairs.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

Times Advertisement:—"Governess required. English, French, German, Music. Liberal salary."

Three hundred applications received. Fifty chosen ones are invited, to be interviewed.

Advertiser (addressing her anxious selection):—

"All those who are over twenty-seven may retire." [*Exeunt ten.*]

"All those who do not profess the higher mathematics may retire." [*Exeunt fifteen.*]

"All those who do not undertake the rudiments of Latin may retire." [*Exeunt five.*]

"All those who are not prepared to teach counterpoint and harmony may retire." [*Exeunt ten.*]

"All those who do not undertake to ground in oil and water-colour painting may retire." [*Exeunt seven, leaving three.*]

Advertiser. "I offer five-and-twenty pounds."

[*Exeunt two, leaving one, face to face with the liberal salary!*]

Nihilism Next the Throne.

HERE is what comes of marrying a Russian Princess! We read in *The Cork Constitution* of Wednesday, May 26:—

"The Duke of Edinburgh will be in command of the fleet of ironclad coast-guard vessels that are to cruise next month for revolutionary purposes."

After this, what are we to expect but Ireland "up" for Home-Rule, and the Duke of EDINBURGH at the head of it, with PARNELL as his Prime Minister!

"VERD ANTIQUE."—Ripe old Stilton.

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "The Chronicles of Barsellshire," "Beerjester Brewers," "The Halfway House at Aleinton," "Thorley Farm for Cattle," "Family Parsonage," "The Prying Minister," "Pearls before Swine, or, Who Used his Diamonds?" "Rub the Hair," "The Way We Dye Now," "Fishy Fin," "Fishyas Wilduz," "Dr. Thorne and David James," "Star and Garter, Richmond," "Rachel Hooray!" "The Jellies of Jelly," "The Bertrams and Roberts," "Lady Pye-Anna," "Tails of All Creatures," "Arvy 'Oispur," "Mary Greasily," "Vicar of Pullbaker," "McDermott of Balludsingerun," "Can't You Forget Her?" "He Knew He Could Write," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

DEEDLER'S TRUST.



R. SIMONY SIMPLER was a few years since the Beadle in charge of the Cathedral of—let us call it Small-Beerjester. The ancient office of Beadle—or as it is spelt in the old chronicles, and in the charter-grant of the Barons de Bouf-et-de-la-Bierejestre, "Bedell"—as it existed to within a very recent date, was peculiar to the quiet cathedral town of Small-Beerjester.

The appointment was in the gift of the Right Tooral-Looral-Rooral Dean, who, with the Vicars Choral—so named in old times from the somniferous effect of their intoning—conducted the singing. It had certain duties attached to it which prevented it from being an absolute sinecure, while, to add to its emoluments, there was nothing in the original charter to interfere with its occupant's holding at the

same time several other lucrative offices. And thus it came to pass, that, at the time of the commencement of our story, Mr. SIMONY SIMPLER, who having been privately ordained, so as to be duly qualified for any ecclesiastical preferment that might be offered him, was not only Beadle of Small-Beerjester Cathedral, but was also Verger-in-Chief, Professional Chief Mourner or Clerk of the Corse, and Percentor of the Cathedral. This last office—which is quite distinct, and not to be confounded with that of Precentor—constituted him *ex officio* Master of Deedler's Trust, the celebrated charitable foundation of Small-Beerjester.

Now there are peculiar circumstances connected with the Percentorship of this Cathedral which must be explained. It is through his hands that all the accounts of the Cathedral expenses, both outgoings and incomings, must pass; he receives certain fees on all appointments; taxes all the salaries; accommodates the Bishop and dignitaries with petty cash for cab-hire, fourpenny-bits for tips to porters, and temporary loans at a fixed rate of interest; he may change the choristers' notes at a small discount; he is entitled to a per-centage on the letting of all the stalls in the Cathedral—of which a box-plan is kept at the Poor-Box Office; he receives another considerable per-centage on the entrance fees paid to Vergers, and on all gate-money; and is the only person legally empowered to take toll from the Cathedral Bellringers, and permitted to sell the commission of Triple Bob Major in the Bellringers' Volunteer Corps to the highest bidder. And, besides all these sources of emolument, which make the Percentorship valuable, it is associated with the Mastership and administration of Deedler's Trust, to which I have already alluded, and the history of which must now be presented to my readers.

In 1300 there died at Small-Beerjester one JEREMIAH DEEDLER, who had made his money in the town by card-sharping. The sheepish persons whom he had fleeced to the greatest extent were the objects of his continual ridicule, and were termed "Deedler's Butts"; but many others of his fellow-townsmen sought his instruction in the

Confidence Trick, and, becoming his pupils and apprentices, were thenceforth styled "Deedler's Pack." JEREMIAH himself was most

A.D. 1294.



hospitable, and, if any strangers visited the town, he was always ready to take them in; as he was invariably at home, and never found out. In his latter days he purchased some ecclesiastical preferment, and was known far and wide as "The Knave of the Cathedral;" to which was added the proud title of "The Lord of the Aisles."

So when he died he bethought him of the Butts and the Pack, and left his house and lands for the support of fifty-two old men, thirteen of whom

should be superannuated Card-sharpers, and the others perpetual Butts. He also appointed two houses for them to live in; the larger, to accommodate the Butts, being called the Almshouse; and the other, for the superannuated Card-sharpers, the Legshouse; and having thus arranged for the Alms and the Legs, he further appointed that the Master's residence should be handy. And, as late in life, he himself, in consideration of his wealth, had been made Percentor of the Cathedral, he willed that thenceforth the Mastership of Deedler's Trust should go with the Cathedral Percentorship.

It was much to be The Beadle of Small-Beerjester; it was still more to be Beadle, Percentor, and Master of Deedler's Trust, with all the advantages. We believe that Mr. SIMONY SIMPLER, in his quiet, unostentatious way, enjoyed this position amazingly, and did not grudge himself one single farthing of his well-gotten receipts. Who has not felt the same? Who has not been glad to receive fourteenths for his shilling, and pocketed the change without a murmur? Change is essential to everyone, and the more we have of it the better for all of us; so we won't quarrel with kind, conscientious Mr. SIMPLER for accepting all he could get, saying nothing to anybody, and pouching every penny that was placed in his hands. We must remember that Deedler's Trust itself arose out of the confidence which was reposed in DEEDLER by his fellow-townsmen, about whom there was a good deal of repose, while the pious Founder was himself invariably wide awake.

The fifty-two pensioners received sixpence-halfpenny daily, which the old Butts were allowed to lose, if they liked, to the superannuated Card-sharpers, or at the end of every week to play so many games at Loo, limited strictly to eighteenthpence,—and all games to finish at midnight on Saturday, on pain of a heavy fine, which there and then would be paid to the Master.

The prosperity of such an establishment is not surprising, and the property had increased to an almost fabulous extent when Mr. SIMONY SIMPLER had been appointed to the Mastership through the powerful influence of his son-in-law, Archdeacon OVERWAYTE, who, when Curate of St. Wunstun-the-Less, had fallen in love with and married the elder of the Beadle's daughters, named respectively NEVALEEN and MORLEENA.

In other dioceses than that of Small-Beerjester the office held by Dr. OVERWAYTE would have been termed "Archdeacon," but here in Small-Beerjester, the chief ecclesiastical luminary, after the Bishop, is by special charter called an Archbeacon.

Archbeacon OVERWAYTE was a magnificent man, well-built, upstanding, with a grip of his walking-stick that showed strong determination of character; and when, clad in his waterproof gaiters, which outlined the classic contour of two such sturdy calves as no one could hardly expect to see out of the neighbourhood of Cowes, he strode from one side of the street to the other, the inhabitants of Small-Beerjester, eyeing his ecclesiastical antipodopolis with reverent amazement, found a place for him in their imaginations as a mighty wonder of the world, and exclaimed as with one voice,

"This is the Goloshes of Roads!"

Dr. OVERWAYTE was by no means a bad man; neither was he a heavy or a dull man; but he possessed exactly the solidity and brilliancy requisite for the position he occupied in that part of the See over which he had to shed a lustre. Though he himself never descended from his elevation for such duties as it seemed to him his inferior Clergy could do for him, and though he

could throw a light on all such parochial questions as his parishioners might choose to bring within the circle he illuminated, yet it was especially as an Archbeacon that he shone.

When the Archbeacon put down his foot, and uttered one of his favourite expressions, "On my soul," everyone knew he meant what he said—and more; for he put down his foot as firmly as if he intended to put down something he considered a nuisance, and it was to many a wonder that a man even of his inches had got one foot remaining, so often had he put it down. But these good folks forgot that the Archbeacon invariably put down his right foot, and so whatever might happen to that, he had always one left.

In consequence of this habit of planting his feet firmly, the Archbeacon's Garden was a curious and interesting sight. He had planted his feet so often, and so successfully, that on both sides of his favourite garden—walk there had sprung up quite an avenue of boot-trees. Under

their shadow he and his father-in-law, the Beadle, would walk gravely up and down discussing the affairs of Small-Beerjester.

No two men could be more dissimilar, physically and mentally, than are the Archbeacon and his father-in-law. Mr. SIMPLY SYMPLE is a small man, now verging on sixty years; but though verging on this age, no one ever mistakes him for a Verger: his hair is rather greasy, than grizzly; his eyes so mild and watery, that he is compelled to carry glasses. At his age a couple of glasses is quite as much as he can carry, and these are generally fixed on the bridge of his nose, while his eyes are fixed on the tip—which is too small for him ever to dream of giving any of it away, even at Christmas time, to the Bishop's Butler—and this obliquity of vision prevents him from ever taking a clear and distinct sight. His hands are those of a scholar, with quotations at his finger's ends; when not officially attired, as the Reverend Esquire Bedell, or Beadle of Small-Beerjester, Mr. SIMPLY SYMPLE somewhat scandalises his more clerical brethren, by appearing in a brown-pot hat, with a red riband round it, into which is jauntily stuck a yellow feather, a coloured shirt, grey knickerbockers, top-boots, and, though not addicted to tobacco, in any other shape than that of building three castles in the air, which end in smoke, he will insist on wearing what he calls a "birds-eye choker, to suit his wind-pipe."

His appointment to the Perceutorship enabled him to indulge his taste for music to such an extent, that the Cathedral authorities said that a wise thing on their part would be to send his name in to the Dean, and let him be presented as Precentor, which office happened to be vacant at the time. Mr. SIMPLY SYMPLE, with characteristic modesty, accepted the situation, and at once selected twelve deaf old Pensioners from the Pensioners on Deedler's Foundation, to whom he gave lectures on the Music of the Ancient Hebrews, with admirable illustrations on the harp of that oppressed nation, which he handled with considerable skill. To him is due the introduction of the organ into the Cathedral services, the general improvement of Cocoa-fibre Matins, a little variety in the too-even-song, and the doubling the number of the Choristers, originally twelve, who now appear in beautiful white linen every Sunday, much to the satisfaction of the Excellent Precentor, who asserts that there ought to be always twenty-four sheets in every Quire. He has also composed a hymn for State ecclesiastical occasions at Small-Beerjester, to be used when, as Chief Verger of the Cathedral, he carries a silver poker before the Bishop, commencing with the line, "As Verger clad." The good Bishop is very much attached to his old friend the Beadle-Verger; and whatever the ceremony may be, observes that "He cannot stir without the poker." In the evening the two old friends play poker together,—the poker being the silver one, used officially in the day-time. They sit opposite each other, before the fire, and throw the poker to one another, until the Bishop's wife, Mrs. DOWDIE, comes in brusquely and sends both the old men to bed.

Being of JOHN WESLEY's opinion, that the Devil ought not to have all the lively tunes, the excellent Verger has written a merry march, in "Tempo di Poker," which he considers suitable to the occasion. He has also composed a Cathedral Anti-pew-System

Chorus, in Italian words, beginning, "*Non Pew Minster.*" From long practice on his favourite instrument, he has acquired a habit of playing an imaginary harp of the Hebrews, with both hands to his mouth, whenever he is troubled or worried; which, however, is not very often.

Whether the Dean and Chapter entirely approved of their Perceutor's innovations, was a matter of no little dispute within the ecclesiastical circle of the town; but, after some consultation on the part of the above-mentioned authorities, the Dean came to the conclusion that it might be better to wait for some favourable opportunity for turning over a new leaf, "which," he said, "we may be able to do at the conclusion of our present Chapter," and which we also may do before the commencement of our next.

THE ROCK AHEAD, AND THE ROCK UNDER-FOOT.

MR. PUNCH, as the sturdiest of Protestants, is, perforce, the staunchest upholder of that right of private judgment which is the corner-stone of Protestantism. On that stone stands Mr. Punch's Protestant faith alongside the Roman-Catholicism of Lord RIFON, and the Atheism of Mr. BRADLAUGH. Every Protestant is bound to respect the absolutely unfettered liberty of opinion which invests all forms of belief or unbelief with the same inviolability as his own.

If Northampton chooses to elect Mr. ICONOCLAST BRADLAUGH to represent it in Parliament, and Mr. GLADSTONE chooses to select the Roman-Catholic pervert Lord RIFON for Governor-General of India, Punch, as Protestant leader, and *a fortiori*, every one of Punch's Protestant followers is bound to accept the choice, without protest on the score of opinion.

He may treat the opinions as indicating something he does not like in the men, but it is for that something, and not for the opinions, he should oppose them.

Unless, indeed, the Ultra-Protestants of the National and Patriotic Clubs, who are now, we are told, engaged in getting up demonstrations in and out of Parliament, against the appointment of the Marquis of RIFON to the Viceroyalty of India, are prepared to go the length of maintaining that adhesion to the Roman-Catholic Church is to be, *ipso facto*, a disqualification for the office.

In that case, they had better move for the Repeal of the Roman-Catholic Emancipation Act at once, and go in for the restoration of the Test and Corporation Acts when they are about it. The one step is the sequel, logical and legislative, of the other.

Your toleration of the opinions *you* don't like in other people, is the essential condition of other people's toleration of the opinions *they* don't like in *you*. We, none of us, can have it *all* our own way; so we compromise by allowing everybody to have it his own way in religious or secular opinion. The right of private judgment is the principle of Protestantism. And the liberty of private judgment in the adoption of opinions is a bar to the right of public condemnation for the exercise of them.

A BALLOON BELOW ZERO.

(As proposed for the projected Expedition to the North Pole, at the General Meeting of the London Central Arctic Committee, held the other day at their offices, 107, Fleet Street.)

SING up in a Balloon in the circum-polar Arctic Regions!

How can passion for discovery make aeronauts to go
Where the temperature's enough to freeze Tierra-del-Fuegiens—
Thermometer for weeks and months chill zero far below?

Hyperboreans themselves coughs defying paregoric

Might dread that they would catch where the normal British nose
Will, sure, have frozen out of it so much of its caloric

That Jack Frost would grab at *that*, as well as fingers, ears,
and toes.

Let me on bitter winter nights betwixt the sheets lie snoring,

Or sit and smoke in comfort by a fire of blazing coal;

Whilst I pity those adventurers who've northward gone exploring
Up aloft in a Balloon, in the hope to reach the Pole!

EPICURUS CODDLES.

Wanted One Ejusdem Farinæ.

LET us hope that the election of Signor FARINI to the Presidency of the Italian Chamber of Deputies may help the clearing up of Italian Parliamentary difficulties, which seem even worse than our won.

Yet, perhaps, if we too had a FARINI, he might help to a "friendly Zulation" of the South-African difficulty, one of the worst of the many *damnosæ hereditates* left by Lord BEACONSFIELD's Government to Mr. GLADSTONE's.





RIVALS IN SOCIAL SUCCESS.

SCENE—Staircase of Ducal Mansion. *The Duchess at Home. "Small and Early."*

Mrs. Jones (a new Beauty, with more surprise than pleasure). "Well, I NEVER! MR. AND MRS. ROBINSON, OF ALL PEOPLE!! AND HOW CAME YOU HERE?"

Mrs. Robinson (a still newer Beauty). "WE DROVE, DEAR MRS. JONES. YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU CAME ON FOOT!"

THE EUROPEAN CONCERT: OUR OVERTURE.

A Dithyrambic Ode in distant imitation of Dryden.

For harmony, for heavenly harmony;
The universal cry is loud!
Shall Europe a mere jostling crowd
Of jarring atoms longer be?
Not so! A tuneful voice is heard on high
(It is mellifluous GRANVILLE'S).
Harmony hath been drawn from jangling anvils,
And shall not nagging Nations yield,
Spite of the sneer of Cynic BEACONSFIELD,
To Music's soft compulsion,
And the mild Magic, bland as an emulsion,
Of the smooth *bâton*-wielder, calmly sure
Of the success of his new Overture?

What passions cannot mighty Music quell?
First-fiddle GOSCHEN knows the score right well;
And if that tiresome turban'd cymbal-clasher
Turn too obstreperous, and try a smasher
On sounding brass inopportune, he
Under sharp suasion's screw must settled be;
Or should the Turk be stirred to passion—well,
What passion cannot mighty Music quell?

The trumpet's loud clangour
Erst stirred France to arms,
But hushed is her anger,
For *her* Peace hath charms.

The double double double beat
Of the loud Russian drum,
Is soothed to a mere murmur mild and sweet.
(Who hints 'tis all a hum?)

In the soft trill of the Italian flute
Prejudiced ears perchance false notes discover,
But Peace's hopeful lover
Swears 'tis as true as erst Amphion's lute.

The Austrian double-bass,
(Suggestive of nought base, or double-dealing,)
With the Teutonic Ophicleide soft stealing
In happy unison upon the ear,
Shall lend the symphony a crowning grace.

Can there be cause for fear
That e'en a Bull of Bashan, or a Stentor,
(Though for a Concert creatures somewhat queer,)
With coarse cacophony or careless jar

Could aim to mar
The *adagio* of such a gentle Mentor?
But, oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
That deft first fiddle's praise?

Notes inspiring perfect love,
Notes to make the nations raise
Harmonies worthy of the choir above!

GRANVILLE can tame to peace each warring race,
And keep each player in his place,

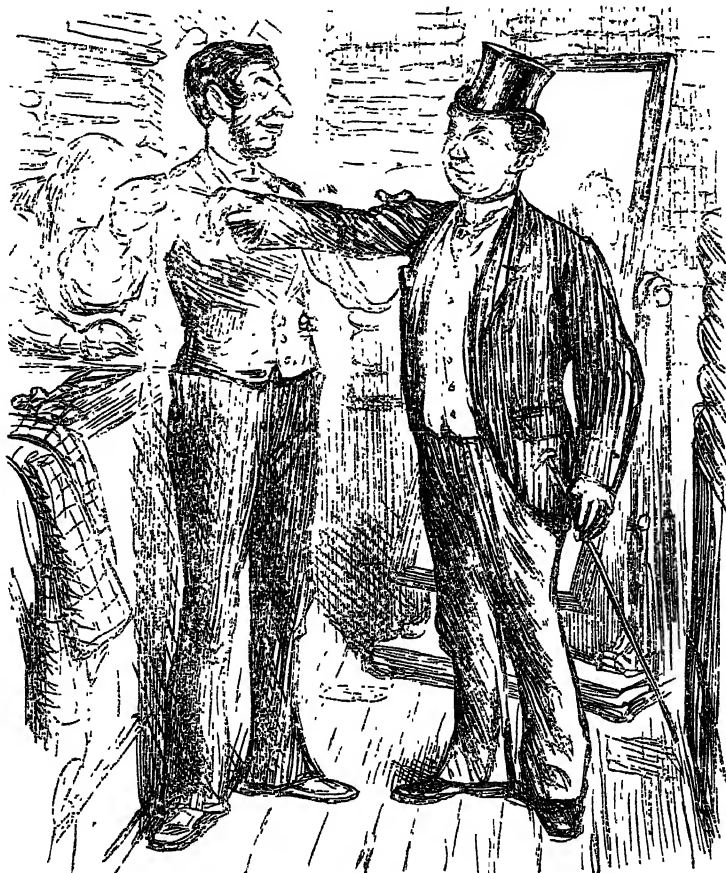
Sequacious of his wand:
At least that is the chief's serene and sure hope:
Shall we not hope that lately clashing Europe,
Will tune up sweetly at his mild command?
Till Peace shall wave her olive-branch before us,
And all the Nations join with voice and hand,
In one sublime harmonious grand chorus!

Ere the arch lord of vaunting phrase,
Races to wrath did move;



THE "EUROPEAN CONCERT."

TUNING-UP FOR THE ENGLISH OVERTURE.



FLATTERY.

Artful Snip. "DEAR ME! VERY SING'LAR, SIR!—EXACT THE MEASUREMENT OF THE 'APOLLER BELVIDERE,' SIR!"

[Customer orders a second Suit.]

MORE SEATS AND SHORTER HOURS.

Mr. Punch has, with much sympathy for the poor sufferers, been studying, in his excellent contemporary the *Lancet*, some very painful revelations of the treatment of poor shop-girls, employed at the great Mercers', and Linen-drapers', and other marts for the sale of women's wares, or "wears," as the word should be spelt, so as to include both the garments of Lady-customers and the wear and tear of the shop-girls who serve them.

When the cracking of a joke is likely to help the removal of an abuse, *Mr. Punch* is content to crack his joke and await the results. But this subject of seats and shorter hours for shop-girls, *Mr. Punch* feels to be quite beyond a joke.

The thoughtlessness of the more or less fine Ladies—they are all alike—who, by their patronage without protest help to keep alive what is at once a petty torture on the strong, and a great sanitary evil for the weak, as well as the unfeeling greed of employers who sanction and superintend the torture, and perpetuate the evil for their own benefit, lie out of the pale of *Punch's* pleasantry. He can be angry over it, but not pleasant.

Public opinion has been directed to the matter. Science has signalled the mischief, and insisted on a remedy. A country where humanity interposes on behalf of an over-driven cab-horse, will surely not go on suffering hard-working, weak and defenceless girls to be driven to death with impunity. It is only in a percentage of these shops that we come upon this inhuman practice—over-driving young women, and not allowing them the means of resting their weary limbs. Yes—there is one other place in which seats are not allowed. That is the House of Commons, but there the torture is only inflicted on one-half of the Members. In houses of business the better class of employers repudiate such stupid and short-sighted inhumanity. Let the public, the Ladies in particular, look out for the shops in which these practices do *not* prevail, and confine their patronage to them. In this way even the most unfeeling employers would learn practically that humanity, like honesty, is the best policy, and act upon the principle.

AN OXFORD MIXTURE. PEPPER AND SALT (of the Earth).—HARCOURT and PLIMSOLL.

But now they sing great GLADSTONE's praise
In tones of all unwonted love!
BEACONSFIELD's "Peace with Honour!" had its hour;
Time robs such sounding phrases of their power,
Now WILLIAM's note of unison is heard,
And Europe, heart and voice, is stirred
To love, and warble—like a bird!

BEFORE THE DAWN.

(A Parliamentary Romance.)

"The House is too small for its purpose, and the accommodation for Members, on a full night, is lamentably insufficient."—*Daily Paper.*

WITH a measured tread the night-watchman left the dark and now deserted Lobby of the Commons, and entered the House.

All was hushed as lo! the stillness of the tomb, and when the reflective official turned the gleam of his bull's-eye upon the worn and tattered leather to the empty benches, it was with a sigh of relief.

"They have had another rough night of it," he murmured to himself, "and some hundred and fifty of 'em must have sat on each other's laps. But it's over now!" He picked up a velvet collar, some severed shirt-fronts, half an Ulster, and the wrecks of several hats as he spoke. "Poor Gents," he said, with a bitter smile, as he turned over in the moonlight these melancholy evidences of the previous night's sharp struggle for seats, "poor Gents, it isn't right to serve 'em like this. Why, they'd be better off in a cabman's refuge!"

There was no Speaker in the Chair now. He was not called to order for this flash of sarcasm; but a feeble cry of "Hear! Hear!" that seemed to come from under one of the back Opposition benches, warned him that he was not alone.

In another instant he had bounded over the table; and the piercing ray of his lantern was illuminating a dusky something that was now creeping out, slowly, on all fours, from under the fifth row of seats.

To seize the intruder, hurl him to his feet on the floor of the House,

and hold the now gleaming lantern within an inch of his face, was the work of a second. But the Bobby had scarcely put the stranger through this, to him, familiar ordeal, when he fell back with a respectful bow.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," he said. "One of the new Members pushed under the seat in the scuffle, by mistake? Allow me."

The Bobby began to brush him down as he spoke. The stranger looked at him with a curious fire in his eye.

"I was not pushed there by mistake," he said, coldly. "I crept there by design."

The iron tongue of old Big Ben above told the hour of three.

"By design!" exclaimed the Night-watchman, interrogatively.

"Yes," continued the other, wearily, "I have been on my legs ever since I was returned; but I am determined to sit down at last. I have come early to secure a seat for to-morrow's debate!"

The Father of Roads.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, quoted by Mr. E. F. FLOWER, was wrong in its statement that MACADAM, the Father of Road-making, was ever a road-surveyor at Bristol. He was an active Ayrshire magistrate and trustee of roads, who wrote J.P. and D.L. after his name, and it was not till he was sixty years old that his attention was first turned to the investigation of the scientific principles of road-making.

His son and grandson—MAC MAC, and MAC MAC MAC-ADAM—were successively made Surveyors-General of the Roads of the Kingdom. Would that the family still presided over the roads of the Metropolis, and that London were once more able "*Stare super antiquas vias*," of the Macadamite period!

A Change for the Better.

WHILE HALL for HARCOURT Oxford takes,
On Beer for Brains of faith a pinner,
HARCOURT, for Consolation Stakes,
Walks o'er the course—a Derby-winner!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE week has had its Derby Day, and its Derby Dog in the person of Mr. BRADLAUGH. That "unsavoury" representative of Northampton, as he has been called, and he certainly seems to stink in the nostrils of Sir H. D. WOLFF, Sir H. TYLER, Mr. O'DONNELL, and a large number of Members, has already had the honour of two Select Committees, and *Punch* would not like to say how much of the



DANGERS OF DOGMATISM.

Brown (a mild Agnostic, in reply to Smith, a rabid Evolutionist, who has been asserting the doctrines of his school with unnecessary violence). "ALMOST THOU PERSUADEST ME TO BE A CHRISTIAN!"

House's time and temper. If notoriety is Mr. BRADLAUGH's aim, he has got it to his heart's content.

But, before coming to the Iconoclast, let *Punch* dispose of the short, but sharp and not sweet, passage of arms in the Lords (*Friday, May 21*) over Mr. GLADSTONE's letter to Count KAROLYI.

Lord GRANVILLE defended his chief, with his usual bland but not blunt weapons. Mr. GLADSTONE had been misled into accusation by a false report and an unfounded belief. On finding out his mistake, he had withdrawn his accusation in what the Emperor of AUSTRIA had properly described as "the letter of an English gentleman."

The Earl of SALISBURY (always a model of the proprieties and the exactnesses himself, and so naturally a stickler for them in others) thought the accusation shameful and shameless, and the apology humiliating from one in Mr. GLADSTONE's position. The Government talked of a "European Concert." It would probably end in a European crash. (Not unlikely, perhaps; thanks in no small degree to Lord SALISBURY, and if he could but once more have his way.)

Lord KIMBERLEY denied that Mr. GLADSTONE meant to throw himself into the arms of Russia; (the Bear being, indeed, the last animal of the European menagerie we should have thought likely to inspire a taste for such a performance.)

Lord BEACONSFIELD was astonished that twenty-four hours had been allowed to elapse in their Lordships' House without comment on Mr. GLADSTONE's letter. He would not stop to inquire if his accusation of Austria was, or was not, "a passionate expression of vindictive memory." (H'm—cumbersome rather than cutting; don't you think so, my Lord, now you see it in print?) Though humiliating to England, and perhaps satisfactory to Austria, his letter would not guard this country against a policy that might endanger the peace of Europe.

The Duke of ARGYLL regretted the letter, but thought it had been misrepresented (not by *Punch*, who in last week's Cartoon recognised the plum in the pie). Ninety-nine hundredths of the Treaty of Berlin were copied from the Treaty of San Stefano.

(*Commons*.)—Bradlaugh-baiting. On the Iconoclast presenting himself to swear, oath in one hand and book in the other, the grim WOLFF—"that beast of heavy paw"—who has struck once, stood ready to strike again, and objected to the oath being administered.

Mr. DILLWYN wanted to know if any Member might interfere between another Member willing to swear, and his taking the oath.

The SPEAKER knew of no such case.

Sir H. WOLFF said that by common law an Atheist could not take an oath; and Mr. BRADLAUGH had avowed himself an Atheist. He moved, and Mr. FOWLER seconded, that Mr. BRADLAUGH having claimed to affirm, on the ground that the oath was not binding on his conscience, ought not now to be allowed to take it.

Mr. GLADSTONE reminded the House that this was a judicial question. A Select Committee was the proper tribunal to consider if the House had the power now claimed.

And then the House proceeded to show by a heated interchange of strong opinions that it was eminently unqualified for a judicial decision, and the debate was adjourned till Monday on Mr. O'DONNELL's motion, till Members could see in print the proposed reference to the proposed Committee.

Questions on the Indian Finance miscalculation of four millions. Lord HARTINGTON deprecated discussion till official explanations had been received and examined.

Mr. GRANT DUFF explained, that it was not intended to recall Sir BARTLE FRERE. Sensation.

(Mr. GLADSTONE, whispered Liberal Members, is at liberty to eat his own Midlothian Humble Pie—but does Government expect its supporters to swallow a big South-African specimen of the same unpalatable *pâté*?)

Then to the Report on the Address.

Mr. BALFOUR wanted to know if the screw was going to be put on the Porte, and the Anglo-Turkish Convention to be modified if not thrown over?

Mr. GLADSTONE said the music of a European Concert was the only sound likely to reach the deaf ear of Stamboul. Whatever the Government might think of the Convention, it was a binding instrument, and must be maturely considered, with a view to the harmony of the European orchestra.

Mr. O'DONNELL (who seems for the moment to have taken the wind out of the sails of Mr. PARNELL as Irish mischief-maker-general), said foolish things about Irish distress, warning the Government that if they backed Irish landlords in the assertion of their legal rights there would be wild work in Ireland this winter.

Mr. FORSTER said the first duty of the Government was to enforce the law, and see that the people obeyed it. Let Irish Members do their best to aid them. Let Irish landlords not be extreme to insist on their rights before next harvest, and the Government would do its best to prevent the recurrence of such suffering.

Mr. COURTNEY gave vent to the feelings of many on the Government side of the House on the non-recall of Sir BARTLE FRERE, and the acceptance of the policy of Annexation of the Transvaal.

Mr. GRANT-DUFF defended the Government. Sir B. FRERE was doing good and urgent work now, and a sharp eye would be kept on him. Annexation had been necessary to preserve peace and prevent civil war.

Mr. CHAPLIN said this was the biggest recantation that the Cabinet of recantations had yet given birth to.

Finally the Address was agreed to, and the House adjourned, after a lively night, at a quarter to two.

(The Government is clearly having its work cut out for it. Its supporters should have patience. But it is really too early to set them down to Humble Pie. No wonder they wince.)

Monday (Lords).—South Africa on the tapis.

Lord CARNARVON was glad the Government meant to stick to Confederation and Transvaal Annexation, but they must mind what they were about.

Lord KIMBERLEY would have been thankful if their predecessors had not left the Colonial Secretary such a troublesome South-African legacy, but they must make the best of it. The supremacy of the Crown must be maintained, and Confederation forwarded.

Lord NORTHBROOK officially announced the abandonment of all hope of the *Atalanta*, and the nomination of a Committee to inquire into her fitness at all points of structure and equipment for the service she had been sent on.

(*Commons*.)—Mr. LABOUCHERE gave notice of a Bill to smother the way for Brother BRADLAUGH.

Mr. MITCHELL HENRY, crying like Wisdom on the House-tops, proclaimed from the gallery how half the House had one point in common with the angels. When asked to sit down, they could only answer, as the cherub answered St. Cecilia, "*Hélas! nous n'avons pas de quoi*."

BRADLAUGH-bait resumed. The House, generally, very hot, heady, and excited, proving that the Collective Wisdom is anything but a competent tribunal for decision of

a judicial question in a case that outrages its feelings and insults its beliefs, and that Mr. GLADSTONE had taken the right course in referring the question to a Select Committee.

Sir H. WOLFE's Resolution was negatived by 289 to 214. The debate was adjourned for further consideration of the terms of reference.

Tuesday (Lords).—Petitions against the appointment of Lord RIPON, a Roman Catholic, as Governor-General of India, and Lord KENMARE (also a Roman Catholic) as Lord Chamberlain. Lord ORANMORE and BROWNE thinks that the gold key and the keys of St. Peter have no business on the same coat. Of course that high Protestant champion presented the petition.

(*Commons.*)—"How about P'logging in the Army?" asks Mr. J. COWEN (whom *Punch* congratulates on his recovery from the too effects of the affectionate squeeze of his rough Tyne-side constituents).

Mr. CHILDERS said they stood by Lord HARTINGTON's last year's opinion, but, before turning the cat out of the Provost-Marshall's kit, they must be provided with a substitute for the obnoxious animal.

Rampant cheering from the Opposition, exultant over every case in which the Government finds a stumbling-block in one of its inherited difficulties.

Mr. R. POWER in a facetious speech Moved the Adjournment over the Derby Day; and Sir WILFRID LAWSON also in a facetious speech opposed the Motion.

The irrepressible CHAPLAIN preached a sermon on the text, "All on the Downs." Half the horses that would start to-morrow, including the favourite, would carry Liberal colours.

Mr. CHILDERS said the only effect of not adjourning would be to keep the SPEAKER—*infelix Theseus!*—and the Clerks at the table with nothing to do but dream of the Downs from 12 to 4, and Sir WILFRID was defeated by 285 to 115.

The reference to the Bradlaugh Committee was enlarged, and then the House, gladly dropping that unsavoury subject, bore joyously away to the Cape.

Mr. FOWLER deprecated disarmament and harsh treatment of the hitherto loyal Basutos.

Mr. GLADSTONE, in furtherance of Mr. GRANT DUFF's Monday explanations, made the best case he could for the Basuto disarmament, which would be followed by a measure creating a Native Militia, for the acceptance by Government of their predecessors' policy in the Transvaal—which he had never, even in the heyday of Midlothian eloquence, promised to reverse—and for the non-recall of Sir BARTLE FRERE, now engaged in a special and all-important task—confederation. When that was settled, the Government would have to consider his position generally, and their duty in relation to him. Sir BARTLE was a high-minded man, and rather than keep his place with a rope round his neck, would, in all probability, save the Government further trouble by resigning (or so *Punch* reads between Mr. GLADSTONE's rather exuberant lines).

Rather than let the House come to the Deceased Wife's Sister, whom some Hon. Members appear to regard with only less horror than Mr. BRADLAUGH, Hon. Members were condemned to listen—no, not to listen, but to empty the benches—for several hours wearisome waste of wind over Land Titles and Transfer. After it had swallowed a long and strong dose of GREGORY's mixture, lasting for a good hour, Colonel MAKINS—who has the makings of an excellent Obstructive—took up the running with Mr. BERSFORD HOPE. At last, even the Colonel's discursiveness and the pleasures of HOPE being exhausted, the Motion was withdrawn, and the House received a thin sprinkling of Members to hear Earl PERCY move the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into Prehistoric Monuments, with a view to a satisfactory Ancient Monuments Bill, (as if the subject had not been threshed out thoroughly already by Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, his Select Committee, and the Society of Antiquaries.)

Poor Sir JOHN, whose Bill has been already eleven times before the House, was not there to rise a gallop on his pre-historic hobby; but the Motion served the purpose of stopping the way against the Deceased Wife's Sister, who was finally knocked into the middle of who knows what week, by the Kitchen Committee—of all the Wife's Sister's many foes! Thus by dint of all talking against time till half-past twelve, the Deceased Wife's Sister was put on the shelf—and Colonel MAKINS and Mr. A. B. HOPE made happy!

Wednesday.—The House was on the Hill, and the Grand Stand, taking and laying the odds, lunching, fizzing, and generally employing itself in the manner most unbecoming Collective Wisdom. But there are still cakes and ale, Sir WILFRID, and will be, when you are reduced to your pure elements of earth, air, and water. Yesterday all these elements, save the last, were to be had in abundance, and of first quality, on Epsom Downs.

Thursday (Lords).—*Punch* takes off his hat to the Lord Chancellor. Lord SELBORN has buried the Burials' row. In an excellent speech he introduced an excellent Bill, laying for ever, let us hope, this troublesome and ugly ghost of *Odium Theologicum* in grave-clothes. When this Bill becomes law, as it surely will, and the sooner the better, the dead may sleep in silence, or with such "Chris-

tian and orderly religious service" at the grave as their friends may think fit. Would not "orderly and religious" have sufficed?

(*Commons.*)—WHAALLEY's perturbed spirit will be relieved to hear that Lord RIPON, so far as Mr. GLADSTONE can find out, is not a Jesuit. (But—"quis custodiet custodes?"—asks the unquiet ghost of the late M. P. for Peterborough, "Who will assure me that Mr. GLADSTONE isn't one?")

Mr. GLADSTONE won't promise Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY that he shall have a new House of Commons built for him and his seatless fellows, right off. (It is true the present House is absurdly inconvenient; that it only seats a little more than 300 of its normal 658, and that rich as it is in mediæval heraldry and oak panelling, it is alike poor in acoustics and accommodation. Still a new House will cost a great deal. And we are so poor!) And those other fellows were so reckless!

Serjeant SIMON and Dr. CAMERON wanted to limit the privilege by which an early hat is allowed to do duty for an absent head. Mr. WALTER wanted a new House, more suited to the Times; but Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir W. BARTHELOTT thought that when the rush of green hands had subsided, there would be plenty of room for the normal amount of Collective Wisdom.

Mr. SHAW-LEFEBVRE reassured anxious Members about the composition of the Atalanta Committee, and the searching sweep of its inquiry.

Sir W. HARCOURT—whom *Punch* congratulates on the agility he has shown in availing himself of the Derby life-buoy—brought in the first instalment of Game Law Reform, in his Bill giving the occupier the concurrent and inalienable right to kill ground-game. Nobody seemed disposed to stand up for landlords' rights in "fur," though Mr. CHAPLIN characteristically thought that the effect of the measure would very likely be to increase the number of rabbits. But how will it be when we come to landlords' rights in "feather?"

THE WINK OF THE EYES AND THE TIP OF THE NOES.



R. R. POWER, the other day was kind enough to give the House of Commons a tip for the Derby. His "selection" ran second. This was not very surprising, as "the Devil" usually gets a good place at Epsom during the Summer Meeting. But the matter proceeding may form a precedent in the future, in which case we may expect to find in the Notice Paper a string of queries like the following:—

Questions.

MR. P. TAYLOR. To ask the Secretary of State for War if he is able, without injury to the requirements of the public service, to give the straight tip about the Royal Military Steeple Chase.

LORD HENRY LENNOX.

To ask the Chief Secretary for Ireland if he knows of any Celtic player good enough to win the Lawn-Tennis Championship at Wimbledon.

MR. SAMUEL MORLEY. To ask the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs a question about certain entries for the Grand Prize at the Paris Races.

MR. JACOB BRIGHT. To ask the Vice-President of the Council whether he can give any information to the House as to the probable form of the Elevens in the coming Eton and Harrow match.

Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS. To ask the First Lord of the Admiralty if he would object to the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the feasibility of improving the arrangements as to course and time of starting of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race.

And Sir WILFRID LAWSON. To ask the Secretary of State for India whether he can recommend anything in his stable as really safe for a place in the Leger.

CULPA NOSTRA.—*Punch* has been too quick to acknowledge a mistake and accept a correction. It was to the Authoress of *Adam Bede*, after all, that a Cross Matrimonial was awarded, on the 5th ult. at St. George's, Hanover Square.



SIMILIA SIMILIBUS.

EFFIE READS ABOUT TADPOLES, AND WONDERS WHAT ON EARTH THE HORRID
LITTLE CREATURES CAN REALLY BE LIKE !

OUR SUNDAY—(DOWN EAST).

N.B.—Permission to include these lines in the Programme
of any Sabbatarian Penny Reading may be obtained
from Mr. Punch.

WHICH is the day that *should* be blest,
And to the weary, work-opprest,
Bring wholesome pleasure, peace, and rest?
Our Sunday.

Yet which the day of all the seven
To our sour lives adds sourer leaven,
And leaves poor folk most far from heaven?
Our Sunday.

When gutter-brats of tender years,
What filled our childish souls with fears
Of father's curses, mother's tears?
Our Sunday.

What makes the sound of prayer and praise,
Heard 'mid our foul and filthy ways,
Like echoes of an empty phrase?
Our Sunday!

What day down East,—where day's half night,
While West-End wealth enjoys the light,—
Most feeds the public's frowze and fight?
Our Sunday!

What, when the week's toil stills its din,
Proclaims each simple pleasure sin,
And, preaching grace, provideth gin?
Our Sunday!

What, when we strive up from our sink,
Our souls with nobler things to link,
Bars all,—but one bar labelled *drink*?
Our Sunday!

And, when of this world we are clear,
What is it, in another sphere,
Won't be flung at us, as 'twas here?
Our Sunday!

OPPOSITION GLOSS.—Polematic Language:—Language
used to bring Voters to the Poll.

"THAT'S THE WAY THE MONEY GOES."

THE Annual Debate on the Vote for Secret Service failed to reveal all the mysteries of this mysterious Fund. Those who crave for further information on the subject should master the following details, which will give them some idea of the sort of service which year by year is rewarded and encouraged out of the public money. For obvious reasons initials only are given in some of the cases.

Cost of the chronometer (the very best that could be manufactured) presented by the G—t to S—r P—L, Esq., in gratitude for his services in resigning his seat for D—y in favour of Sir W—m H—T.

Cost of presents sent out per Right Hon. G. J. G—n to the principal inmates of the H—m of the S—n of T—y, to induce them to influence H. M. to give a favourable hearing to the propositions of the A—r E—y. The presents included Worcester china, Honiton lace, Paisley shawls, large selections from the stocks of Messrs. HOWELL AND JAMES, and HUNT AND ROSKELL, sets of lawn tennis and croquet, complete sets of the works of Lord B—d and Mr. G—E, and a varied assortment of sweetmeats from Messrs. FORTNUM AND MASON.

Cost of a complimentary present of a hogshead of the very strongest Barton Ale to P—E B—K.

Expenses of Detectives employed to ascertain the exact amount of damage done by hares and rabbits, both by day and night, on certain selected farms in England and Wales, under the personal supervision of the H—E S—Y.

Opera-boxes, bouquets, and baskets of early strawberries, for the female relatives of wavering supporters of the G—t, on the eve of important divisions.

Cherry brandy, feathers, costumes of beads, materials for crewel work, and a selection of the best Blue-books for doubtful Natives of South Africa.

As douceurs to Afghan Sirdars—refrigerators, dust-coats, dry champagne, pale ale, mineral-waters, blue and white china, and ingots of bullion from the vaults of the Bank of England.

We could say much more; but this, surely, will suffice to open the eyes, and close the purses of the poor tax-payers!

DIARY OF THE BRITISH FARMER OF THE FUTURE.

MONDAY.—Hard at work in the Mulberry Plantation. Consulted the Government Inspector about the threatened plague amongst the silk-worms.

Tuesday.—Got in the Rose harvest. Prepared the stills for the distillation of next year's Otto.

Wednesday.—Spent the day amongst the imported grapes, superintending the mixture of native perry and cider with Peninsular produce.

Thursday.—Tried my new process for milking by machinery. The cows, to my satisfaction, seemed readily accustomed to the noise of the apparatus.

Friday.—Took a ride through the ground I still reserve for the growth of oats and barley. The straw counts for something, but I think I shall put the soil to a more profitable use next year.

Saturday.—Went up to the County town to do some marketing. Brought home next week's stock of foreign flour and meat for home consumption.

Sunday.—Drove to church. Spent the afternoon in writing to my sons now settled as old-fashioned British farmers in America.

Copyheads for Voters that Will Be.

A CLEAR conscience lasts longer than a bread-and-beef ticket. Welcome the Electioneering Agent, but do not burn his coals. Wish everyone's good health, but drink nobody's.

You can show your respect for your party flag without dressing your wife in it.

The sixpence that buys a single vote will sometimes sell a whole borough.

Accept the Candidate's assurance, but refuse his new hat. Never sell your political birth-right for a gallon of porter. Tell the truth and astonish the Commission.

NOT SO EASY.—What *shall* we do with "OUIDA"?—Weed Her!



A PRACTICAL APPLICATION.

Lecturer (on the Classical Essayists of the Last Century—most interesting): "WE TALK OF FOOD FOR THE MIND, AS WELL AS OF FOOD FOR THE BODY,—NOW A GOOD BOOK——"

Sporting Man (interrupting—he found it rather slow): "'EAR, 'EAR!—ANY GENT WANT TO DO ANYTHINK OVER THE HASOOT CUP?!"

CERTAINLY NOT!

MR. PUNCH, who, ever solicitous for the health and recreation of his poorer pent-up brethren, has for some time past had his eye on the iron railings that shut off from any public use, or, indeed, so far as he can see, from any use whatever, the pleasant freshness of Lincoln's Inn Fields, has been favoured by a "Benevolent Bench-er" with the following excellent reasons for suffering things to remain as they are. The public, he urges, should not have access to the Square—

Because they will be far more at home in Clare-Market;
Because, if they want fresh air, they have only got to walk as far as Battersea Park for it;
Because how are solicitors of eminence to carry on their business within hearing of the voices of little children at play, and more particularly the little children of a densely peopled neighbourhood;
Because if the place is invaded by nursery-maids, local barristers will find it impossible to keep up their afternoon practice at cricket;
Because there will be nothing to prevent a couple of military bands from playing daily in the centre from one to seven;
Because it is the only spot in London where the Master of the Rolls can catch butterflies in his robes without attracting notice;
Because the expense of keeping the walks in order will be bringing the Honourable Society continually into the County Court;
Because the Authorities can not possibly spare a couple of policemen to look after what goes on in the gardens of the ground;
Because Judges in Chambers will no longer be able to grow their own mignonette;
And lastly, because that Radical, *Mr. Punch*, is at the bottom of it.

A CHANGE FOR THE TURKS.

SIR JOHN STRACHEY, having thoroughly mastered the principles of Oriental Finance, has offered his services to the SULTAN to restore the balance of revenue and expenditure in Turkey.

A DANGEROUS ECONOMY.

THERE still remain Railway Directors whom fatal accidents have not yet induced to provide their carriages with the necessary safeguard of

"CONTINUOUS FOOTBOARDS.—Major F. A. MARINDIN, R.E., has reported to the Board of Trade the result of his inquiry as to an accident which occurred on the 29th of March at Camden Town Station, on the North London Railway."

That is to say, an accident whereby a man only twenty-six years old—therefore presumably agile enough—in alighting from a second-class carriage, fell between the train and the platform, and sustained such injuries that he died of them in a few hours. The accident which killed him was a preventable one, *teste* Major MARINDIN:—

"This is an accident which would not have occurred if the carriages had been fitted with a continuous footboard in place of the upper steps, and I trust that this fatality will induce the company to reconsider the recommendation which I made when reporting on a very similar fatal accident which occurred at Haggerstone Station on the 21st of August, 1878, and to make this alteration to all their stock."

Let us earnestly hope, for the sake of Directors more solicitous about dividends than their passengers' safety, that Major MARINDIN will never, in consequence of another "fatality," have to recapitulate the above statement in evidence on a trial in an Assize Court of offenders forewarned of homicidal negligence.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT (*not likely to be abolished, whatever Mr. Bright may say*).—Investing in worthless Securities.

ONE PADDY WHO FINDS HOME-RULE TOO MUCH FOR HIM.—The Padishah!

AFTER THE RACES.—The real Derby Drags:—Headaches and Empty Purses!



AN INVIDIOUS GROWL.

Lucy. "WHO'S THAT GRAND-LOOKING LADY TALKING TO MR. TODGESON, PAPA?"
 Papa. "HAVEN'T AN IDEA, MY LOVE! NEVER SAW HER GRACE IN MY LIFE!"

Lucy. "'HER GRACE'? HOW CAN YOU TELL SHE'S A DUCHESS, PAPA?"
 Papa (who, perhaps, is not on speaking terms with Duchesses). "BY TODGESON'S BACK!"

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

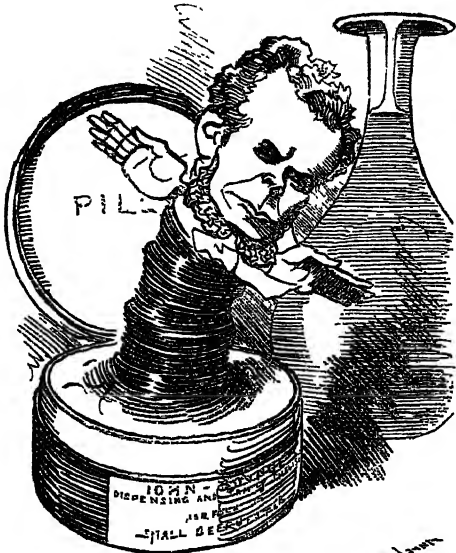
BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "The Chronicles of Barsellshire," "Beerjester Brewers," "The Halfway House at Aleinton," "Thorley Farm for Cattle," "Family Parsonage," "The Prying Minister," "Pearls Before Swine, or, Who Used His Diamonds?" "Rub the Hair," "The Way We Dye Now," "Fishy Fin," "Fishyas Wilduz," "Dr. Thorne and David James," "Star and Garter, Richmond," "Rachel Hooray!" "The Jellies of Jelly," "The Bertrams and Roberts," "Lady Pye-Anna," "Tails of All Creatures," "Arny 'Otspur," "Mary Greasily," "Vicar of Pullbaker," "McDermott of Balladsingerun," "Can't You Forget Her?" "He Knew He Could Write," &c., &c.

CHAPTER II.

A REFORMER.



HERE is living in Small-Beerjester a young man, surgeon, apothecary, and general medical practitioner, named JOHN BOUNCE; and as JOHN BOUNCE will occupy much of our attention, we must endeavour to explain who he is, why he is, where he is, what he is doing, why he is doing it, and why he doesn't do anything else but what I make him do.

JOHN BOUNCE determined to settle, himself and everybody else, in Small-Beerjester, and had put up in his window three enormous glass

bottles filled with different coloured liquids, a plate on his door with "JOHN BOUNCE," &c. on it, and on each side of the door a shining bell-handle, with "Night Bell" on one, and "Day Bell" on the other, all made out of his superfluous brass, of which he invariably kept a stock ready on hand. The Cathedral dignitaries were highly disgusted with the plate at the door, it having been considered their prescriptive right from time immemorial to have a plate at the Cathedral door only. The Archbeacon himself was highly incensed; but, as for an Anglican clergyman to be incensed at all savoured strongly of Ritualism, Dr. OVERWAYTE smothered the flame that had been awakened in his ecclesiastical breast.

At this time JOHN BOUNCE has been three years in Small-Beerjester, and, I believe, is highly popular with the liberal, or free-thinking, portion of the community, whom he is always treating; doctoring them for nothing when they are quite well; generously giving away dozens of fine old crusted black draught which he has had in bottle for years; and distributing, on the Derby day, Epsom salts to all who are going to the Races; and without regard to creed, or opinion, he treats Dissenters for dysentery, and Presbyters for presbytery, and only charges the canons for the occasional powder with which he supplies them. He has, I may be allowed to add, been elected a member of the Small-Beerjester Town Club, and has exercised his rights as a committee-man and an apothecary, by "pilling" all the opposition practitioners. He has been heard to say that nothing will succeed in Small-Beerjester but strong drastic measures; that the old Cathedral community wants a thorough purging of all its abuses; and that his motto, both as reformer and apothecary, must be "*Aperientia dicitur*."

No wonder that Dr. OVERWAYTE should stigmatise JOHN BOUNCE as a demagogue; and I, for one, can certainly excuse the Archbeacon for flaring up at the notion of such a firebrand within the shadow of Small-Beerjester Cathedral.

Archbeacon OVERWAYTE has all the angularity of an ancient Saint in the side-light of a stained-glass window with all the insularity of a modern English Bishop. He is always the same. A classic—nay,

one would almost be tempted to say,—a Homeric figure; but, unlike HOMER, the Archbeacon never nods—he invariably bows, and that with such an air that people would mistake him for an Archbishop instead of an Archbeacon, and allude to "his grace."

The Archbeacon never committed the fatal mistake of allowing anyone to see him out of his ecclesiastical dress. Even his wife had never, as yet, experienced that sudden shock to her faith which, in the majority of instances, must follow upon the first glimpse of a great divine in his *robe de nuit*. The Archbeacon had invented a sleeping costume which he termed his "knightly attire," and in this, "armed," as he said, "nightcap-à-pied," he represented the Church Militant.

How many of us does not the ecclesiastical costume—the everyday apparel—of an Archdeacon, a Dean, a Bishop, or an Archbishop inspire with a secret reverential awe? We may not choose to acknowledge it, and we may pretend that we do not care a button for the Dean's gaiters; or we may be inclined to make disparaging remarks as to the maker of the Bishop's hat; but we are dazzled by the sheen of their polished shovels, which reminds us of what a Frenchman would allude to as "their knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew *Tongs*," and would represent to the mind of a Biblical scholar the brilliant gloss on many a hard text. Their very gaiters are in themselves eloquent sermons on the fatted calf; their clean white ties are symbolical of the purity of their domestic bonds; their collars, shirt-fronts (when visible), and snowy wristbands suggest sublime thoughts of the surplice population; and their aprons, whether episcopal or archidiaconal, teach us the salutary lesson that we are yet children, and must never separate ourselves from the apron-strings of Mother Church. Yet were any of us to meet an Archdeacon, or an Archbishop, in a Turkish bath, should we not chatter and laugh before him, make remarks on the heat of the place, point out that he might go further—that is, to the third room—and fare worse; and even offer him a cigarette, without recognising his archidiaconal or archiepiscopal character? In the Paradisaic condition of bathers at the Hammam could any of us distinguish between a Curate and a Cabdriver, a Bishop and a Butcher, a Prebendary and a Policeman? Be this as it may, it is certain that the Archbeacon of Small Beerjester had never given occasion for the slightest diminution of that reverential awe which, whether in private or public, the female Archbeacon—or Archbeaconess—should invariably feel, and display, in the presence of her husband. Everyone, from the Bishop of Small-Beerjester down to the sexton's boy, feared the Archbeacon—everyone, that is, excepting the Bishop's better half, to whom I shall presently have the pleasure of introducing my readers.

"My dear," said the Archbeacon to his wife, as he drew off his hose at night, "I wish I were a fireman."

"Why?" asked Mrs. OVERWAYTE, drowsily, from under the bed-clothes. At that moment had the Archbeacon expressed a wish to be a waterman, or a Baptist, it would hardly have aroused her dormant energies.

"Because," replied the Archbeacon, stocking in hand, "with my hose I should extinguish JOHN BOUNCE, once and for ever."

"Extinguish fiddlesticks, you old Archfoegey!"—(Mrs. OVERWAYTE was never much more familiar than this in addressing her husband)—"It's more likely that JOHN BOUNCE is the fireman, and not you."

"How is that, my dear?" inquired Dr. OVERWAYTE, evidently perplexed by his wife's observation.

"Why, you Archnoodle!"—(she was never more familiar than this with her husband)—"aren't you the Arch-beacon, and haven't you been utterly put out by JOHN BOUNCE? Yah! Shoo fly! Don't bother me!" And she snuggled her head under the pillow, as the Archbeacon muttered something to himself in praise of Othello's conduct towards Desdemona in the last scene of that exquisite play.

"Bless her!" murmured the Doctor to himself. He was evidently much put beside himself, but he had a greater trial yet in store for him, for in another moment he would have to put himself beside her.

The Archbeacon, as I have already said, was not a bad man, but he did not love JOHN BOUNCE, who, it was more than whispered, had already taken steps to inquire into the administration of the Cathedral revenues as well as that of Deedler's Trust, which, from a mere few hundreds a year has gradually swelled into some thousands.

It had occurred to Mr. JOHN BOUNCE to ask himself why the Reverend SIMONY SIMPLER should hold the important post as well as the important gold knob'd stick of the Beadle, and also receive the emoluments of Chief Verger, Percentor, Precentor, Organist, Organ-blower, Head Sexton, and Master of Deedler's Foundation, when, at best, he should merely be the Beadle—an office which had been done away with in most Cathedral towns, and only remained as an exceptional privilege in Small-Beerjester—and not even in orders.

JOHN BOUNCE at once went to his lawyer, Mr. FISBY. He had no great respect for this gentleman; but Mr. FISBY, who, as a solicitor, had no chance of ever sitting on the Judges' Bench, was well up in the ordinary forms of law. JOHN BOUNCE only wanted a lawsuit from

his lawyer, just as he did a walking-suit from his tailor, because he couldn't make it so well himself.

"I'm going to attack the Cloth, FISHY," said JOHN BOUNCE—alluding to the Small-Beerjester clergy.

"The Cloth, by all means—just the very stuff for a suit," said the



acquiescing FISHY. Then he advised several letters at six-and-eight-pence apiece (reduction on taking a quantity) to TYTHE, MINT, CUMMIN & Co., the ecclesiastical attorneys who had charge of old JEREMIAH DREDLER's will and the original deeds of the Foundation Trust.

In the meantime a great deal had been going on in Small-Beerjester between the Bishop, Mrs. DOWDIE his wife, the Arch-bishop, and Mrs. Arch-bishop, Mr. SIMONY SIMPLER, and his remaining daughter, Miss MORLEENA. But important and essential to this history as was every word uttered, yet it is a matter for thankfulness to the writer, the publisher, *their* reader, and *my* readers, that it is impossible to relate everything done and said by the heroes and heroines, or how could any novel be written under at least twenty volumes, which, were I once at work with my pen in my hand, would be no more trouble to me than playing a dozen games of whist with a clever partner, and inferior opponents, or than following the hounds on a thoroughly trained weight-carrier,—yet unless my employers had bound themselves to pay for my labour at so much a volume, without limit as to quantity, pages, or size of type, I should simply be wasting my time, without proportionately contributing to the pleasure of the readers of my novels, who agree with my publisher's opinion, and consequently with my own, in sticking to the principle of "One novel down, t'other come on," "A short book, and a merry one," "A quick burst over an easy country, a kill, a find, and away we go again with a fresh fox!"

In the present case, so little have I overheard of all that was said in Small-Beerjester, that I live in hopes of finishing my work at full gallop, with a running pen, dashing over the paper as hard as I can go, never losing the scent, and being well up at the finish of my task somehow, anyhow, in about eight chapters at most, completing in a short time that pleasantest of all well-remunerated literary jobs—a Novel in one Volume—when three were expected!

From Editor of Novel Co. Limited to Anthony Dollop, Esq.

EXCUSE me, Mr. ANTHONY GALLOP—I should say DOLLOP—but the Novel Company, on whose behalf I made the engagement, distinctly expected from you a three-volume Novel. You'll excuse me, Sir, but that was the understanding.

Yours sincerely,

Ed. (for Novel Co. Limited).

From A. D. to Ed. of Novel Co. Limited.

"Twasn't so nominated in the Bond. Was it, hey? If your Company distinctly expected it, why didn't they distinctly express it? Hey? Understandings are never understood. So much was agreed on for my Novel. That's all I ask for, and what I mean to have.

Yours, A. D.

From Ed. of Novel Co. Limited.

THE Publisher won't touch it under three volumes. The Company admit that the number of volumes was not expressly stated, but hope you'll be guided, as a Court of Law would be, by precedent and custom.

Yours affectionately, in your own best interests,

Ed. (of Novel Co. Limited).

A. D. to Ed. of Novel Co. Limited.

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A. D.

From Editor of Novel Co. Limited to Anthony Dollop, Esq.

IF we don't "cut it up" the critics will. Really, to publish a novel of yours

in three Tom Thumb volumes with spelling-book print, would be too ridiculous. You can't be serious. At least, you *can* be serious, but you're not now. You don't see the matter with our eyes. Come, my dear DOLLOP, be amenable, and I'll try to get the Company to order another in five volumes. Come.

Yours most warmly,

Ed. (of Novel Co. Limited).

From A. D. to Editor of Novel Co. Limited.

THEY can do as they like about ordering more novels in more volumes. No matter how many volumes—it's *all one* to me. I'm not to be gammoned. As to critics "cutting up," they never cut *me* up. Can't. Nothing to cut up, but plenty to swallow at a gulp. As to seeing "the matter with your eyes"—bless your eyes! I see everything through my own specs.—the only specs I go in for, as I only work on a certainty. That's best, hey? Don't bother me, and take the goods the gods provide.

Yours certainly, A. D.

LOCAL OPTION AND OPIUM.

MR. PUNCH, YER ONNER,

LAST Nite I drempt a curious Dreem. I drempt I was at a Quaker's Meetin—that there Sittin' of wot they calls their "Yearly" eld the other day about the Opium Question, wen the Sperrit moved Sir EDDARD FRY, Mr. PEASE, M.P., and other Friends, to old forth on the orrible consequences of Opium in Chiney, and what a Shame it is for the Hanglo-Hingian Guvment to incurridge growin and importin of that there Pernishus, pisonus, and pestiferus Drugg among the pore Chinees.

I drempt as I was goin away hoo should I meat but' BILL GLADSTONE. "ULLO, BILL," sez I to im. "ULLO, BONNY," e sez to me. "Now then, BILL," I sez to him, I sez, "there's NED FRY and JOE PEASE and a lot more of them Quakers a goin to Deputation you about this 'ere Opium and Chinees business. Now then:—wy do the Chinyemen ruin their constitooshuns, body and mind, by stultifyin themselves with Opium?" "Wy?" sez BILL, and e thinks a minit, "Give it up," e sez, fancyin as ow I was axin of im a Ridle. "Cause wy," I sez, "they ain't a got no Beer nor Sperrits to drink, but only Tee, and doesn't injy their proper propotion of Intosticatin lickors. That's wy," "Well," e sez (I drempt all this ere, mind yer), "praps there's somethink in that." "Ah, isn't there just!" I sez. "Wot sed Frend FRY only jest now? That Sir TOMMAS WADE, Brittish Ambassador to Chiney as wos, declares the abit of usin Opium 'more degradin and more opeless than even inwetterate gin-drinkin.' Werry much the wus of the two, I should say." "Praps 'tis," sez BILL. "Now," I sez, "wot if they wos to partake of gin, or any other olesome sperritehus Lickers in modderation? Praps they'd leave off goin to ixcess in Opium to the same ixtent?" "Praps they would," sez GLADSTONE, "but I should say chepe Claret would be better for them than gin, which they're a economical people." "Blow yer chepe Claret!" I sez. "Yer don't call that a Intosticatin Licker, do yer? No. It ain't the strength fit to be a suckseedanium for Opium. Wot they wants is somethink short, or anyways beer." "Wotever it is," sez BILL, "it must be a matter of private interprize—mishonary interprise, eh, BONNY?" "Right you are," sez I, "but talk of mishonaries, wot did I ear jest now? That Prince KUNG, the Chinees Prime Minister, ditto to you, BILL, should say, 'Take away from us your opium and your mishonaries.'" "Well," BILL sez, "it is too bad, sartinly, a sendin of 'em opium and mishonaries too." "Send 'em the rite mishonaries and the rite stuff," I sez. "Gin and true religion," he sez. "Right you are agin, BILL," I sez.

"No, no, BONNY," sez BILL, "that's a comin' of it a leetle too strong. But I so fur goes with you, that I don't know but what privation of liquors may leastways wery possible drive people to Opium. 'Cause why, for instance there's them unspeakable Turks, as that duffer MAHOMET forbid to take wine." "That's wot makes 'em so unspeakable," I sez. "But now, BILL, look here. Jest you pint out all that there, the terrible effex of Opium as atends teatotalism, and the shockin' sperritual Destitootion of sich unappy Abstinence nations as the Mommetans and Chinees, and mind and face it wel into the Eds of Onnoble Members bimeby, wen your Carlisle Frend, WILFRID the Waterman, brings foward his blessed Local Hopson Bil in the Ouse of Commons."

So sayin', on a Suddent I awoak with a start, and, lo and beold yer, it wos all a Dreem! Here endeth the Wision of your obegient umble Servant to command,

BONIFACE BACCHUS BUNG.

Advice Gratis.

(A Nursery Rhyme for Stranded Managers.)

JACKS and JILLS

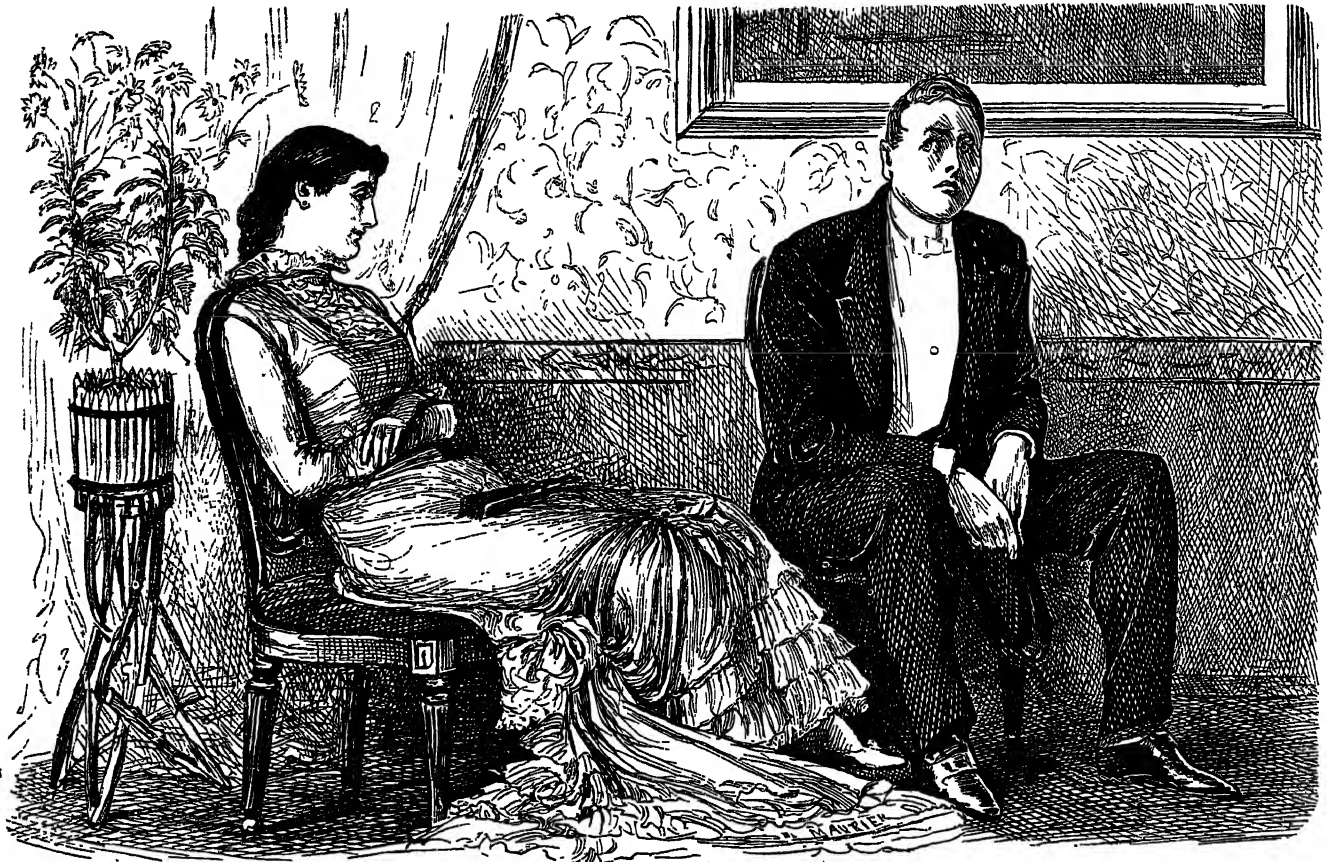
Won't fill your tills,

However much you vapour.

So take it down,

And save the town

From floods of useless "paper."



BREAKING AN AWKWARD SILENCE.

Mrs. Montague Smart (suddenly, to bashful Youth, who has not opened his lips since he was introduced to her a quarter of an hour ago). "AND NOW LET US TALK OF SOMETHING ELSE!"

OLD BOOTS.

John Bull. Well, WILLIAM, and what do you think of them now, This same pair of boots you've so long been abusing? Speak up, man. D'ye think you can manage, somehow, To furnish them up into fitness for using?

William (eyeing them dubiously). Well—ahem!—hardly know—don't quite like to decide

Till I've given the pair a complete overhauling. They are not quite the work I should look on with pride. Their maker was not too expert at his calling.

John Bull. Humph! You're getting quite mealy-mouthed; you late so loud

In declaring that BEN was the veriest botcher.

William. Why you see times have changed. I've no wish to seem proud.

For your custom's return I have long been a watcher; I knew it must come; but, the change being made, What need to keep on pitching into my rival?

John Bull. Why, none, to be sure. Only chaps in the trade, Who hold you of th' unfittest a case of survival, Declare that, despite of the shindy you raised, You are now going in for their stuff and their measures.

William. Pooh! don't you believe them. The fellows are crazed At losing your custom which everyone treasures. There's nothing like Liberal Leather for wear, And nothing like Liberal Cut for good fit, Sir. These boots—well, of course it won't do to go bare, But you'll find it all right if you'll just wait a bit, Sir.

John Bull. Whilst you patch and repair? That's but cobbling, at best.

Is that quite what you promised when out, my stout Crispin?

William (cheerily). Of course not! (Regarding boots contemptuously.)

By Jove! were these boots, now, the best BEN could find you to wade and chase Will-o'-the-Wisp in? Too bad! Why they've not even water-tight soles; The stitching is poor and the uppers are perished;

The tops too, though tawdry, are riddled with holes. Too long, my dear BULL, you that cobbler had cherished. 'Tis well you have sacked him.

John Bull. But what will you do?

That's more to the point, I imagine.

William. Precisely.

To make a new pair that are worthy of you Must take me some time, so I think you'll do wisely To wear these meanwhile. I will touch up the tops, Patch the soles here and there, stitch this split upper leather: Can't alter their shape, they will always be slops; But they'll do for awhile just to keep out the weather. Meantime I must put you a new pair in hand.

I've the length of your foot, and your old last is handy.

John Bull. That's right; but I hope you will quite understand,

Though I like a neat fit just as much as a dandy,

I cannot stand pinching! Verb. sap., my dear WILL.

William. I twig. Give me time, and I'll suit you, I warrant,

Only do not believe I'm devoting my skill

Just to copy BEN's botchings—that's fudge the most arrant.

IN THE THEATRE.

(Oxford Commemoration Questions. By One of the Non-initiated)

Is this the Sheldonian, or a cheap Aquarium?
 Why do they request the Vice-Chancellor to sing a comic song?
 Is the gallery rented by out-patients of a lunatic asylum?
 Will the winner of the Newdigate Prize really dance a break-down?
 Are those split-peas pattering on the Senior Proctor's forehead?
 Do the Ladies in yellow really object to three cheers?
 Why are all the jokes over thirty years old?
 Do you think the Gentleman who is reading the Latin Essay could manage "My Grandfather's Clock?"
 Are the Distinguished Foreign Visitors likely to make head or tail of the whole thing?
 Is any one much the better for it?



OLD BOOTS.

COBBLER WILLIAM. "A BAD CUT, AND POOR STUFF, MR. BULL, BUT WE MUST MAKE THE BEST OF 'EM! WE CAN PATCH THE HOLES—AND GIVE 'EM A NEW SOLE—AND TOUCH UP THE TOPS A BIT! MEAN-
WHILE, WE MUST GET ANOTHER PAIR IN HAND. I'VE THE *LENGTH OF YOUR FOOT!!*"

THE ASCOT MEETING.

(By Mr. Punch's "Society" Reporter.)



ON the occasion of this important gathering there was, as usual, a very strong field. All the best county stables were represented, and a large contingent arrived from town. Most of the colts had been beautifully groomed before putting in an appearance, and a large proportion of the fillies were as fresh as paint. The following were the principal events of the first day's racing:—

BEAUTY SELLING STAKES. (Two Seasons Old Course.)

Lady Matchmaker's Lovely Girl, by Innocence out of Leading-Strings	1	} Dead heat.
Viscount Rowdyboy's Proposal by Courage, out of Unlimited Champagne,	1	
Mrs. Brazen-Face's Rouge-Dragon	3	
Mrs. Snowdrop's Pearl-Powder	4	

Eight others ran.

Betting. 10 to 1 bar one.

Rouge-Dragon and Pearl-Powder were the first to make the running, leaving Innocence quite in the back-ground. Proposal got off badly, and seemed inclined to play the rogue. Nearing home Rouge-Dragon and Pearl-Powder were found to want staying power as was expected, and were easily beaten by Innocence, who came in with a rush, having evidently been carefully trained by her owner. Proposal cleverly caught up the favourite at the post, and turned the race into a dead-heat. The final contest has been arranged to come off after the St. George's (Hanover Square) Meeting. Rouge-Dragon and Pearl-Powder a bad third and fourth. The rest beaten off.

THE SECOND-RATE FLIRTATION PLATE.

Mrs. Grass Widow's Impudence by Licence out of Bounds	1
Mr. Tenterfour's Fascination by Gallantry out of Office Hours	2
Miss Bridget's Coquetry by Butter out of Middle Age	3

Betting.—2 to 1 on Impudence, 25 to 1 against Gallantry, 500 to 1 against Coquetry.

Impudence maintained the lead from the first, and won by several lengths. Fascination, although placed second, found the pace much too strong for him, and Coquetry walked in with the crowd. The rest of the field were lost. It was universally admitted that the competitors in this race were of very little value.

THE MONEY BAGS HANDICAP (Eighteen Hundredth Year).

Lord Chalkstone's Needy Earl by Blue Blood out of Credit	1
Mr. Cotton Lord's Heiress by Cash out of the Gutter	2

Betting.—1000 to 1 on Needy Earl.

This was a very hollow match. The remainder of the entries were so heavily weighted that they never even showed at the start. As a matter of fact Needy Earl might have walked over, as it was well known that the Heiress had passed into the hands of Lord Chalkstone by private arrangement.

LATEST BETTING ON THE COURSE.

THE GOLDEN RING (with a Tile and £20,000 a-year added).

2 to 1 on Sister to Crosses (w.)
25 — 1 against Milliner's Pride (t. and off.)
50 — 1 — Venus Unadorned.
100 — 1 — Fat and Forty.

THE HEARTH AND HOME STAKES. (A Selling Handicap.)

1000 to 1 against Professional Beauty (offered—no takers).

IN MEMORIAM.

James Robinson Blanché,

SOMERSET-HERALD,

POET, DRAMATIST, AND ARCHÆOLOGIST.

Born in London, February 29, 1796. Died in Chelsea, May 30, 1880.

I SEEK the humble house in which he died,
The quiet street stirred with unwonted stream
Of friendly equipage and funeral pride
Of black coach, black-plumed hearse, and sable team.

I cross the narrow passage, to the room
Where he fought out life's latest, hardest fight,
And through the darkened windows' decent gloom
Mark how about the coffin all is bright:

A gleam of pomp and pageant at the last,—
Collar of eses, tabard, hat, and sword,
Laid on the bier—insignia of the past,
With his life's best-loved labour in accord.

And marks of friendship, old but not outworn,
Crosses and crowns of pure and fragrant flowers;
Fit garnish for his coffin, as 'tis borne,
Through smile of sun, and kindly fall of showers.

His life lay half i' the dim and dusty past,
Among old books, arms, buildings, records, plays,—
Grey wreckage by time's tideless sea up-cast,
To tell of earlier sailors and their ways;

Half in the theatre's full light of mirth,
Helping the clouds of work-day care to chase,
Bringing the welcome brood of fun to birth,
To old-world legends lending a new grace.

Herald and humorist—party-per-pale,
Of solid learning, deep in arms and arts,
And lightest lore of farce and fairy tale;
And for his cognisance a Heart of Hearts,

That while he ministered to mirth abroad,
Still kept the hearth of love alight at home:
As husband, father, winning unsought land;
Not his the motto, "At Rome as at Rome."

Duty's stern rule he laid down for himself,
Though meeting it for others with free hand;
Liberal of labour, never keen for pelf,
A life that in the fullest light could stand

And fear no challenge, 'twas so pure and brave,
Unselfish, and unenvious, and true;
None knew but loved him, who so freely gave
To whoso sought, of all he had and knew.

He saw his children's children, growing old
With young lives and young loves about his knee;
And when on those he loved life's storms beat cold,
There was his heart and hearth, and there was he,

Prompt from earned rest to turn to toil again,
As hard in age's eve as manhood's day;
Happy that well-spent life had left clear brain,
Strong with strength trained in duty's rugged way.

Heaven spared and stayed him, while he did its best;
And his long even drew serenely down,
Still working—and his last was of his best—
With love and honour his grey head to crown:

And if pain laid sore pinch on him at last,
He had his brighter times, when to old mood
Of sunshine out of sickness' shade he past
To a life's close, unvexed of fret or feud.

Not one unkindly thought is in the train
That follows the old herald to his grave:
His work will live, though light, of flawless grain—
Diamond dust, that time shall sift and save.

PAYS-SANS-DIEU TONGUES (with Sir H. Tyler's compliments).—
Those that dare say a word for BRADLAUGH.

GREY SHIRTINGS (latest quotation).—Manchester to Bombay,
"Learn to labour, and to weight."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PUNCH should have noted, last week, a brief note, but with a big echo, that rang through the dark vaults of Corporation Castle. It was GLADSTONE the Giant-killer sounding the horn of inquiry and rousing the Giant Sentinels of the Civil Hold wherein the ancient and quiet Livery Companies hold high festival! Has the Hour come, and the Man? It was not for nothing that the City said, "No" to him and his at the General Election.

*Friday, May 28 (Lords).—*To Lord ORANMORE and BROWNE once more nagging at Lord RIPON, Lord NAPIER of Ettrick and Lord NORTHBROOK showed somewhat superfluously from the stand-points of an ex-Governor of Madras, and an ex-Governor-General, how far apart from the battlefield of sectarian strife lay the domain of Indian Vice-Royalty.

*(Commons).—*A long wait, followed by a rush of questioners.

Sir CHARLES DILKE could fortunately set the perturbed spirit of Mr. LABOUCHERE at rest, by the assurance that England was under no extra-Parliamentary engagements to any foreign Power.

Mr. CHAPLIN might take it that Mr. GLADSTONE HAD called the Anglo-Turkish Convention an "insane instrument." But then the instrument was in the European Concert, and must be taken into account in the orchestra, sane or insane.

A long and barren fight over the composition of the Bradlaugh Committee. The Opposition, who have eleven to the Government dozen, besides two Home-Rulers, complain, *mirabile dictu*, by the Liberal lips of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, that the Committee includes only two Nonconformists, one Catholic, and no Scotchman. Considering that their own eleven numbers ten English Churchmen, and an ex-Irish Attorney-General, while the Government dozen includes three Non-conformists, one Roman-Catholic, one Jew, and one Member for a Scotch Borough, though not a Scotchman, Mr. G. O. TREVELYAN—"Caledonia ipsis Caledonia"—this complaint is rather cool. Though the Motion for adjournment, moved by Sir H. D. WOLFF, and seconded by Sir BALDWIN LEIGHTON—"Arcades ambo"—was defeated by 256 to 100, the Irreconcilables mean to have another hammer at it on Monday, before the Opposition Eleven, and the Ministerial Eleven, with one added, go in for their match.

Then to Supply. Three hours wasted on Irish Secret Service Vote, of 25,000, Mr. PARNELL withdrawing his Motion on being assured by Mr. FORSTER that he hoped to keep to his determination not to use any of the money in any way his conscience disapproved of, and trusted next year to be able to get rid alike of the vote and the need of it. Let Irish Members give their best support to law and order, and Irish Secret Service Money might soon be an ugly memory of the past. "So mote it be," says Grand-Master PUNCH.

Monday (Lords).—An edifying little Education debate, Lord NORTON urging a return to the sweet simplicity of the Three R's, and discouragement of the "fancy subjects," which now help to addle pupils' heads and to fill teachers' pockets, ex-President Duke of RICHMOND, *con.*, and Lord SHERBROOKE, late LOWE, now exalted, speaking for the first time from his higher sphere, *pro*. He, too, is the friend of the three R's. His testimony to the way the greatest of them fares in the primary schools is of value. Having always had a National school-boy to read for him, he has never come upon one that could read well. (At the same time, it has been asked, not unfairly, how many Eton and Harrow boys of the same age as his National School Sixth Standard-bearer would he have found able to read better?)

Lord SPENCER was all for keeping apart the fields of primary and secondary education.

Lord ABERDARE bore valuable testimony to improvement in the three R's; but when *is* common sense going to take the reins for our guidance in Primary Education and Preliminary Examination?)

(Commons.)—You want to know "What Government is going to do about the London Water Supply?" asks the Home Secretary—just come aboard, dripping but lively. Not take up Mr. CROSS's dropped Bill—that may be considered as "written off" with an ignominious "no effects" across it. We propose a Select Committee to inquire, not only into the existing supply and its fair value, but whether a better supply could not be got from independent sources. ("Bully for you, Sir WILLIAM!" though you *are* taking another "harassed interest," on your hands.) The matter was not primarily one for the Imperial Government. If there were a Metropolitan Governing Body, water supply would be *their* business. Suppose the present Parliament set about creating such a body? ("Bully for you again, Sir WILLIAM!" But what if the "harassed interest" this time should take the shape of Gog and Magog?)

To Mr. WHALLEY much exercised about the treatment of CETEWAYO, Mr. GRANT-DUFF brought the comforting assurance that he would have the fullest measure of liberty compatible with his condition—whatever measure that may be.

A desultory debate on the late Government's dealings with Irish famine; and a final fight over the Bradlaugh Committee, to which Sir W. BARTLELOT wants to add Mr. OTWAY, Lord ELCHO, Mr. SHAW, and Sir HARDINGE GIFFARD—two bitter partisans, a Home-Ruler, and a moderate Liberal.

Mr. GLADSTONE resisted, in a well-reasoned speech, which Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE unaccountably charged with "passion," an ugly word which was not like Sir



REGULATION.

Portsmouth Barber (to Naval Officer, who has had his hair cut). "BEARD TRIMMED, SIR—YES, SIR,—GUNNERY OR TORPEDO, SIR?" (*Customer looks surprised.*) "WHICH THE TORPEDO HORRIFIERS GENERALLY HAS THEIR BEARDS P'INTED—AND THE GUNNERY GENTS WEARS THEIRS A LITTLE MORE ROUNDED, SIR!!"

STAFFORD, and which the House insisted on his withdrawing. There never was a fairer Committee struck, and if the Whips never did worse, none could ever say black was the white of their eye.

The funniest thing in the discussion is the sudden solicitude on the Opposition side for the due representation of Nonconformists on the Committee, at which Mr. RICHARD poked very fair fun.

The end was the defeat of Sir WALTER's attempt to weight one scale of the Committee's balance, by 267 to 148.

And now the Bradlaugh Committee may set to work, and the sooner it gets its disagreeable business disposed of the better. The temper that has been imported into its appointment, has, certainly, not cleared its way to a judicial entry on its inquiry.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord CAIRNS's Land Bills were read a Second Time, with a warning that the Government did not promise them support, intending to deal with the subject as a whole themselves as soon as possible.

(Commons.)—The very unsatisfactory bottle of Cyprus, which so offended the nostrils of Mr. CHILDERS in Mr. PUNCH's "Derby Lunch," uncorked by Mr. RYLANDS. He is for remedying all the evils which the late advisers of the new "*Diva potens Cypri*," Her Gracious MAJESTY, have established or introduced there, as forced labour, arbitrary exile, limitations on land sales and the systematic depression of the Greek tongue and Greek tribunals under Turkish. Finally Mr. RYLANDS wants to know whether we couldn't introduce the Cypriots to the blessings of our own election system.

Perhaps if Cyprus knew all we do, it might not be so eager for this latter boon, however grateful for the others.

Sir CHARLES DILKE gave a full and frank answer, about as satisfactory as answer could be, on this very unsatisfactory "dependency," or "acquisition," or "experiment," or "model farm," or "place of arms," or whatever the ex-Home of Venus and fantasy of Fakredeen should be called.

The island is to be turned over from the hands of the Foreign Office to the Colonial Office. They *do* know something there about governing "dependencies," and have constitutional apparatus in stock of all sorts, sizes, and shapes. Something may be found to fit even Cyprus. Sir R. BIDDULPH had already received instructions to do all he could in the way of easing the chafe of arbitrary laws, and healing the fret of harsh ordinances.

Mr. GLADSTONE topped-up with the pithy *resumé*, "That our main duty and business in Cyprus is to bestow good government on the people."

This is *not* the Fakredeen point of view, let Sir STAFFORD say what he will.

A squabble over the Merchant Shipping Bill Committee. The late "Ins" have had their own pull in their Select Committees so long, that they can't submit to the change of balance in the House; and seem to want, in effect, a majority for the minority, instead of the time-honoured proportion of parties approved by cycles of Leaders and consecrated by generations of Whips.

Wednesday.—The British Working-man is no longer to have to choose between his vote and his victuals.

Mr. A. DLKE brings in a Bill to extend polling hours in all Boroughs till eight in the evening; and Sir W. HARCOURT promises him Government support.

Earl PERCY is not to have his Select Committee on Ancient Monuments. The subject has been committed to death. Here is excellent Sir JOHN LUBBOCK in the House; and here is his Hobby waiting for him, saddled and bridled. Why should Earl PERCY stop the way?

Thursday.—The last shriek of the High-Church birds of ill omen over the removal of the Burial Ground Bogie.

The Bishop of LINCOLN, the honestest, blindest, and most unreasonable of Clerics, found fit voice for the Church's most extravagant claims and most unreasonable fears.

The Bishop of BATH AND WELLS made a good second to LINCOLN, hardly less blind, less bigoted, and less irrational in his fears. If this brace of Bishops had prayed for a lay-third of their own kidney, they had him in Lord CRANBROOK.

The two Archbishops, the Bishop of LONDON, Lord DERBY, and the LORD CHANCELLOR spoke on the side, and in the tongue, of reason and charity, and the Lords showed that their voices have weight even with Olympian minds, for they passed the Second Reading by 126 to 101, the majority including ten bishops.

They may add Lord PUNCH's "Content!" and make it 26 in favour of burying a root of bitterness, where none should ever have been planted, in the churchyard.

(*Commons.*)—There is a big question on which masters take one view, men another. Are masters to be liable for injuries done to their workmen when no personal negligence of the employer can be shown? "Yes," say the men. "No," say the masters. "When there is negligence on the part of those invested by the masters with authority," says the Government Bill, introduced by Mr. DONSON. It takes the *via media* between the masters' demand for non-liability in all but cases of employers' proved personal negligence; the men's for liability in all cases where negligence can be brought home to anyone.

The masters found voices for their fears of what the proposed change of the law would do to cripple enterprise and frighten capital, in Mr. KNOWLES, Mr. STAVELEY HILL, Mr. E. WATKIN, and Mr. DAVIES.

The men urged their claims to more protection against negligence, and relaxation of the rule of "common employment," through Mr. BURT, Mr. MACDONALD, and Mr. BROADHURST who, in a manly manner, brought to the discussion the experience of a working stone-mason, and was listened to respectfully, as every voice of practical knowledge is listened to in the House of Commons. The ex-Attorney-General and the present spoke from their "briefs," against and for the Bill.

Mr. COUBNEY weighed the measure in the philosophic scales between master and man.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE attacked the Bill as a dummy, and Mr. GLADSTONE defended it as a measure sound in principle, though open to modifications in Committee.

Mr. CRAIG and Mr. CROSS wanted it referred to a Select Committee.

But in the end, after a long but not unprofitable night's talk, the Bill was read a Second Time without division, and the first step taken to the settlement of an old and irritating question as to which men's demands are very likely excessive, but masters' fears are certainly exaggerated. Railway servants, above all, do stand in need of more protection, and more provision in the shape of compensation for families bereft of breadwinners by the working of rules, and arrangements which make risk of life an inevitable condition of employment.

ON FIRST SEEING LORD SHEERWOOKE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

(By Lord B.)

"How fearfulful
And dizzle 'tis to caste one's eyes so Lowe!"
King Lear (Folio of 1623).

WITH NOT FAITH ENOUGH TO SWEAR BY.—MR. BRADLAUGH.

TO THE CORRESPONDENTS.—The Editor does not hold himself bound to acknowledge, return, or pay for Contributions. In no case can these be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope. Copies should be kept.

WANTED A CHILD.



DEAR MR. PUNCH, Is there any chance of our ever having at the Education Department some one who has ever seen a CHILD? It would be such an excellent change! None of the late Lords of the Council have been able to picture to themselves what a child is like! I know, dear Mr. Punch, that you and I both want the million to be educated. But it is not generally known that gutter-children do not hear much at home about Botany and 'Ologies; and a very small proportion of their parents read the *Nineteenth Century*.

Now the want of education at home makes it more difficult for the children to learn at school. In the good old days of 1870 our children did learn to read, write, and cipher well, and thus had the key of knowledge in their own hands. But now their poor little brains are addled with a multitude of subjects (not one of which they know enough about to be of much use), that such common matters as the Three "R's" are in danger of going to the wall. Please, then, dear Mr. Punch, do ask the new Lord to make an effort to secure the sight of a child! I understand that it would not be difficult.

Yours, affectionately and respectfully,

SCHOOL MANAGER.

I take no notice of the way in which Pupil Teachers are being injured by over-work, as I understand it is desired to diminish their number. But surely this is cruel sport. Why cannot they be put away without so much suffering?

SOUVENIRS OF THE SULTAN.

THE SULTAN, on the departure of Sir HENRY LAYARD from Constantinople, presented his Excellency with "two pieces of antique china." Encouraged by the gracious reception of these valuable articles, his Majesty intends offering the following little *souvenirs* to the illustrious personages whose names are attached to them.

To the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone.—A curious collection of old Hatts of shocking quality—once in use in Bulgaria and the other provinces of European Turkey.

To the Emperor of Austria.—A piece of the original draft Treaty of Berlin. Very curious.

To the Czar of Russia.—A series of Turkish Bonds with their equivalents in Russian ditto (in one frame).

To the Prince Von Bismarck.—A book of valuable old recipes for the treatment of sudden and convenient indispositions, including "The Padisha's Toothache."

To the President of the French Republic.—A Plan for the Regeneration of Turkish Finance (3rd Edition), for use of a French Syndicate, accompanied by a request for a trifle on account.

To the Khedive of Egypt.—A batch of his Highness's sisters, and his aunts and his cousins—already refused.

And to Mr. Punch.—His Majesty's autobiography—for publication when a very bad joke may be wanted to fill a column.

THE LANDLORD'S LITTLE GAME.

No opposition can be offered to the Ground Game Bill except by some extremely harebrained Tory.

THE STATE OF THE NAVY.

FOREWARNED is not forearmed, as yet, to the completeness requisite for national insurance.

HERALDRY AND HORSEFLESH.—The Winner of the Derby upon Epigon Downs—Bend & Or on a Field Vert.



“À PROPOS DE BOTTES.”

Elderly Adonis. “BY THE BYE, FRANK, I WISH YOU ’D GIVE ME THE ADDRESS OF YOUR BOOTMAKER. I NEVER SEEM TO GET HOLD OF A FELLOW WHO CAN MAKE MY FEET LOOK DECENT WITHOUT PINCHING THEM !”

OUR REPRESENTATIVE ALL ABROAD.

At Aix-les-Bains—The Season—Adjectives—The Future—The Present—The Casino—The Country—The Baths—The Director—The Doctor—Douce—Sarah B.—Sarcey—Mistakes—Gush—Le Gaulois—Tout-Paris—Snoring—Starvation—Plenty—A Delusion—Remonstrance—Promise—Au Plaisir.

SIR,—I write this to you from . . . a Casino! No, Sir, Your Representative has not gone wrong, and yet he spends his days and nights at a Casino—the Casino d’Aix-les-Bains (Savoie)—a Casino, you see, quite out of the reach of the Middlesex Magistrates, and, as I myself am, quite out of the smoke, and fog, and dust, and heat, and whatever else you have, including *les odeurs* in London. This is a Casino, *pur et simple*, and includes billiard-rooms, *cercle*, *café*, *salons* for music and dancing, and a prettily laid-out garden, where we walk, smoke, and read; and where, when we’ve been very good for a week or so, the Director treats us to fireworks, and the National (English) Anthem.

Once a week there is a ball; and later on, when the more serious have finished their course, and returned to their several native lands, there will be balls on a more festive scale, and a second Casino open, called the *Villa des Fleurs*, where there will be theatrical performances, Concerts, and *tables de jeu*—the “*jeu*” *en question* being *baccarat*. Such is the prospect for the Parisian Season at Aix-les-Bains; and, no doubt, judging from the commencement, it will be very gay, very brilliant, very hot, and chalkily dusty, enchanting, delightful, magnificent, pyramidal, and, in fact, worthy of any other laudatory epithets. For as long as a language possesses adjectives, why not employ them? As, for instance, when I read of the *Villa des Fleurs* being surrounded by a “*parc immense*,” and I walk round it in something under ten minutes. “Well,” I say to myself—“there are adjectives: use them while you can.”

Our motto here is, “Go it, you cripples!” But I am glad to record that after a very few weeks the sticks and crutches disappear; but then the people who used them also disappear; and so “the Cure” is not danced; and the dancing is but a poor affair at the beginning of the season. When the French arrive, however, it is quite another pair of shoes; in fact, several other pairs of shoes, with quite different feet in them, and nimble legs to match. They don’t come here, *Les Parisiennes*, et *les Parisiens*, bless you! for the benefit of their health, but simply *pour s’amuser*, *pour se distraire*.

But even in this present serious time, when my compatriots are here, like

hams in a pickle-tub, solely and only to be “cured,” it is impossible to be dull at Aix. There are excursions for every day in the year; endless beauties in every direction; and the more you see, the more you would wish to see, and the longer you would like to remain.

M. JAQUINOT is the very King of Directors, or I should say President, and the *employés*, the *Doucheurs*, the *Porteurs*, *Commissionnaires*, one and all, most civil, attentive, and obliging. M. JAQUINOT himself, returning to his native land after nineteen years of exile in England, is a model Republican, rightly comprehending the meaning of *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*; generous, considerate, only anxious to grant to all that freedom which he asks for himself. The Directorship at Aix is a Government appointment, and in these unsettled times it is at least one good sign that the right man should be put in the right place. Were the Senators and Deputies all like M. JAQUINOT, a *modus vivendi* could soon be found, Extreme Right could shake hands amicably with Extreme Left, and all live happily ever after.

But this letter is not meant to be either a disquisition of the political situation, nor a Guide to Aix-les-Bains, as, for full details of the place, I refer anyone to Docteur BERTIER’s Blue Book—I mean his book with a blue cover—and to Docteur BERTIER himself, who will send anyone to the Douche in less than no time. By the way, were Messrs. HALÉVY & Co. and M. OFFENBACH here, I would suggest to them the libretto for a new *bouffe opéra* to be called *La Grande Doucheuse*.

No; far from the madding crowd of London, I am particularly interested in reading French accounts of Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT’s second visit to the Gaiety; not that I am inclined to rave about her, but because I am curious to ascertain whether the generally sharp and intelligent critics belonging to the French papers know anything more about London and Londoners—not to say English—than they did ten or fifteen years ago. The “*sportsmen*” as a rule do; but the French journalists, whether it be M. FRANCISQUE SARCEY, M. VITU, or Monsieur Anybodyelse, certainly do not.

That the “gushers” of the English Press should excite M. SARCEY’s derision is perfectly intelligible, and we have a great deal too much of this criticism in *excellis*; but in supposing that only the Parisian critics possess the art of writing so as to be read between the lines, M. SARCEY is quite wrong, and only right when he admits that his inability to detect this subtlety in his English *confrères* may possibly arise from his want of a thorough acquaintance with the English language.

The “*niceties*” of the English language are as various as the “*nastinesses*” of modern French literature, of which *Nana*, *Le Nabab*, and *L’Assommoir* are specimens.

Now here, at Aix, on our Club table I find *Le Gaulois*, an excellent journal. The correspondent signing himself “TOUT-PARIS” in giving an account of the difficulties which Mlle. KALB had to encounter before she could get a lodging, describes the English sleeping in the hall of the Langham Hotel “*ronflant comme les Anglais seuls savent ronfler*.”

Oh, dear! Haven’t I a night-mare, or night-mail recollection, of a fat Frenchman, one hot summer’s night, grunting like a pig, blowing like a grampus, as he slept the sleep of the unjust from Calais to Paris, only awaking to relieve his throat, and to growl at the admission of any air into the carriage. But should I therefore conclude that he was snoring *comme les Français seuls savent ronfler*? *Ex uno disce omnes*? Certainly not. Of course, it’s a sore point with every one: no one owns to snoring. As to the *cuisine*, M. “TOUT-PARIS,” seems to be still under the delusion that we only eat “roast beef”—he actually spells it correctly—boiled potatoes, and “*mutton-shops*.”

He says, “*Leur estomac parisien*”—he is speaking of the unfortunate French actresses condemned to serve out their time in London—“*Ne se fait guère à la cuisine Anglaise*. *Le roast beef et des pommes de terre cuites à l’eau, c’est le fond de la cuisine, comme ‘god-dam’ est le fond de la langue*”—and then meeting Mlle. KALB in Regent Street, “*En quête de nourriture moins substantielle et plus variée*,” he can only pity her as “*la parvove affamée*,” but, evidently, does not know his London *au bout des ongles*, and so is unable to inform her that at the Café Royal, in this very Regent Street, the poor starved *artiste* could procure as good a French dinner as she would find at any Parisian Restaurant;—that the hospitable VERRY’s was open to her; that there was within hail KETTNER’s, in Church Street, Soho; and,



CONSCIENTIOUS.

Conductor (declining a Tract which was offered him with his Fare). "VERY MUCH OBLIGED, MUM, BUT WE AIN'T ALLOWED TO TAKE ANY PERQUISITES WHATEVER, MUM!!"

finally, the Continental Restauration at the Waterloo Place end of the same Regent Street. Why doesn't Mr. MAYER, the active *entrepreneur*, compile for the use of the French artistes visiting London, a *Vade mecum*, telling them where to dine? M. TOUR-PARIS goes on, "*Une fois encore, des amis sont venus la tirer d'embarras et consoler son estomac*,"—poor dear!—"en lui envoyant un tas de petites friandises qu'elle s'est mise à croquer à belles dents. Oh! les prunes vertes, les pommes acides."—I really do pity them! how could they have played at night?—"les abricots pas murs, comme tout cela hautait sa gourmandise rassasiée de mutton-shops."

Now, will some kind person find out M. "TOUR-PARIS," and just give him a club-dinner, or even a dinner at that small restaurant in the Strand, near the Vaudeville Theatre, I forget the name? Ah, M. "TOUR-PARIS," had you been here, in Aix, during the last week, you would have seen four Englishmen, who having fondly expected a real French menu at the *table d'hôte* déjeuner of a first-rate French hotel, were cruelly disappointed at being served with fried soles done to a mere chip, a few straggling shapeless somethings, neither *côtelette* nor chop,—perhaps they were the real "mutton-shops,"—and, at another time, with slices of cold ham and chicken, without any salad—such slices as might represent the *débris* of a supper that even the waiters had not thought it worth their while to take away in their umbrellas. Then, when, in obedience to the demand of one of the party, a salad was made, Heavens! what an amount of crude *vinaigre*! And yet this was at a hotel where the same party of Englishmen—*quorum pars parva fuit*—ordering a private dinner, gratefully recognised in the result the artistic work of a *vrai cordon bleu*. Now would my compatriots have been justified in at once asserting that bad salads, ragged outlets, and vinegar were the *fond* of the general cuisine? or that because some Frenchmen always seem to be clearing their throats, no matter whether in a club-room or a church, that, therefore, all Frenchmen have this pleasing habit? He must be a very narrow-minded Briton who arrives at such a conclusion; one of those extraordinary beings in wonderful tourist suits, veritable *Anglais pour rire* accompanied by *les jeunes blondes misses*, who talk loudly in Club Reading-Rooms and in Catholic Churches; who walk about during the most solemn services, and who cause a great amount of trouble by their insular underbred bearing.

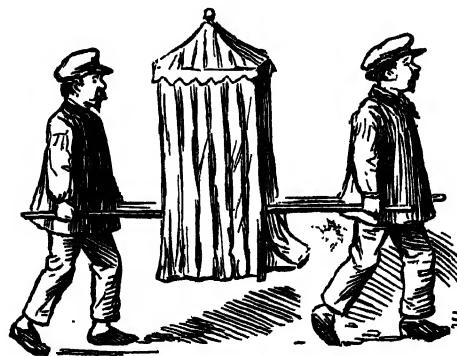
There are *les Français pour rire* in London, just as there are *les Anglais pour rire* in Paris, only that we in England take such specimens as exceptions, while the Frenchmen take our exceptions as the rule. Compare Mr. GEORGE SALA's letters from Paris with anything that any French journalist has written about London within the last ten years, including M. ASSOLANT's *English at Home*, which is far from being faultless by any means.

In protesting against this superficial judgment, methinks, my Liege, I do not protest too much; but if I have set down aught in malice, I will make a pilgrimage to the Grande Chartreuse, some thirty miles from here, and in the solitude of those mountains I will retire to my monastic cell, or cellar—for I shan't get any further—and imbibe the veritable religious spirit, and your readers will rejoice at having heard the last of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Cercle d'Aches-les-Bones (Savoie).

P.S.—I must now get out my chaise—I mean, my *chaise à deux porteurs*—and be chaired all the way up to the Baths, like a popular Member after an election. I inclose sketch.



EN ROUTE POUR LES BAINS À AIX.

HARES AND RABBITS BILL (AMENDED).



A QUESTION OF ABSORPTION.

HARES and Rabbits may be killed and taken by any of the ordinary methods, except dynamite or the catapult, from April 1 to Feb. 29, at any hour between sunrise and sunset convenient to the occupier, or, where there is a "concurrent right," to the owner.

The month of March to be a close time for Hares.

Hares and Rabbits may be taken by moonlight under certain conditions. Apply at the Home Office.

The occupier may kill the Hares and the owner the Rabbits, or *vice versa*, as may be mutually agreed by a deed-poll enrolled in the Court of Chancery; or the occupier and owner may go out together and kill both Hares and Rabbits at the same time, in the exercise of their concurrent rights.

The occupier may borrow the owner's dogs; the owner may request the loan of the occupier's ferrets. The owner's gamekeepers will always be at the service of the occupier (except between September 1 and February 1), but the occupier must pay the keepers' wages and expenses, and the cost of any repairs required to be done to their liveries so long as they are in his employment.

Neither Hares nor Rabbits may be shot, coursed, netted, or snared by the electric or any other artificial light, without a special licence from the Lord of the Manor, to be obtained fourteen days beforehand.

Any Hare or Rabbit found, after the passing of this Act, on grass-land, in growing corn, or in turnips, will be destroyed without further notice, unless born on the estate.

Hares and Rabbits may not be killed on the same day, except on Bank Holidays, Saturday afternoons, and the HOME SECRETARY'S Birthday.

The occupier's "agents" may be his son, grandson, uncle, nephew, son-in-law, or brother, or any of his wife's male relations, provided they are twenty-one years of age, born or residing on the premises or within a ring-fence, able to read, write, and shoot, and not Quakers, Moravians, or Separatists.

It will not be compulsory on the occupier to provide luncheon for the owner when the latter is exercising his concurrent right—but it will be etiquette to show the owner some hospitality, and to accompany him in his excursion over the property.

Hares and Rabbits killed and taken under the provisions of this Act may be consumed on the occupier's premises, or distributed as presents, or sold to licensed dealers.

If the owner waives his concurrent right, the occupier must present him once a year with a rabbit pie, tastefully decorated, or a tureen of hare soup, at the owner's option, as a complimentary acknowledgment.

The rural Constabulary to have power to kill and take either a Hare or Rabbit if it crosses their beat during the night, but the animal so slain will be the property of the nearest occupier, or occupier and owner, if they have concurrent rights.

Hares and Rabbits found trespassing on lawns or in private gardens without a special licence from the occupier tied round their necks, will be prosecuted according to law.

For the purposes of this Act, the word "Hares" means also leverets, and the word "Rabbits" means both conies and bunnies.

This Act not to apply to Welsh Rabbits, the "Hare with many Friends," currant jelly, or onion sauce.

Wherever in this Act the pronoun "his" occurs, it signifies also "her;" in like manner the plural is to be interpreted as including the singular; and the words "occupier" and "owner" equally apply to tenant and landlord, without prejudice.

This Act may be cited for all purposes as the "Hares and Rabbits Act, 1880;" and it must be so quoted on the collar of all pointers, greyhounds, lurchers, terriers, and other dogs kept by the occupier for the destruction of ground game.

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "The Chronicles of Barsellshire," "Beerjester Brewers," "The Halfway House at Aleinton," "Thorley Farm for Cattle," "Family Parsonage," "The Prying Minister," "Pearls before Swine, or, Who Used his Diamonds?" "Rub the Hair," "The Way We Dye Now," "Fishy Fin," "Fishyas Wilduz," "Dr. Thorne and David James," "Star and Garter, Richmond," "Rachel Hooray!" "The Jellies of Jelly," "The Bertrams and Roberts," "Lady Pye-Anna," "Tails of All Creatures," "Arry 'Otspar," "Mary Greasily," "Vicar of Pullbaker," "McDermott of Balladsingerun," "Can't You Forget Her?" "He Knew He Could Write," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.

CUPID AND PROMETHEUS.



ND now looms before me the Novelist's great, but inevitable, difficulty. Miss MORLEENA SIMPLER, the second daughter of the Reverend Beadle-Percenter, and younger Sister of NEVALEEN, who became Mrs. Arch-beacon OVERWAYTE, must be described. JOHN

BOUNCE, who was in love with her, though he had barely admitted the fact to himself, still less to her, could have painted her portrait for us, and she would have come off with flying colours. But I am not JOHN BOUNCE, and I have got to describe Miss MORLEENA.

In person she was scarcely so stout as her sister would have led you to expect, had you received your information from her; but, at the same time, she was of a rather finer type—when, as the chief compositor of the Beerjester Local Gazette described her, "when she was well set up, with big caps"—than you could have anticipated, had you heard to the contrary.

Her face would have been beautiful, had it not been for a development of cheek, with which nature had gifted her. Her nose was of the Bluecoat Boys' School model, and would have been recognised by any of those scholars as a Grecian. Her hair, which was copious, was something between anuburn, and a carat-golden hue—a sort of negative, ending in a very decided knot.

She had a well shaped head, so strikingly Well-shaped, indeed, that any Lady seeing her for the first time engaged in reading a sentimental novel, which would easily draw tears from her eyes, might have feared for her being afflicted with water on the brain.

I fear that unmarried Ladies of thirty-five will set down MOR-

LEENA for a gusher, and think that there is anything but truth in the depth of that Well-shaped head.

Dear Spinsters, you are wrong; though I fancy that girls of twenty and old Ladies of sixty will probably be right in their appreciation of Miss MORLEENA's character; for the young female hearts and the old female heads know, how, when their tears welled up to their eyes, their nature was bettered down to their deepest depths.

Miss MORLEENA had a lurking suspicion that JOHN BOUNCE loved her. I think that most of you, my dear Ladies, in her position would have come to the same conclusion; though the conclusion is not to be arrived at in this Chapter. JOHN BOUNCE had waylaid her in



dark corners, on the landing, in the shrubbery, coming through the rye, in the lane when the clock struck nine, and, I admit, he had put his arm round her waist, had squeezed her, and had prevented her making any observations by demonstrating what was the real meaning of what the clergy were always denouncing as mere lip-service. If any young unmarried lady of forty-five reflects what she would have done in similar circumstances, or what she may have done when tried in the like manner, I am sure she will not severely blame MORLEENA for not crying out at the top of her voice, and needlessly alarming the neighbourhood. Perhaps she was kissed: I do not say she was, I do not say she was not; but I give my solemn word and positive assurance, that, if such a catastrophe did happen, as she told nobody about it, and JOHN BOUNCE never mentioned it to a soul, it went no further. And, if it be true that "A kiss in time saves nine," I do not think that any Ladies, of an economical and prudent turn of mind, would be inclined to find fault with MORLEENA.

Such was the state of affairs in this quarter when it occurred to JOHN BOUNCE to inquire into DEEDLER's Trust, to set his lawyer FISHY to work, and, above all, to bring down on the Small-Beerjester Dignitaries the thunder and lightning of that all-powerful organ of the Press, the Penny Prometheus.

The Prometheus was just at this moment looking about for some object at which it could hurl its latest invented imitation of the deadliest thunderbolts, while shaking its sheet-iron thunder, and sending its office-made cannon-balls rolling about the printing-office, which sounded to the outer world quite like the genuine thing, terrifying the simple public with such terrific flashes of their liquid-podium torches as made ordinary men quake and tremble, startled the holders of high office, shook dynasties, and brought to their knees the boldest politicians.

The Prometheus had lately been engaged in scathing diatribes on the unexampled severity of the weather, and the intolerable nuisance of a continued East wind. Their articles on this, as it had come to be called Eastern Wind Question, had lashed the people of the British Isles into a perfect frenzy. The Penny Prometheus had solemnly declared that the subject of the East wind must be thoroughly ventilated; that an Act of Parliament was immediately required, even if the Queen's Prerogative had to be enforced, in

order at once to regulate the Barometers; to re-arrange the weather-charts; to place under arrest the Governors of the Royal Observatory; and to issue a strictly impartial, unprejudiced, and unimpeachable Committee to inquire, once for all, into the worse than extraordinary conduct of that high official, "who," said the *Penny Prometheus*, "seems to forget that he is only the servant of the public, and responsible to the public for the due adjustment of tides, times, equinoxes, gales, showers, sun-rises, and sun-sets, and who, no matter what his social position, no matter what revelations might be involved, no matter what private ruin might result, or what grievous, but just punishment might be incurred, must be here and now deprived of that grossly misdirected authority, with which he has been entrusted, and which has been so long and so unworthily exercised by him in his official capacity as Clerk of the Weather."

The *Prometheus*, having exhausted the Eastern Wind Question, had seized with avidity on the Small-Beerjester scandal, which, as represented by Mr. JOHN BOUNCE to little TOM TIDDLER—small physically, but a very giant of the press in his moral weight and unbounded influence through the *Penny Prometheus*—promised a rich harvest for some time to come, until a war, an agrarian outrage, a difficulty with Turkey, or a startling murder, should occupy their columns. So the following article appeared in the very next number of the *Penny Prometheus* :—

"When that noblest Roman of them all, MARCUS CURTIUS, surnamed CORIOLANUS, from whom so many generations of Corry O'Leaneses proudly trace their historic descent, thrust his bold Roman hand into the burning brazier, defying the tyranny of the proud PYRRHUS in the presence of his devoted mistress, THISBE; when SEXTUS TARQUINIUS mounted his noble bare-backed steed in the Circus of old Rome, and, sacrificing himself to appease the fury of the immortal gods, plunged into the abyss, and, antitype that he was of the modern SQUIRUS BANCROFTUS of the Haymarket, thus did away with the pit, which was thenceforth closed to the public as heretofore it had been close to the public; when ALARIC, King of the Hummums, wearing his nine-gallon'd casque, fought desperately for the liberty of his people against the hordes of TIM MOORE the Tartar, which, in their turn, fell under the yoke of the great Siamese Prince-Brothers, HENGIST and HORSEHATE the Corsair; when DAMON and PHIDIAS preferred suffering the most execrating tortures to giving the lie to their blameless lives by accepting office under a monarchy they despised; and to produce but one illustration from the history of our own country, when the ill-fated MARY, Queen of Scots, refused to give up her historian BOSWELL to the fury of her sister, the Tudor Queen BESS of England, who shook her to death in her bed without being able to obtain from her devoted victim the ring for which GEORGE BARNWELL had died and WALLACE bled,—all these, and a hundred more, shining examples of the glorious heights to which human nature can attain, prove only too sadly, and, alas! too surely, the dreadful deterioration of our own race, in our own day, in our own age—we write it with a blush of burning shame on our brow, that seems to suffuse even the very ink that stagnates in our pen as we pause in horror at the phenomenon presented to us—in our own Christian country, in this nineteenth century of boasted cultivation, of scientific progress, of Higher Education and School-Board Committees, as exemplified in the present wantonly shameless administration of that ecclesiastically-guarded, and so-called, Charitable Foundation known as 'DEEDLER'S TRUST,' in the Cathedral City and under the very eye of its Most Reverend—Heaven save the mark!—Most Reverend Father, His Lordship the Bishop of SMALL-BEERJESTER."

Then, after giving the history of the Trust, which, as my readers are already acquainted with it, I will not repeat here, and having, on the whole, fairly stated the case, though, of course, with a certain pardonable party bias, which left the facts pretty much as they were in the main, the *Prometheus* went on to attack the present abuse, and to invoke immediate and unhesitating legislation :—

"Did the Pious Founder, the benevolent old Card-Sharpener, JEREMIAH, or, as later writers have it, JEREMY DEEDLER, when he made this most generous and charitable bequest to his fellow-townsmen, for the comfort of those infirm, incapable, helpless, and truly pitiable old pensioners, the Deedler's Butts and the Deedler's Pack,—so carefully named in the deeds, grants, charters, and devices of this well-considered Institution, this Heaven-inspired donation,—did the Venerable Founder, we ask, ever for one moment contemplate that the ample provision he had set aside out of his lifelong hard-earned gains, for the support and comfort of future retired and impoverished Cardsharppers, when increased at an annual rate of something like three hundred *per centum*, would be quietly appropriated by the very man who should have been the first to denounce so iniquitous a theft,—yes, we use the word advisedly, and challenge the Master of DEEDLER'S TRUST to give the lie to this plain, straightforward, open charge made in the sight of Heaven, and before the whole civilised world,—that these vast revenues, which should have gone to solace the last days and smooth the pillows of poor broken-down old Cardsharppers—Heaven help them!—should have simply gone to minister to the luxurious tastes, to pander to the sordid avarice, to swell the

crop of the Ecclesiastical Turkey-poult already gorged to repletion; to fatten the *Porcus Presbyteros* and others of the swinish Circcean herd lazily grunting out their lives, as they bask in the episcopal sunlight, or lie under the holy shadow of the ancient buttresses of the glorious and venerable Small-Beerjester pile which JEREMIAH DEEDLER himself loved so long, so truly, so dearly, and—alas! for human depravity!—so uselessly?"

"But," continued the *Prometheus*, "it is demanded by the voice of Justice crying aloud in our streets, that this clerly Sybarite, this Reverend LUCULLUS, this Presbyter Pluralist who rejoices in the name of the Reverend SIMONY SIMPLER, should disgorge his ill-gotten gains, should give up the treasure, without abatement of one jot or tittle, which he has been amassing in his ecclesiastical rookery for the last ten years. The Reverend SIMONY SIMPLER must and shall be called upon to render an account of his Mastership of DEEDLER'S TRUST, and, at the same time, it will be pertinent to the issue and opportune to the inquiry, to ask, and to insist upon an answer from those who are incriminated by the charge itself,—how comes it that this ecclesiastical personage, this clerk, this Reverend Mister SIMONY SIMPLER, was, by a private ordination, enabled to hold at one and the same time the posts, no less important than lucrative, of Per-centor, Pre-centor, Verger-in-chief, Male-Sexton, Chief Chimier, Triple-Bob-Major, and, above all, Beadle of Small-Beerjester? With the Greeks, half Christian half Pagan as they were, such mal-appropriation, such robbery as this, would have been impossible under the hard-handed, clear-sighted rule of ARCHIMEDES THE SCREW; while in Spain under PHILIP THE TASTY, in France under LOOSE THE ELEVENTH, in Germany under even the mild rule of WELLASTERN THE SLOW, or in Saxony under FIREBRAND THE FURIOUS, in Russia under the tyranny of the Don and the Knipper, or even among the ancient people under the sovereignty of AGRIPPA, such an abuse as this would have been impossible, or, if attempted, would have been punished in an off-handed, off-headed way, which would have settled the matter summarily, and brought condign punishment on the offender, no matter how exalted his position. In the name of justice, of humanity, in the name of England, in the name of our vaunted civilisation—aye, in the name of Christianity itself—we call upon Government unflinchingly, unhesitatingly, and peremptorily, to issue a Commission of inquiry into this Mystery of Iniquity, into this gross ecclesiastical scandal. The Commissioners will have an Herculean task before them, but were it seven times the labour of the Pantheon stable, were it the seven heads of the Hydrant over and over again, yet the cleansing must be thoroughly performed, the Monster must be slain once and for all, so that the pure light of Heaven, and the fresh breezes of Truth and Honesty, of Virtue and Charity, may nurture and ripen the ancient Foundation until the last remnant of abuse shall have been done away with, and Plenty and Prosperity be the bright future in store for the recipients of the just bounty of the pious JEREMIAH DEEDLER, whose heart and soul were in the Solemn Trust which he had confided to the keeping of the ecclesiastical dignitaries of his own well-beloved town of Small-Beerjester."

I must ask my readers to imagine the state of poor Mr. SIMPLER'S mind after reading the above article in a copy of the *Penny Prometheus*, which an intimate friend in London forwarded from town with the article in question marked in blue ink, so that he should on no account overlook it.

Mr. SIMPLER laid down his muffin untasted; he could not bear the sight of his coffee; he refused sugar, and sat before the fire vaguely playing an imaginary Hebrew lyre, with both hands to his mouth, as was his habit when troubled or vexed. He knew that two hundred thousand millions of the *Prometheus* were daily sold, and that it had the Largest Circulation in the World! Two hundred thousand million readers in two hundred thousand million different places would read this accusation against him; and two hundred thousand million hearts would swell with indignation at the inhuman robbery perpetrated by the Beadle of Small-Beerjester. The Shah of PERSIA would p'sha' it, the Emperor of PERU would peruse it, the Emperor of GERMANY would gibe at it, BISMARCK would bound at it, the Khan of TARTARY would kick at it, the Emperor of CHINA would choke at it, the Archimandrite of MESOPOTAMIA would mourn over it, the Sultan of TURKEY—ah! what would he think of it? Would it not be a stumbling-block in the way of his conversion to Christianity? And then the Monarch of the Anthropophagion Islands, who would be as sure to devour this article as he would have devoured the writer could he have got hold of him—what effect would it have upon him, whether he digested it thoroughly or not?

He consulted the good old Bishop, Dr. DOWDIE; and the two old friends sat over the fire in the episcopal study for an entire evening,—when the Bishop's wife, Mrs. DOWDIE, was absent from home,—sipping their port wine, eating sponge-cakes, and silently cracking walnuts, while the tears trickled down their cheeks as they thought of all the trouble that this unprincipled person, Mr. JOHN BOUNCE, was thus bringing upon them. And that the difficulty was already exercising other minds besides theirs, will be evident if my readers will permit me to be their guide to a *sanctum* where we shall hear something not very much to Mr. JOHN BOUNCE'S advantage.



"FROU-FROU!"

Professor Tristan (who has been chatting with Mrs. Lovelace—to Captain Lovelace, who has been waltzing with Mrs. Tristan). "WHAT A LUCKY FELLOW YOU ARE, LOVELACE! YOU CAN DANCE WITH MY WIFE, AND YOU'RE MARRIED TO YOUR OWN!"
[Mrs. T. is telling Mrs. L. that to dance with Captain Lovelace is like being in Heaven!]

THE TWO GARDENERS.

Ben (aside). Phewh! Ain't he a pegging away? (*Puff! puff!*)
 Now I call this pertikler good fun.
 Ah, WILLIAM, my wigorous woodman, you'll have a stiff back ere you've done!
 Werry eager to collar my crib, you was, WILLIAM. You've done it no doubt;
 But aren't you beginning to feel a bit sorry you got me chucked out?
 Sunday best and pipe on the quiet, like this now, is really not bad.
 Lor! ain't he a-laying about him! Don't envy you, WILLIAM my lad. (*Puff's complacently.*)
William (aside, digging desperately). Oh, blarm that there BEN! He has left me a regular beast of a job.
 But there, though he's smart in his chat, he was always the laziest lob.
He keep a big garden in order? Lor bless yer, my dear Mr. BULL! Where's the use of a chap who won't dig, and the weeds never troubles to pull?
Ben (aside). Ah! WILL's getting waxy, I fear. (*Puff! puff!*) Doesn't seem to know where to begin.
 I'll wager a trifle his shirt is beginning to stick to his skin.
 Wire in, my dear WILL! What with weeds, cloddy soil, rambling roots, and the rest,
 You'll find that to put things all ship-shape will put all your power to the test.
(Aloud.) Well, WILLIAM my pippin, how goes it by this time?
William (pausing and mopping). Hullo! are you there?
Ben. Thought I'd give you a friendly look-in, as I chanced to be (*puff! puff!*) taking the air.
William (grimly). You look up to the nines, I must say. Sunday best, I suppose?
Ben (wily). Ah, jest so.
 Enjoying my holiday greatly. A pipe and a stroll, don't yer know.

You look a bit fagged like and heated, my WILLIAM, and yet, after all, You don't seem to be making much headway, now do you?
William (indignantly). Well, BEN, I do call That remark most owdacious. Why, hang it, you left things in such a vile mess,
 That—

Ben. Well, you were sweet on the job, and I'm sure, mate, I wish you success.
 I was just in the midst of it like, you were in such a hurry, you see; With a little more time I'd have made a good job of it.

William (contemptuously). Fiddledee! Just look at the stones and the stumps, ill-kept pathways and clod-cumbered beds,
 The rubbish heaps, tangles of brushwood, the flowers all hanging their heads,
 The weeds stiff and staring! Good Lord! there is work for a whole gang of men.
 You never tried clearing or pruning. Such work isn't gardening, BEN.

Ben (cheerfully). Well, well, you can now try your hand. I am quite sure you've got plenty of tools;
 That's right, bend your back to it, WILLIAM: it's bound to get stiff if it cools.

A pipe and a ramble are more to my mind than a spade or a pick;
 I'll toddle a little bit further. Ta! ta! [*Strolls off.*]
William (digging furiously). He's the nerve of Old Nick!

[*Left hard at it.*]

Mysteries of London.

A SKELETON in the cupboard is a so-called skeleton that visitors of course expect to be shown if taken completely over the house and home of even the most respectable and best-regulated family anywhere; but now also in the Metropolis at least, and a decent and even fashionable part of it, the explorer must not be astonished by the discovery of a skeleton, properly so called, in the cellar.



LABOUR AND REST.

EX-HEAD GARDENER (*retired from business*). "WELL, WILLIAM, YER DON'T SEEM TO BE MAKIN' MUCH PROGRESS—DO YER!"
NEW HEAD GARDENER. "WHY NO, BENJAMIN; YOU LEFT THE PLACE IN SUCH A PRECIOUS MESS!"

THE DUTCH PLAYS AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.



"In matters dramatic the charms of the Dutch are perfect ensemble, and sharpness of touch,"

is a new and more complimentary form of the old derisive couplet which suggests itself to *Mr. Punch's* mind, after seeing the performances of the representatives of the Rotterdam Dramatic Company. Dutch Actors! Nine men out of ten will probably laugh at the idea. The tenth man, if haply of a judicial mind, may perhaps ask, "Why?" and pause for a reply, which he will hardly receive in a more

satisfactory form than broken references to *Mynheer van Dunk*, breadth of beam, nautical and otherwise, VOLTAIRE's time-worn epigram, dykes, heavy dancing, and pottle-deep potations. A visit to the Imperial Theatre will somewhat surprise, if it do not abash, people of Podsnappian prejudices.

If, indeed, powerful and finished acting alone could draw Society to see plays, rendered in a language unfamiliar to it, the Imperial would now be rejoicing in crowded audiences. "But where is the use of going to hear Actors, of whose tongue you cannot understand a word?" is Society's not unnatural query. *Mr. Punch's* reply is, "Go and try for yourselves." The intent and earnest interest evinced by audiences the major portion of which are presumably as ignorant of Dutch as of the Accadian dialect, is at once a tribute to the power of this admirable Company of Actors, and a proof that it is quite worth while to pay them a visit. With the aid of the English text-books, freely distributed, any one may follow, with fair understanding, the progress of the piece—a task rendered easier than might be imagined by dramatic action, too appropriate to be wholly unintelligible, and facial play too expressive to be easily mistaken.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the performances, however, is their perfect ensemble. The stage is always well set, and well managed; and the Actors, one and all, co-operate with intelligent care, and unobtrusive energy. Their postures and groupings are natural, their gestures naïve and vivacious, their facial-play expressive and appropriate. There are no staring, stalking supers; the subordinate characters speak well, stand well, look well, listen well, and fit well into the general picture. In such smaller matters as the comical dumb-show of a pair of childish sweethearts, perched apart upon a stool, or the speech and bearing of a serving maid in a dungeon, all is studied, and yet natural, unforced, but carefully finished.

"Dutch pictures put upon the stage, in fact," suggests the reader, perhaps. That, and something more than that, *Anne-Mie* (*Anglicised* Mary Ann), is a presentment of Dutch peasant life Teniers-like in its realistic setting, but full of picturesque freshness and unhackneyed emotional force in its rendering. A proud and vindictive peasant father, a betrayed daughter, a crime unconsummated but remorse-bringing, a long separation and a late reconciliation, are dramatic elements that have before now been dished up for the delectation of the British play-goer. Let the British playgoer, however, try them, and more—in Dutch. He will hardly be disappointed. Miss BEERSMAN, an actress of much emotional force and great facial play,—(perhaps sometimes a little exaggerated in the matter of eye-rolling),—and favoured with a rich and sympathetic voice, plays the part of *Anne-Mie*, the betrayed peasant-girl. At first, and in the quieter scenes of the play, she does not greatly impress, and certain physical peculiarities which may be described as antipodal to those of the great SARAH, might perhaps lead a ribald cynic to echo Lord BEACONSFIELD's ironic allusion to Batavian grace. When, however, passionate intensity and tragic force are required, she rises to the occasion and displays the powers of a considerable actress.

As *Marie-Antoinette* also, in a Dutch version of GIACOMETTI's drama of that name, Miss BEERSMAN, in the earlier scenes seems scarcely the ideal queen of our youthful fancy and numberless

Academy pictures. Indeed, the felt drawback in the whole of this play is, that certain Dutch characteristics hardly lend themselves happily to the expression of that airy grace and fine-gentleman frothiness associated with French Court-life before the Revolution. Both in the Queen and her courtiers, male and female, there was a *souppçon* of quite un-Gallic heaviness. But in the more moving passages of the drama this defect, on her part at least, was forgotten in the real power and impressiveness of the impersonation. She was well supported by Mr. D. HASPELS, who, as *Louis the Sixteenth*, very vividly rendered the King's strange mingling of volitional irresolution and dignified fortitude.

The scenes of the *émeute* in the Tuileries, the parting between the King and his family, the Queen's alternations of passionate pleading and tigriish defiance when the villainous *Simon* prepares to wrest the Dauphin from her, and her final preparations for death and passage forth to the scaffold, were rendered with fine and effective force, and received warm plaudits from an only too scanty audience.

Mr. A. VAN ZUYLEN is a robust, hearty, and effective actor; Mr. ROSSIER FAASSEN, as *Dilksen* the peasant-father of *Anne-Mie*, and also as *Simon* the Cobbler, in *Marie-Antoinette*, played with much unexaggerated power and vivacity; and Mr. J. HASPELS, as *Jan Schuif*, was a very unconventional and almost pathetic "villain." Of the other performers many are worthy more extended mention, and all may be said to fulfil their parts adequately. Dutch domesticities which are frankly and spontaneously affectionate; Dutch wooing which is quaintly hearty; Dutch dancing which it were flattery to call elephantine; Dutch arms, bare, plump, and akimbo; Dutch ankles, well-shaped and well-stockinged; Dutch dresses which are queer, and Dutch scenery which is—Dutch: all these may now be seen by untravelled eyes at the Imperial Theatre, doubtless drawn from—and to—the life. There, likewise, may be learned Dutch ideas of dramatic finish, unforced humour, unstrained passion, and historic impersonation, for all which, perchance, people and players not Dutch might gather some harvest of profitable hints. In fact, the Rotterdam Dramatic Company may be welcomed from considerations beyond those of mere international courtesy, and *Mr. Punch*, who was pleased with his visits, heartily wishes them all the success which they certainly merit.

ARGUMENT À LA FRANÇAISE.

DURING the last fortnight duelling has become the rage in France. An example set by M. ROCHFORT has been followed by a number of imitators, and the mania seems daily on the increase. Although Paris fashions generally find their way to London, it is satisfactory to think that this absurd custom is not very likely to find a hearty welcome in England. Still, as the national motto is, "Ready, aye ready!" it is best to be prepared for all contingencies. Under these circumstances *Mr. Punch* has drawn up a few rules for Seconds to be observed in all "affairs of honour." It would be trenching on the special domain of the Medical Officers at Hanwell and Colney Hatch to offer any suggestions to Principals. He acknowledges, however, that these hints intended to be of service to the lesser actors in the farce of duelling are not original, on the contrary, they are an adaptation—not to say a translation—from the French.

1. Remember that the commencement, continuation, and end of a hostile meeting is theatrical effect. The more "attitude" you can throw into the affair the better. Thus, let the preliminary steps be as long as possible. Let your correspondence with the "other side" be verbose and virulent. Study "sounds" and allow "sense" to take care of itself.

2. Having consumed ten days in settling what could have been as easily arranged in as many minutes, fix upon an hour and place of meeting. In selecting the time you will suit the convenience of the publishers of the evening papers. The place should be near a telegraph office, so that a full and authentic account of the meeting may be dispatched to the proper quarters immediately the "incident" is completed.

3. When you have your men face to face, give them their weapons. Should pistols be chosen, it will be as well to remove the bullets, not only for the safety of the combatants, but for those immediately in their neighbourhood. Should swords, on the other hand, be selected, then place your Principals at a distance from one another, insuring equal security to both.

4. After a combat, lasting not quite half a minute, interpose, and declare that honour has been amply satisfied.

5. Should one of the Principals through his own carelessness receive a slight scratch, you will immediately bind up the wound with sticking-plaster. N.B. Be careful to carry a small packet of this useful article in your right hand waistcoat-pocket.

6. On your return from the scene of action, deluge the papers with narratives of the affair, and remain satisfied with the consideration that by your agency the hostile meeting has been conducted with the maximum of bluster, and the minimum of danger.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



"A PENNY FOR HIS THOUGHTS."

Friday, June 4 (Lords).—Lord CARNARVON suggested the enforcement of insurance against sickness and old age, under public guarantee, by means of a compulsory payment to be made by young men between the age of eighteen and twenty, of, say, 1s. 3d. per week. An abortive conversation ensued.

Lord CAMPERDOWN called attention to the Metropolitan Water Question. Then followed another abortive conversation, which having concluded, their Lordships adjourned.

(Commons.)—Mr. PEASE gave notice of intent to ask leave to bring in an Interference with Personal Liberty Bill—a Bill dealing with the question of Sunday Closing in the Metropolis. Wouldn't it be better to open Museums and Art Galleries than to close Restaurants? Instead of a Sunday Closing Bill, Mr. PEASE, couldn't you propose a Sunday Opening Bill?

Mr. GRANT-DUFF stated that the Cape Parliament was competent to deal with a prisoner of war, such as CETEWAYO, provided they had the sanction of Her Majesty's Government. This was said in reply to Mr. WHALLEY, Member for Peterborough, his initials G. H. W. too—*sanctum et venerabile nomen*—who returned to the charge on ex-King CETEWAYO's behalf. Still sticking to CETEWAYO.

The PREMIER promised Sir HENRY JACKSON that the "dawdling system" on which the Ordnance Survey of Great Britain has so long

been proceeding at a snail's pace, shall receive the earnest attention of Government. Sir HENRY JACKSON, who had moved a resolution urging the Ordnance to crawl faster, declared himself satisfied with having taken so much by his motion.

Mr. PEASE, by delivering a protest against the traffic with China in Opium, as a source of Indian Revenue, induced a disputation on that subject in effect very similar to that drug. It included the customary moral objections and mercantile answers—nothing more, except a remark, made by Mr. GLADSTONE, that this was not the first time this Session he had noticed a tendency to allow feeling to run away with reason. The discussion of Opium ended in nothing except, of course, an appropriately soporific influence, under which the House presently adjourned to bed.

Monday (Lords.)—Lord CAMPERDOWN, animadverting on the finances of Cyprus, called the tribute of £100,000, we were to pay the Porte for that Island, "black mail." Wouldn't the Noble Lord have been nearer the mark if he had called it *backsheesh*?

Lord GRANVILLE replying "vicariously" for Lord SALISBURY, his predecessor, explained things; and promised papers for which Lord CAMPERDOWN had moved.

Lord SALISBURY spoke for himself. We had imposed no additional Turkish debt on the Cypriotes; and we had, by quadrupling



AFFILIATING AN ÆSTHETE.

Pilcox, a promising young Pharmaceutical Chemist, has modelled from memory an Heroic Group, in which Mrs. Cimabue Brown is represented as the Muse of this Century, crowning Postlethwaite and Maudie as the Twin Gods of its Poetry and Art.

Postlethwaite. "NO LOFTY THING HAS EVAN EMPLOYED THE SCULPTOR'S CHISEL!"

Maudie. "DISTINCTLY SO. ONLY WORK ON IN THIS REVERENT SPIRIT, MR. PILCOX, AND YOU WILL ACHIEVE THE TRULY GREAT!"

Mrs. Cimabue Brown. "NAY, YOU HAVE ACHIEVED IT! OH, MY YOUNG FRIEND, DO YOU NOT KNOW THAT YOU ARE A HEAVEN-BORN GENIUS?"

Poor Pilcox. "I DO!"

[Gives up his pestle and mortar, and becomes a hopeless Nincompoop for life.]

their trade and commerce, proportionately increased their means of paying. Have we, indeed, though?

Lord SPENCER closed a discussion on the state of Ireland, started by the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, as to what the Government meant to do when the Peace Preservation Acts had expired. He said they intended to rely on the Common Law, and on certain Acts not about to expire.

Their Lordships then discontinued their labours.

(*Commons.*)—Notices of Motion from Mr. BRAND, Mr. E. HOWARD, Mr. ELLIOT, and Mr. GREY, condemning the Hares and Rabbits Bill as proposing to interfere with freedom of contract. Of course, amidst Opposition cheers of Ministerial Mutineers. Some Liberals are Liberal Conservatives in a special sense—Liberal on all points, save one; the Conservation of Game, but Conservatives only North-north-West; in the Game Laws quarter: when the wind is southerly, they know a hawk from a hand-saw, and buff from blue.

Ministers had thirty-six questions to answer, and underwent above an hour's catechism, doubtless diaphoretic.

On going into Supply, Mr. GORST desired to know what course the Government, having committed itself to abolish Flogging in the Army and Navy, were going to take with the Cat. The principal Members of the Cabinet, last Session, had voted the lash a "brutal and degrading punishment." Liberals had issued "disgraceful placards" to the same effect at Birmingham. Now, then, Ministers were bound to speak out. What did they mean to do?

Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE, amid cheers, said they meant next year to introduce an Amended Navy Discipline Bill, in which flogging would be omitted as an authorised punishment.

Sir H. WOLFF asked what punishment would be substituted; but got no reply. (Make the Services pleasant enough, Mr. SPEAKER, and then wouldn't the Sack be a sufficient substitute for the Cat?) Mr. CHILDERS clenched the conversation, which followed by proclaiming that the Government would not shrink from the declara-

tions they had made in opposition—he meant, in particular, opposition to Flogging. After a little more talk about Ironclads, and other maritime matters, the House at last got into Committee of Supply on the Naval Estimates. Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE stated the Government programme, which was virtually that of Mr. W. H. SMITH. This being so, Mr. SMITH naturally expressed approval of it; and, after an irrelevant row, of an Obstructive nature, occasioned—would you believe it?—by Mr. FINNIGAN and Mr. BIGGAR, some business, after all, was got through, and the House adjourned.

(*Lords.*)—A Bill, of more utility than interest, having gone through Committee, and another Bill (Irish), of the same quality, passed, Lord MORLEY, in reply to Lord BURY, said that, for reasons given by the Home Office, and Office of Works, there would be no Volunteer Review in Hyde Park.

(*Commons.*)—Sir WILFRID LAWSON asked the Government whether it was true that they did not intend to propose any vote to complete the sum, of which £500 had been already taken on account, for the salary of Sir BARTLE FREER. "It was quite true," replied Mr. GRANT-DUFF. The functions of Lord High Commissioner had devolved upon Sir GEORGE COLLEY, who received a large salary for the office. The Government didn't think it right that the money should be voted twice over. But, Mr. COURTNEY inquired, hadn't Sir B. F. been relieved of his Lord High Commissionership before the introduction of the Estimates? And doesn't he continue to hold the same position in South Africa after that he held before? Mr. GRANT-DUFF answered, that he believed such was the case. Hereupon it would, perhaps, have been unparliamentary to demand—What afterthought made you reduce his salary?

Mr. CHILDERS repeated in substance what Lord MORLEY had said in another place respecting the Volunteer Review.

A Motion, proposed by Lord PERCY, to enable Purchase-officers forced into retirement by the Warrant of 1877 to bequeath money justly due to themselves, but at present, if they die, lost to their



COMPLIMENTARY.

Britisher. "WELL, SAM, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE WAX-WORK?"

Yankee Friend. "WELL—I GUESS THEY'RE UNCOMMON LIKE AN OR'NARY ENGLISH PARTY!"

OUTCRY ON OPIUM.

(By Dr. Isaac Wattles.)

BEHOLD the *Phylloxera* preys,
Voracious, on the vine;
And vineyards waste *Oidium* lays;
And so precludeth wine.

A mischief seems ordained to rot
Potatoes; strange to think,
Because they yield men food, and not
Intoxicating drink.

As grapes, potatoes in like wise
A two-fold plague doth smite,
The which is wondrous in our eyes—
A Beetle and a Blight.

Whereas the baleful poppy grows
Exempt from canker, free
From every kind of insect foes;
As healthy as can be.

No fungus with disease can strike
That plant, no pest annoys;
No Colorado Beetle's like
Your Opium crop destroys.

Oh, that some worm, or grub, or fly,
Would that fell weed subdue,
Though physic we should lose thereby,
And likewise revenue!

Doomsday Map.

THERE is supposed to be some hope that the large scale map of England, commenced by the Ordnance Office some twenty years ago, will perhaps be completed, engraven and all, so as to be ready for use, in the concluding year of this century—if this century is ever to conclude. For, unless Dr. CUMMINGS is out in his reckoning, time, by that time, to speak as Home-Rulers in their homely way, will be no more, and the Ordnance map will then, even if possibly brought out, be of no service to anybody. In the meanwhile we shall remain possessed, as preceding generations have been, of a Doomsday Book, compiled in expectation of the "crack of doom" for service *ad interim*, but what upon earth can be the good of a Doomsday Map that will not be published before Doomsday?

families, was withdrawn; the proposal will, however, receive the anxious consideration of Mr. CHILDERS.

A long discussion, on Motions by Mr. LEIGHTON and Mr. PAGET, touching the maintenance and custody of lunatics, ended in an engagement on behalf of the Government by Mr. PEELE, to institute a partial inquiry by means of a "Hybrid Committee," into the separation of criminal from pauper lunatics. Now a hybrid is a mule. Which will be the donkey half of the "Hybrid" Committee? Of course, it cannot consist partly of criminals and partly of lunatics, with whatever congruity such a Hybrid Committee might be appointed to inquire *De Lunatico Custodiendo*.

An Irish Debate on a Resolution moved by Mr. O'SHAUGHNESSY to transfer some of the duties of the Chief Secretary for Ireland to the Irish Law Officers having ended in nothing, Mr. HUBBARD was added to the Select Committee on the London Water Supply; let us hope in order to the effectual improvement thereof.

Wednesday (Commons).—Second Reading of Married Women's Property Acts Consolidated Bill, moved by Mr. PALMER. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL made objections to it, and expressed doubts whether the Bill would not go farther than its promoters intended. Will it go so far? Will it reach a Third Reading? Will the Married Women's Property (Scotland) Bill, moved by Mr. ANDERSON—will any of the several Amateur Bills, also moved after the talk about those others, live to become Acts? The House, as usual, on its Crotchety Day, rose betimes.

Thursday (Lords).—The Earl of KIMBERLEY explained to Lord CARNARVON that, in reducing Sir BARTLE FRERE's salary, the Government had simply withdrawn an allowance which had been made to him for travelling to parts of South Africa now no longer under his control. He had been informed of it in a despatch, and told that he should be liberally recouped for any extraordinary expenses he might have to incur.

After conversation of ephemeral interest, if any, their Lordships forwarded several Bills a stage.

(*Commons.*)—Sir WILFRID LAWSON gave notice that he would, as soon as possible, move an Address to the Crown for Sir BARTLE

FRERE's recall. Fancy the Local Option Anti-Publichouse Legislator moving an Address to the Crown! Shall we rather say, the Crown and Cushion? Mr. RYLANDS, amid cheers, announced that if he (LAWSON) did move that Address to the Crown, he (RYLANDS) would move the Previous Question.

The House went into Committee of Ways and Means, and now came in the sweetest morsel of the night, or, taxpayers, the bitterest, if you will; anyhow, the great event—the Supplementary Budget, introduced by Mr. GLADSTONE. Of course, it abounded in figures, the sum of which is one penny added to the Income-Tax. (See the incomparable Work of Art prefixed to this record.) Moreover, the Licence Duties on the sale of alcoholic liquors are to be increased, and a Licence Duty will be imposed on private brewers for permission to brew beer; for, hear, O ye farmers, and hear, hear, O husbandmen, the Malt Tax is to be abolished for you at last, and commuted for a Beer Duty. Who is your Friend now? Are you not bound to WILLIAM for ever?

The Supplemental Budget had been necessitated by supplementary expenses. Increased taxation was also requisite to supply the loss anticipated from commutation of Malt-Tax, and reduction of Wine-Duties, under arrangements to be made with the French Government in the interest of Free Trade. The new provisions, in addition to those already made by Sir S. NORTHGOTE, would raise the wind to the amount of £381,000, revised surplus. Such were the main particulars of a speech, including very many more, and, if doing equal credit to the speaker's head and heart, doing the latter a very great deal, and, by the ciphering it comprised, demonstrating the former to be eminently what WILLIAM's colleagues, had WILLIAM been a Waiter, would have called "A good chalk head!"

Farmers, this night in the Commons was quite your own. The Budget having been agreed to, on came your Hares and Rabbits Bill, of which the Second Reading was moved by your other friend, Sir W. HARCOURT. Debate on your Ground Game Bill, on the Motion of Mr. BRAND, adjourned.

THE CONSERVATIVE POSITION.—The Lines of Tories Vedras (Over the Left).

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "The Chronicles of Barsellshire," "Beerjester Brewers," "The Half-way House at Aleinton," "Thorley Farm for Cattle," "Family Parsonage," "The Prying Minister," "Pearls Before Swine; or, Who Used His Diamonds?" "Rub the Hair," "The Way We Dye Now," "Fishy Fin," "Fishyas Wilduz," "Dr. Thorne and David James," "Star and Garter, Richmond," "Rachel Hooray," "The Jellies of Jelly," "The Bertrams and Roberts," "Lady Pye-Anna," "Tails of All Creatures," "Arry 'Otspur," "Mary Greasily," "Vicar of Pullbaker," "McDermott of Balladsingerun," "Can't You Forget Her?" "He Knew He Could Write," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE ARCHBEACONRY.



Y reader must now be requested to leave the two old friends together, and accompany me on a visit to the Archbeaconry, and ascend to the bed-room where we have already been once before and still would go, concealing ourselves, as is the privilege of a Novelist and his readers who follow him closely, in the wardrobe, up the chimney, behind the curtains, or, in short, anywhere, provided that we can see without being observed, and listen without being heard.

The Archbeaconess is at her toilet, giving the last touch of a burnt hair-pin to her eyebrows, and the last puff of pearl-powder to her matronly cheek, while a loud splashing in

the adjoining apartment announced that the Venerable Archbeacon himself was at that part of his daily morning service which would be best described as his Absolutions.

"It's all your stupid fault, Archbeacon!" said his amiable spouse, continuing a conversation on which her husband's slushing had thrown a sudden damper.

"God Save Our Gra-cious Queen!" gasped out the clear voice of the Archbeacon, half shrieking half singing in his bath, as though he were suffering a martyrdom for his loyalty; and then he appeared at the door in a bathing wrapper, like a wet ghost, while he attacked his head with a rough towel.

"Did you hear?" asked Mrs. OVERWAYTE, sharply.

"I did, my dear," replied the Archbeacon, "but I was just sponging myself—"

"Oh, it's all very well, Archbeacon," said the lady, interrupting him impatiently. "While you are sponging yourself and not attending to me, you'll have my father and my sister MORLEENA, with nothing to live upon, coming to sponge upon us. With our family, we can't stand that."

"But my dearest ticksywickys—" began the Archbeacon, smiling at her fondly from behind his towel.

"Don't ticksywickys me, Archbeacon," retorted his spouse, "but just attend. If you let them come sponging here, I shall throw cold water on the proposition at once, and so I tell you beforehand."

"My own sweetest loveydovey—" commenced her husband, beginning to shiver, now that the effect of the first friction had gone off.

"Hold your stupid tongue," said the lady, giving him a rap on the head with her bunch of household keys, which made the Archbeacon dance again. "Hold your stupid tongue, or I'll warm you!"

The Archbeacon paused, knowing that, if she kept her word, the process would be too violent for his constitution.

Mrs. OVERWAYTE continued:

"If you hadn't advised MORLEENA against hooking JOHN BOUNCE, and if you hadn't been donkey enough to give my father the Percentsorship, instead of keeping it yourself, you old Nuddy,"—here she repeated her former movement with one key only, which made the Archbeacon sing out in another—"nothing of this sort would have happened. But now there's only one thing for it."

"What? my own petsy," inquired the Archbeacon, submissively, but dodging away skilfully, in order to avoid a quick *con spirito et fortissimo* movement, set in all the keys at once, which threatened his uncovered and naturally unprotected head.

"Why, Noodle, don't you see?" was the lady's energetic rejoinder. "Go to law, fight this JOHN BOUNCE. Get MORLEENA to humbug him into dropping the whole business. My sister's sharp enough."

"It runs in your family, my darling," murmured Dr. OVERWAYTE, jumping out of the reach of the keys immediately after having uttered this remark, and hiding himself within the showerbath curtains.

"I'm sharp enough for you, my man," retorted the lady, following him up, and pulling the string of the bath, which brought down a deluge on his head, and, when he had recovered from the shock, made him scream to be let out.

"I'll let out at you," she went on, "if you don't attend to me. MORLEENA will adopt my advice. BOUNCE will be fooled; he will have to give up his persecution, pay his own costs, and be kicked out of Small-Beerjester. Then MORLEENA will drop him, and we'll get somebody else for her, with money, and—"

"Yes," interrupted her husband, looking out for a second, "and I'll see the Bishop—" But he drew in his head again as quickly as possible.

"See the Bishop, indeed!" exclaimed his wife, in a tone of deep disgust. "You might Bishop the See yourself, if you had half a head on your shoulders. Just notice your own stupid self in a looking-glass! No, the Bishop's nobody. I'll square Mrs. DOWDRE, get the Governor placed in a thorough good sinecure—little to do and plenty to get—where he won't be in our way—"

"Hear, hear!" said the Archbeacon, from within his bath.

"And all you've got to do, instead of playing at being a hippopotamus up in your dressing-room, and sponging and gasping and sluicing and hopping about like a lunatic,—all you've got to do is to go up to Town, and put the whole case in the hands of Sir ISAAC ALPHREZE, the Attorney-General, prosecute the *Penny Prometheus*, make 'em give up JOHN BOUNCE, and have him transported at the next Assizes. You'll do this, Archbeacon?"

"I promise and vow!" he shouted, earnestly. "And now, if you'll allow me to come out—"

"Oh yes," she replied; "and, when you do come out, mind you come out strong!"

And so the excellent lady descended to family worship, where, among her children and servants, and in the absence of the Archbeacon, who only occasionally conducted the service officially in the Cathedral or his own Church,—though this was just about as much as his wife could permit without interruption,—she read the morning devotions, which consisted chiefly of verses and responses compiled out of the hardest names to be found in the Old Testament, with some extracts from the Commination Service, and a modern hymn, of five verses of five lines each, three of which rhymed and the two others didn't, fitted to an amateur Gregorian Chant limited strictly to three notes.

The OVERWAYTES were a blessed, happy, thriving family, and, from the Archbeacon's appearance in the breakfast-room, with erect head, clear, unruffled brow, determined air, and powerful step, as I have already described him to my readers, no one would ever for a second imagine that such scenes as the one of which my readers and myself, concealed somewhere in the bed-room,—a secret entirely between ourselves and the bed-post,—have been the silent witnesses, were of constant recurrence during the tranquil night and the peaceful morning, in the comfortable Archbeaconry of Small-Beerjester.



"MYNHEER VAN DUNK."

"OW, DON'T DRINK IT, JACK! IT WILL MAKE YOU SO THIRSTY!"

"WHAT'S THE ODDS! THERE'S PLENTY MORE!"

It was clear the case against his father-in-law, the unhappy Beadle, was progressing; Mr. BOUNCE and Mr. FISHY his lawyer were doing their worst; the Church and State were in danger, and all the Archbeacon had to do was to write a letter, and put the matter in the skilful hands of his friend the Attorney-General, Sir ISAAC ALLPHEEZE.

And now let us observe the Archbeacon at breakfast, a meal absolutely necessary before composing such an official document as the one he had determined to send to Sir ISAAC.

The furniture of the breakfast-parlour, where Doctor and Mrs. OVERWAYTE are seated, is a model of ecclesiastical upholstery. The walls are covered with such serious and allegorical subjects, taken from sacred History and Hagiology, as, for instance, "*Robbing Peter to Pay Paul*," "*The Dance of St. Vitus*," "*The Conversion of the Three Persents*," "*The First St. Leger*," "*Five Thousand People taken in at St. James's 'Haul'*," "*The Hermit's Regular Sall*," "*St. Simon Without and Within*," "*Moses after the extinction of the Candle*," "*The Sporting Prophets*," "*Bel's Life and Pendragon*," "*The Three Blind Mice*," "*S. Accordion Weeping over the Dead Bones in the Black Sea*," "*First Meeting of SS. Anonyma and Anonymus*," "*White Bishop Mating a Black Queen in Three Moves*," "*Pharaoh's Host and Pharaoh's Guest*," "*The Bishop's Uncle taking the Bishop's Pawn*," and many other interesting studies. Over the Gothic oak mantelpiece was carved in coloured letters the motto, "Tithes pay the Dealer," only, of course, it was in old English characters.

Everything on the table was of solid brass, wrought in a variety of Gothic patterns, huge candlesticks of the same metal stood on the floor, and on the side-board, on which were arranged special ecclesiastical dishes for the Archbeacon's breakfast. There was a *fricassee* composed entirely of "Parson's Noses," which was the only part of the chicken that Dr. OVERWAYTE would touch; while curried in rice were those rich extracts from many shoulders of mutton, "The Pope's Eyes;" a rook-pie cold was always kept ready in case any of the inferior clergy should drop in on business and be asked to partake of the worthy Archbeacon's meal; young beardless oysters fried crisply as "Flying Angels" stood side by side with the hottest possible "devils;" the amount and variety of loaves, accompanied by a corresponding quantity and equal variety of fishes, reminded the guest of the wealth of the Land and the extent of the See; the history of the Ark was kept before the Archbeacon's mind's eye by slices of Ham; and the times of persecution by the savoury smell of a broiling hot steak; while a snow white napkin encircling a pasty, within which was a capon whole, was intended as a memento of the truth that what might appear all fair without, might be all fowl within. Such was regularly the Archibeaconal fare.

Yet, after doing ample justice to the feeding from morning to night, I have always found the Archbeaconry a dull, sleepy, heavy place. In the enforced absence of Dr. and Mrs. OVERWAYTE between meal-times, the children, though very nice and pleasant before their parents, made themselves peculiarly disagreeable to a visitor, who could get no peace even by retreating to his own room, where he would be pretty sure to find his coming jocosely anticipated by the junior members of the family who had been "making hay" there, leaving two or three of their number hidden in cupboards, under the bed, or beneath the dressing-table, to frighten the occupant of the room into a fit by suddenly starting out upon him when he would be least prepared for such a shock. It would be useless for the guest to inform the parents of their children's misconduct, as they put them on their honour to speak the truth, and then took their word against the visitor's. I have myself been awoken by the youngest child sprinkling me from a watering-pot. When I asked him subsequently what could possibly have been his motive for this proceeding, he replied that he thought it would make me grow; a flower was in a bed and was watered with a watering-pot to make it grow; and as I was in bed why shouldn't the same process be effective; at all events, he concluded, if it had not made me grow, it had made me shoot up quite suddenly, in fact as his elder brother, who was watching the fun from the door, observed, it was a case of "cometh up like a flower."

On the whole, therefore, I do not find the Archbeaconry a pleasant house.*

After finishing the devil, which he invariably left to the last, the Archbeacon retired to his study, intimating that he would see no one, as his whole time would be thoroughly employed in writing the official letter to Sir ISAAC ALLPHEEZE, the Attorney-General.

On entering his sanctum at his usually dignified pace, and with his stately step, he first of all proceeded to double lock the door, and having ascertained that he was secure from intrusion on this side, and that he was not observed from the window, he suddenly threw off his Archibeaconal coat and apron previous to performing a quiet "walk round," ending with a double-shuffle and break-down, and an attitude expressive of the most careless enjoyment; then he spread out his writing paper on his desk, and placed a few dictionaries and books of reference open on the table; having done this he unlocked a tin box labelled "Ecclesiastical Suits," and chuckling to himself drew therefrom a variegated velvet lounging

* *Editor to A. D., the Author.*—Pardon my intrusion, but why do you change about from "We" to "I"? It is rather confusing, as it makes the Novel apparently written by more hands than one. Couldn't you stick to the first person singular, or plural, whichever you like, and not alter it? And while I am on the subject, it's the same with your tenses. Sometimes, in describing one and the same actor or situation, you employ the past and the present indiscriminately. It is puzzling. I only speak in your own interests. Yours most sincerely, ED.

Reply from A. D. to Editor.—I can look after my own interests myself. Thank ye. My tenses depend on my m-o-d-s. I am singular, perhaps; and if the use of the plural is singular, that squares it. Only one hand is engaged—the right. I'm good with my left, as those know who provoke me by interference. "We" write as "I" like; and we like what I write. Bah! My way's my own, and there's an end on't.

Yours sensibly,

A. D.



LIVE WHILE YOU MAY.

Timid Passenger (as the Gale freshened). "IS THERE ANY DANGER?"

Tar (ominously). "WELL, THEM AS LIKES A GOOD DINNER HAD BETTER HEV IT TO-DAY!"

coat lined with satin; this he put on, stretched himself out on an easy chair, and yawned comfortably. Then placing the dexter finger of his right hand against his nose, thrusting his tongue in his cheek, and closing one eye, he stepped on tiptoe across the room, and unlocked the oak chest standing in a dark corner, labelled *Sermons on Moral Subjects*; thence he produced a new pinkish-coloured number of the *Sporting Times*, the *Referee* itself, or an odd copy of it, with the latest betting, and the newest number of *La Vie Parisienne* (directed to the Very Reverend the Archbeacon, under cover of the Foreign Church Missionary Society's official wrapper); and from a secret receptacle in the wall he brought out several volumes in yellow paper covers, the works of such eminent ecclesiastical writers as DAUDER, ZOLA, MONTÉPIN, and other distinguished foreigners. Having made his selection from these, he carefully replaced the remainder in the drawer, and taking a very large cigar from a box in a patent safe, he threw himself back in his arm-chair, and prepared to enjoy his morning.

He had scarcely got to the hundredth page of his foreign literature, when he was aroused by a knock at the door. Jumping up with the rapidity of lightning, he threw the end of his cigar into the fire, the newspapers and books into the safe, taking care to lock it and put the key in his pocket; then he lighted a brazen pastille-burner full of the strongest incense, crammed about a pound and a half of anti-tobacco lozenges into his mouth, resumed his Archibeaconal coat and apron, and before a third knock could be given he had seated himself at his desk in the blandest way, requesting his unexpected visitor to walk in.

The visitor was Mr. JOHN BOUNCE, who in announcing himself, informed Dr. OVERWAYTE that the door was still locked on the inside.

"Can't see you," was all the Archbeacon deigned to reply, as he extinguished the incense and opened the window.

"Of course you can't," was Mr. BOUNCE's very natural rejoinder. "Of course you can't while there's a wall and a locked door between us."

The Archbeacon threw the door open, and admitted the Reformer of Small-Beerjester.

"What a horrid smell!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter?" "What does that signify to you?" inquired Dr. OVERWAYTE, haughtily.

"I don't know," replied Mr. BOUNCE, carelessly.

"You don't?" rejoined the Archbeacon; "then I'll tell you. The odour that you have perceived signifies to you that I am justly incensed at your conduct."

"How, Archbeacon?"

"How! By daring to come here, into my *sanctum sanctorum*, disturbing me at my work, upsetting my calculations and meditations, and—and—in short,"—and here he rang the bell—"get out!"

"But, Archbeacon—" began Mr. BOUNCE.

"Get out!" exclaimed Dr. OVERWAYTE, now thoroughly roused. "Get out! I'm not at home."

"I am," Mr. JOHN BOUNCE retorted, with a jaunty air.

"Are you?" exclaimed the Archbeacon, who was by far the more powerful man of the two. "Then—there!" And lifting his leg with such force as to burst two of his gaiter-buttons, he sent Mr. JOHN BOUNCE flying through the window on to the neatly-cropped lawn. Then turning to the butler, who had answered the summons, he said, "I rang for you to show Mr. BOUNCE the door, but it is unnecessary. You may retire."

The Reformer and lover of MORLEENA, who was anxious to propitiate the man whom he fondly hoped to make his future brother-in-law, rose from the ground, and leaning on the window-sill, said, "I came here, Dr. OVERWAYTE, with the strongest feeling—"

"And you'll go away with the most painful," laughed the Archbeacon.

"You don't know why I came," continued Mr. JOHN BOUNCE.

"But I know *how* you're going," replied Dr. OVERWAYTE.

"I assure you," said JOHN BOUNCE, almost choking with passion, "that if it were not for the warmth of my attachment—"

This was more than Dr. OVERWAYTE could bear.

"Warmth!" he cried indignantly. "Here, boys! here's a gentleman wants cooling!" and so saying, he clapped his hands three times and closed the window, as a discharge from several

squirts and garden-engines hidden from view, but worked by the Archbeacon's children, who had been silent witnesses of this interview, drenched the unfortunate Mr. JOHN BOUNCE from head to foot. I think Mr. JOHN BOUNCE had as little cause for liking the family at the Archbeaconry as I had.

The Archbeacon turned away from his window with a triumphant chuckle; a glow of satisfaction was on his face as he turned towards the iron safe; but suddenly the colour forsook his cheeks, his figure visibly shrunk within his garments; his knees trembled as he saw standing before the open safe, sternly confronting him key in hand, yellow French literature, sporting papers, and the choice cigar-box under her arm, the justly indignant countenance of Mrs. OVER-WAYTE.

"My dear—" he stammered apologetically.

"So you Arch-idiot," she began, and she was never much more familiar in addressing him even at times of the greatest excitement; "this is how you spend your time and money. Give me all your keys at once."

The Archbeacon, completely crestfallen, surrendered them at once.

"Now," said the Lady, "you write the statement of affairs to Sir ISAAC ALLPHEERE—while I"—and she paused.

"What, my dear?" the Archbeacon ventured to inquire.

His wife continued with calm determination—

"While I search every drawer, and every cupboard in this abominable den! Ugh! you Arch-huubug!"

Could Mr. JOHN BOUNCE have witnessed this scene, my dear readers, don't you think he would have been more than repaid?

However, he did not; but having dried himself as best he could by running after the boys, or rather in the direction whence their laughter seemed to proceed, and failing in all his attempts to find anyone except a Gardener who, having been out all night raking, was now breakfasting early on a succulent pea-stalk, and recovering from his astonishment at being collared by the irate JOHN BOUNCE, treated him to a dose of hoe-meopathy on the side of his head, which would have felled any ordinary man. JOHN BOUNCE felt that he had met his match, and must strike him on the edging of the bed, in fact on his own box. As the gardener had just made his own bed, so JOHN BOUNCE felt he ought to make him lie on it.

The Gardener, as might have been expected, fired up, but aimed too high; then seeing his antagonist's hand, he imagined that spades were trumps, and sounded them loudly, in order to summon the other domestics to his assistance.

But JOHN BOUNCE was too quick for him; and, catching sight of the door close by, lifted the latch, made a bolt of it, and fastened it on the other side.

Then he rushed up the lane to his own house; flew upstairs, four steps at a time; frightened his Sister MARY into such tight fits, that she didn't get out of them again for several days, and seizing his hat, and brushing it violently the wrong way, exclaimed,

"I'll go, NAR!"

And, without vouchsafing another word to any one, he dashed down to the front door, and violently let himself out, as much as he could, until he reached Mr. SIMPLEX's house. Here he paused, went round the place with his hat, and collected himself to any amount.

Gentle Reader, did you ever have a tussle with a Gardener, and then brush your hat the wrong way, out of sheer vexation? Did you ever find yourself reduced to a nonentity by a smack on the side of your head with a flat spade? Such was JOHN BOUNCE's feeling now.

"If she refuse me!" he murmured to himself between his set teeth—they were a double set, which, as a General Practitioner and Dentist, he wore for the sake of advertisement—"woe to the whole lot of 'em! But if she accepts"—and here an honest smile showed his false teeth—"I shall forgive her brother-in-law's, the Old Archbeacon's rudeness, and tell Lawyer FISBY to drop the action against the Master of Deedler's Trusts, and the Ecclesiastical dignitaries of Small-Beerjester."

Then as he rang the bell, Mr. JOHN BOUNCE felt an odd sort of palpitation in his left side, with which my Gentleman readers will, I suspect, sympathise; and at which my Lady readers over forty,—in age, I mean, not in number, as the latter is incalculable,—will doubtless sigh and simper, and will follow my heroine, as JOHN BOUNCE did, when on hearing the front door bell, she glided silently from the back drawing-room into the Tea-garden, all among the Tea-roses and the buttercups and saucers, where, in another minute or so, her lover found her, with her beautiful hair flowing in auburn masses down her back from under her bonnet, picking rosy-coloured shrimps, while her father was taking forty winks with his bread and butter in an adjoining arbour.

A RITUALIST REVEL.



EAR MR. PUNCH.

ON Thursday last week, being the Feast of St. Alban, the congregation of the Church of that Saint's name celebrated its dedication Anniversary in the drill-shed of the 40th Middlesex Volunteers, Gray's Inn Road, the Earl of St. GERMANS in the Chair of the St. Alban's church-goers, and the Rev. Mr. MACKONOCHE, of course, in his glory. Subsequently to meat, and during drink, amongst other speakers,

"The Rev. E. F. RUSSELL, in proposing 'The Visitors,' said that the Clergy of St. Alban's had recently started a co-operative needlewomen's workroom. This workroom wanted support, and the speaker humorously dilated upon the quality and fashion of the garments there made, and urged his hearers to replenish their wardrobes."

A very humorous exhortation certainly, as likewise, don't you think, was the previous announcement that the Ritualist Clergy of St. Alban's had started a needlewomen's workroom?—of course for the manufacture of ecclesiastical millinery. To be sure Mr. RUSSELL's reverend hearers could not have needed to be urged to replenish their wardrobes (with vestments)—that was only his fun. It was evidently said in the spirit of the opening address in which—

"After luncheon, the Chairman, in proposing 'The health of the QUEEN,' and that of 'The Clergy,' coupling with the latter the name of the Rev. A. H. MACKONOCHE, observed that he was very glad to be able to say, in the words of the *Clown*, 'Here we are again!'"

Capital! A most appropriate exclamation for the Chairman of a Ritualist Meeting, and quite of a piece with the pleasantry that followed. Wasn't it? You might almost imagine the Sacerdotal performances of the St. Alban's Clergy inspired with a sense of genuine humour. Mightn't you? Observe, Sir, I have really and truly quoted the foregoing passages from a newspaper. They are *bonâ fide* portions of a report in the *Morning Post*. Upon my word they are, Sir; and not the inventions of any satirist or buffoon, such as you may imagine

Yours, seriously and sincerely,
FACT.

"Lords" and Ladies.

MR. PUNCH (with the assistance of his Deputy Assistant Prophetic Reporter) has much pleasure in publishing the score of the University Cricket Match, as it will stand at two P.M. on the first day of the contest:—

Lobster Salad, bowled Butter	1,489
Dry Champagne caught Tumblers	36,482
Soda Water hot out	0
Extras	147,833

Pickled Salmon, Roast Fowls, Cold Meat, Wheat Bread, &c. &c., still to go in.

PHILHELLENES.—The LORD MAYOR and Aldermen who filled the King of the Hellenes and his suite, when they presented him with an address, and gave them all a lunch, the other day, at Guildhall.



THIRSTY SOULS.

Doctor (who had just seen the Patient). "HE'S NO WORSE, BUT" (gravely) "THE QUESTION WILL, NO DOUBT, SOON ARISE AS TO THE ADVISABILITY OF TAPPING HIM!"

Mother-in-Law. "OH, DOCTOR, DON'T SAY THAT! NOTHING WAS EVER TAPPED IN THIS HOUSE THAT LASTED OVER A WEEK!!"

SIR QUILLE'S SABBATHE QUESTE.

SIR QUILLE spurred forth one Sabbath morn
Upon a knightlie queste,
For, mindfule of reproof once born
On holy lips miast Syrian corn,
He deemed ye Daye of Reste
A daye of duty and delight,
Or, if neede be, of valiante fighte
'Gainst everie sorte of ille.
Quoth he, "What foe soe'er I meet
This holie daye, in field or street,
I'll charge with righte good wille!"

Two demans, Drunkenesse and Luste,
Sir QUILLE hid seeke. Quoth he, "I truste
These o. res to unmaske.
But, sheltered by a foolish wighte,
Though of a pious semblance, highte
Olde Bigotrie, they shunne the fighte;
Which magnifies my taske."

So fared he forth, and eftsoone saw
Sightes which I scarce may name,
Which made Sir QUILLE to clenche his jaw,
And flushe with knightlie shame.
The thralls of those two demans dredde
Paced the dull streets with lumpish treade,
Or lay and drowsed as swine nigh dead
About ye publicke waye;
The old sore sodden with much beere,
Idle, unkempt, a-daste, and dreare!
The children voyde of hearty cheere,
And all too sadde for playe.

The Church bells chime, but they, alaske!
Had no fayre suits of shining blacke;
No head-gear trim and smarte;
Nor wille nor skille to join the throng
Who churchwards bravely paced along,
In whose high shrines of prayer and song
These had no place nor parte.
Nor seemed there aught of harmlesse sorte,
Of pleasant love, or manlie sporte,
To which these hordes from slum and courte
Righte readilie might gette.
Ye fieldes were far, and Art's fayre halles
Were barred against these piteous thralls,
A holie banne on battes and balles
Sleeke Piety had sette.
Onlie the gates unto the lairs
(Where curses rose in place of prayers)
Of those two fiends were wide.
Now and anon, and thither then
They thronged, the children, women, men,
Whence issuing on the nighte,
With staggering gait and satyr grinne,
Shrieking madde mirth and wordes of sinne,
They filled the streets with demon dinne.
Quoth QUILLE, "An this be righte,
I'm no knighte errante sound and sane,
But a mere Quixote dazed of brain.
Methynkes I'll have a shie
At,—whomsoever be to blame
For this sadde scene of sinne and shame,
Or know ye reason why!"

But as he sette his launce in reste,
Forthe rushed an Apparition, drest
In flowing lawne, with Bible prest
Close to its much perturbed breaste,
Which cried, "Rash Knighte, forbear!
Upon thy taske I put my banne;
And, Knighte, I am a Holie Man.
Things can't be bettered by thy plan,
Best leave them to my care."

But quoth Sir QUILLE, "I prythee looke
On this foule scene! Thine Holie Booke
Hath sure no law to saye
That howsoe'er, by hook or crooke,
This shame, which sense no more may brooke,
Shall not be done awaye?"
"Sir Knight, aroint thee!" sternly cried
That Apparition. "In thy pride
Of secular puissance,
Thou'dst lay unhallowed hands upon
The Arke of our Religion.
No mortal militance
May here avail. Better, Sir Knighte,
Bide long continuance of this sighte,
Though sore it like my breaste,
Than by one inch relax the law
That guards with hedge of holie awe
The Church's Daye of Reste!"

Sir QUILLE rode home, and as he rode
He mused: "Though reverence be owed
To every pious plea,
This personne's game may I be blowed
If I at alle can see!
I much misdoubte this Holie Manne,
Who on my mission layde his banne,
Was, after alle, none other than
That Bogie, Bigotrie!
On Saintes I woulde not lifte my lance;
But I have sworne aye *à outrance*
With Pious Fraudes to fighte;
And of all Pious Fraudes I thinke
This holie white-lawne'd friend of Drinke
Is the most dangerous quite!"

A PROFESSIONAL ATTENTION.

THE Lawyers ought to be happy and contented. If we are to judge by its title, a library seems to have been devised specially for their use and enjoyment—it is termed "The Parchment Library."

ARE Welsh Rabbits included in "Ground Game"?



NONE OF OUR JOYS ARE PERFECT.

Mrs. Sopely (a great Favourite, somehow, with most of our Sex). "No, INDEED, MR. SPARKS! I NEVER, NEVER FLATTER! BUT IT WON'T DO TO TELL ME THAT NATURE HAS NOT BEEN UNFAIR IN LAVISHING ALL HER CHOICEST GIFTS UPON YOU ALONE!"

[*Sparks is a modest man, but he can't help thinking that if the Lady on his other side, now, were only to talk to him a little in this strain, he could stand a good deal more of it!*

THE HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT.

(A Doggerel Rhyme of the Supplementary Budget for the use of Young Politicians.)

This is the House that JOHN built.

This is the Malt that lay in the House that JOHN built.

This is the Rat, an impost fat, That ate the Malt that lay in the House that JOHN built.

This is the Cat with the Gladstone face, That killed the Rat, an impost fat, That ate the Malt that lay in the House that JOHN built.

This is the Dog, old DIZ, in disgrace, That worried the Cat with the Gladstone face, That killed the Rat, an impost fat, That ate the Malt that lay in the House that JOHN built.

This is Opinion with Newsman's horn, That tossed the Dog, old DIZ, in disgrace, That worried the Cat with the Gladstone face, That killed the Rat, an impost fat, That ate the Malt that lay in the House that JOHN built.

This is L. SAY, in London forlorn, Though cheered by Opinion with Newsman's horn, That tossed the Dog, old DIZ, in disgrace, That worried the Cat with the Gladstone face, That killed the Rat, an impost fat, That ate the Malt that lay in the House that JOHN built.

And here's the French Treaty all but torn, Left by L. SAY in London forlorn, Though cheered by Opinion with Newsman's horn, That tossed the Dog, old DIZ, in disgrace, That worried the Cat with the Gladstone face, That killed the Rat, an impost fat, That ate the Malt that lay in the House that JOHN built.

These are the Incomes a little more shorn, To save the French Treaty all but torn, Left by L. SAY in London forlorn, Though cheered by Opinion with Newsman's horn, That tossed the Dog, old DIZ, in disgrace, That worried the Cat with the Gladstone face, That

killed the Rat, an impost fat, That ate the Malt that lay in the House that JOHN built.

This is the "Daily" that crowed in the morn, Ignoring the Incomes a little more shorn, To save the French Treaty all but torn, Left by L. SAY in London forlorn, Though cheered by Opinion with Newsman's horn, That tossed the Dog, old DIZ, in disgrace, That worried the Cat with the Gladstone face, That killed the Rat, an impost fat, That ate the Malt that lay in the House that JOHN built.

And here is the Farmer with one the less corn, Applauding the "Daily" that crowed in the morn, Ignoring the Incomes a little more shorn, To save the French Treaty all but torn, Left by L. SAY in London forlorn, Though cheered by Opinion with Newsman's horn, That tossed the Dog, old DIZ, in disgrace, That worried the Cat with the Gladstone face, That killed the Rat, an impost fat, That ate the Malt that lay in the House that JOHN built.

Ladies and Linendrapers.

ACCORDING to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of Monday, last week—

"The *Warehousemen and Drapers' Trade Journal* states that the agitation for seats for shop and saloon girls has taken practical shape in Scotland. Last week a staff of Ladies made a tour of the chief warehouses and shops in the leading thoroughfares of Edinburgh, and made inquiries as to the accommodation in the desired direction. The Committee found that in several instances Warehousemen and Milliners had provided seats for their saleswomen to be used during 'the intervals of business.'"

And of course the fair Committee will transfer their custom from the considerate Warehousemen and Milliners, who have made that due provision to the brutes who haven't. Here is a practical beginning to a requisite end. Ladies of London, and all other large towns, see what the Edinburgh Ladies have done in the way of shopping. Do the same.



THE CAT THAT KILLED THE RAT—

"THAT ATE THE MALT,
THAT LAY IN THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

BASES AND BASS'S.



ACCORDING to evidence the other day, before a Committee of the House of Commons on the London Water Supply, given by Mr. E. J. SMITH, C.E., and F.G.S., Mr. (now Sir RICHARD) CROSS, not being out on the Moors shooting grouse on the 13th of August last, but elsewhere engaged, made a speech, wherein, with a view to business, he invited the Water Companies to treat on certain "bases." He "had proposed to them two exactly opposite bases;" and some of the Companies, Mr. SMITH thinks, "did not understand the bases which he (Mr. SMITH) had referred to." What these two opposite bases were deponent said not. In treating with a Water Company, it seems possible to treat on but one base only, water pure and simple, as any other base would imply too bad a baseness. Negotiations with a Brewing firm, indeed, might be conducted on two bases—the base of water, and the base of beer—that pale ale, or bitter beer, ordinarily called after the name of its producer, the Honourable Representative of East Staffordshire, and the interests of Malt Liquor, Bass; or Base, being musically sounded—of course not as morally understood, but quite the reverse.

By the way, as touching Malt Liquor, Mr. A. BASS, M. P., seems not at all to approve of the new Budget arrangement for taking taxation off Malt, and laying it on Beer. Presiding at the late Annual Festival of the Licensed Victuallers' Schools, and addressing the Company on behalf of that Charity—

"Mr. BASS, after enumerating the facts connected with the growth of the Institution, proceeded to speak of the present proposals by the Premier with regard to placing on beer the duty taken off malt—proposals which the speaker regarded as founded on fallacious and mistaken views."

Isn't it a wonder that, from the Brewer's point of view, the Malt-Tax, in comparison with the Beer-Tax, should be regarded in so very different a light from what the Farmer sees it in? Speaking, perhaps, less as a Farmer's, than a Publican's friend, Mr. BASS further declared that

"He regarded with great disfavour, too, the proposals to increase the tax upon licences, and warmly urged that this taxation upon a legitimate trade was unfair."

For every purpose of use, to be sure, there is nothing like leather; but the materials, of which the consumption is desirable above all things, are evidently the least eligible to be laid under tribute. This, at least, Licensed Wittlers, and their allies, consider to be the case of Beer and Spirits.

ORDER OF THE NIGHT.

(All about it—from the Private Diary of the Coming Speaker.)

4 P.M.—After a severe struggle, managed at last to get into my chair. Rather exhausted, but liked the look of the six policemen on each side of me. Wonder whether there are enough of them. Find the mace and dustman's bell both together decidedly heavy. Breast-plate easier than I expected.

4'1 P.M. Questions commenced *very* suddenly. Must have lost my wig but for my umbrella. Entered into long and animated discussion as to my right to be in the Chair. Didn't let them know it, but confess that the idea *was* new to me. Said, however, I would let the police argue the matter out, if anybody from below the gangway came a step nearer. Uproar! Rang my bell till my arm ached. Quite done up!

7 P.M.—Still ringing my bell. Fifteen independent Members on the table, all speaking at once. Have threatened to have it cleared. Uproar furious. Scuffle! Wonder whether the Chair *could* go over backwards. Swaying quite unpleasant. I thought so. *I have lost my bell.*

7'15 P.M.—Tried to restore order with a Chinese Gong. Useless. Stood for two hours on the seat of my chair, with the speaking trumpet, but couldn't get in a word. Ruled, as well as I could by waving my arms, that it was *not* part of "a Member's privilege" to threaten the officers of the House with a horse-whip. Hurt severely with an orange for this. But I know I was right. Dreadfully fatigued. Can't stand *much* more of it.

10 P.M.—Wig gone. Have resented this, as well as I can, by pointing to the bent Mace and clinging to the back of Chair. Police really *most* useful. Eggs flying about freely. (Note. It is this sort of thing that destroys the dignity of debate.)

11'35 P.M.—Fresh discussion commenced. Premier swept past me in a surging mass of struggling Members towards the lobby. Have caught his eye, but feel that practically this is of little use. Gong cracked. Chair rolling terribly from side to side. Have sent off Black Rod to fetch the two mounted Blues from the Horse Guards.

1 A.M.—Free fight all along the Opposition Benches. Here it comes! Just what I expected. Chair over with a crash. An Irish Member has put the Attorney-General's bag over my head. Have ruled this quite "out of order." But where *are* the Police?

3 A.M.—Out of it at last, dreadfully exhausted. Find, however, some relief up here in my own gallery. Row still furious downstairs. Hope they can't see me. Can't, if I lie on the floor. I'll try it. Dear me, this isn't half bad.

3'15 A.M.—Yes, I'll make it "a precedent." Off to sleep, ruling that Big Ben shan't be heard.

CONFERENCE MEMS.

OVER the door of the Conference Chamber is inscribed in the modern character, "When Greeks joined Greeks."

The Chamber itself is distinguished as the "Grecian Saloon." Ranged round it are casts from the Elgin Marbles, and other celebrated remains of classic art, Greek busts and vases, a model of the Byron statue, &c.

The Library, which has been collected for the use of the Conference, is peculiarly rich in the Greek Grammar, the Attic orators, the works of BYRON, GLADSTONE, MURRAY, &c.

The Representatives of the Great Powers are all dressed in the picturesque Albanian costume; but, to obviate any suspicion of partiality, they wear the Turkish fez, sit (crossed-legged) on Turkey carpets, and smoke chibouques.

The proceedings of the Conference are opened with a recitation, by the President, from HOMER, and closed with the "*Maid of Athens*," sung in turn by each of the Plenipotentiaries.

The most learned Greek scholar in Europe (including Grecians from Christ's Hospital) are in attendance to turn each day's proceedings into iambs.

The influence of Greek art is a subject frequently on the tapis (Turkish).

The proposed frontier is generally referred to as the (in)definite Greek article.

Greek wines are served at luncheon. "A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla" is always on the table. The attendants show unmistakably the well-known classic profile. It is hoped that unanimity will prevail, and that there will be no Grecian noes.

LIBERAL "SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER."—A New Frontier for Greece.

COMMENCEMENT OF EUROPEAN CONCERT.—The Identical Note.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THERE WAS AN
OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED
IN A SHOE.
SHE HAD SO MANY CHILDREN SHE DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT TO DO.
SHE GAVE THEM SOME BROTH WITHOUT
ANY BREAD.
SHE WHIPPED THEM ALL SOVNDLY AND
SENT THEM TO BED.

FRIDAY, June 11 (Lords).—Conversation on the deplorable condition of Turkey and the unsatisfactory state of Ireland, but little if anything said, and nothing done likely to conduce to the improvement of either. No; but in course of the talk upon Turkey, Lord CARNARVON, mentioned that the SULTAN'S MEAT BILL at Constantinople still remained unpaid. The Padishah is in debt for his



A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

JENNINGS AND BELLAMY, THE FAMOUS DRAMATISTS, PLANNING ONE OF THOSE THRILLING PLAYS OF PLOT AND PASSION, IN WHICH (AS EVERYBODY KNOWS) JENNINGS PROVIDES THE INIMITABLE BROAD HUMOUR, AND BELLAMY THE LOVE-SCENES AND THE TRAGIC DEATHS. (BELLAMY IS THE SHORTER OF THE TWO.)

kiebabs, and "owes for his veal." That wouldn't signify if he "saved his country"—which he doesn't seem about doing.

(*Commons.*)—Dr. CAMERON, with a view to meet some objections to vaccination, founded on the possibility of constitutional contamination by human lymph, moved that lymph from the vaccine fountain should be provided for the accommodation of all persons who preferred it. Lymph from the calf, JAMES, —not yours. Mr. DODSON was prepared to make arrangements for the supply of the original matter to regular medical practitioners only.

Dr. CAMERON had to rest satisfied with having obtained a "move" in the right direction so far, and to withdraw his Motion.

Monday (Lords).—Royal Assent given to a few Bills.

On the motion of Lord HOUGHTON, First Reading of a Bill to render British subjects free to marry their Deceased Wives' Sisters, equally with their fellow-subjects in Australia, and the greater part of mankind.

Resolution proposed by Lord GALLOWAY to rescind an order of the House of Lords under which the Earl of KELLIE votes at Holyrood as Earl of MAR, and to recognise the claim of Mr. ERSKINE to an original Earldom of Mar prior to Lord KELLIE's. If this pretension were recognised, there would be two Earldoms of Mar, and two Earls, MAR Senior and MAR Junior, two MARS in fact,—and here we are reminded of an umquihle Earl of Mar, so named in connection with Mars by an anonymous bard, as to afford, MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS an example of the Art of Sinking:—

"And thou, DALHOUSIE, the great God of War,
Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of MAR."

Lord GALLOWAY's resolution was rejected. "Know we not Galloway nags?" We don't know that his Lordship does nag; but he hammers away. *Perfervidum ingenium Scotorum.*

(*Commons, Morning.*)—Mr. LABOUCHERE gave notice of Motion that his colleague, the other Member for Northampton, be allowed to take an affirmation

of allegiance, so that an Agnostic may be let into Parliament as a sort of Non-juror.

After much speaking on the Report on the Budget Resolutions, they were read a Second Time; and the Budget budged on.

Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD, in a maiden speech on the Relief of Distress (Ireland) Act (1880) Amendment Bill, moved by Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH, protested against that measure as a Bill for the Relief of Irish Landlords merely, and an acceptance of the policy of the late Government. Of course if they accept their predecessors' Act, they, as it were, endorse their Bill. Mr. ARNOLD pitched so strongly into the ex-Ministerial Measure, as well as its Ministerial modification before the House, as to call up Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE in reply.

(*Evening.*)—The whole sitting, after some perfunctory business, from an early hour in the evening till one o'clock in the morning, wasted in a row, occasioned primarily by Mr. O'DONNELL, persisting in putting questions involving gross imputations upon M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR, the new French Ambassador, although Sir CHARLES DILKE had fully contradicted them, and secondarily by Mr. GLADSTONE, in a fit of natural impatience, moving that Mr. O'DONNELL be not heard. This was objected to as interference with the liberty of the House by a good many Members, besides Home-Rulers, with whom even Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE sided, and so, stranger still, did Mr. COURNEY and Mr. ANDERSON. Cries of "Divide!" "Withdraw!" and, from the Legislative Irishry, of "Despotism," and "Cæsarism," constituted the most remarkable, if not important utterances. Captain PRICE, however, created some fun by taking occasion to interrupt Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT in the middle of a vehement speech, by moving, *en revanche*, that the HOME SECRETARY be no longer heard. Ha, ha, ha! Ho!

Conclusion, a compromise, Mr. GLADSTONE withdrawing his Motion to shut up Mr. O'DONNELL, and Mr. O'DONNELL agreeing to confine himself simply to giving notice of a Motion. He accordingly gave notice that he would move for documents tending, if authentic, to verify his charges against M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR. If! So then the House, after some forty minutes' formal business, adjourned for "forty winks," not many more—for those who broke fast betimes.

Tuesday (Lords).—Committee on Burials Bill. Lord MOUNT-EDGECUMBE moved an Amendment limiting the right to bury in Churchyards without Church of England rites to parishes comprising no public unconsecrated ground or cemetery. Amendment supported by the Archbishop of YORK and eleven other Bishops; opposed by seven Lords Spiritual, including his Grace of CANTERBURY. Carried in the LORD CHANCELLOR's teeth. The House below will probably disagree with their Lordships' Amendment, or rather impairment, of a concession to Nonconformists, minimised by a limitation of which the idea appears to have been borrowed from the Bagman who asked the waiter, "How little can I give you without being considered mean?" Another limitation proposed by the Archbishop of YORK, and opposed also by the LORD CHANCELLOR, was carried too. In ensuing discussion, on a real Amendment, the LORD CHANCELLOR's proposal to insert words defining "Christian service" to mean the service of any community calling itself Christian, Lords CATRNS and SALISBURY suggested doubts as to the noble Lord's success in defining Christianity for the purposes of his Bill. But that is just what he does succeed in doing for those purposes, if not for a purpose nothing to its and his. The Bill went through Committee, mutilated in going, but most likely to be made whole again.

(*Commons.*)—Sir CHARLES DILKE, in reply to Mr. BALFOUR, announced that Her Majesty's Government had received from Germany an invitation to participate in the European Concert for the benefit of Greece, if not for Turkey too, about to be given at Berlin in order to rectification of Greco-Turkish frontier. They are going, and will be represented by those eminent performers Lord ODO RUSSELL and Sir LINTON SIMMONS.

Mr. RICHARD, calling attention to the growing cost and burden of European armaments, moved an Address praying HER MAJESTY to direct communications to be made by the FOREIGN SECRETARY to European Powers, with a view to the mutual and simultaneous reduction of those expensive preparations for mutual slaughter.

Mr. GLADSTONE, answering, said all that could be, and usually is said in excuse for not doing what it would be of not the slightest use to do, and, by the way, (of a fling at his predecessors, possibly,) pointed out that "when Lord CLARENDON made overtures to France and Germany, there was nothing in our policy in any portion of the globe that at all weakened our position, or made it otherwise than desirable to be authors of such overtures. It was necessary that we should stand *recti in curia*, and that we should not be met with the remark—'What are you doing yourselves? You preach the Gospel of Peace, but are your hands free from the stain of blood?'"

At the suggestion of Mr. COURTNEY a Resolution, instead of Mr. RICHARD'S, was adopted to the effect that it is the duty of the Government, on all occasions when circumstances will permit, to recommend to Foreign Governments the reduction of European armaments. The House, having affirmed this abstract proposition, was counted out; and no wonder.

*Wednesday (Commons).—*Second Reading of Town Council's Amendment Bill, moved by Mr. JAMES, and carried. Nothing else to speak of but the Report of the Bradlaugh Committee (No. 2), brought up by Mr. WALPOLE. It recommends that Mr. BRADLAUGH be not allowed to make oath, but be permitted to affirm and take his seat at his own peril—that of being sued in the High Court for penalties he may incur by sitting and voting; it is said, to the amount of £500 per vote.

*Thursday (Lords).—*Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL made a

speech about Turkish affairs, and moved that a copy of the instructions to Mr. GOSCHEN be laid upon the table.

Lord GRANVILLE replied that they were already on the table. *Ergo* Motion withdrawn. Logic. Then a few inquiries made, and replies returned. Questions of no consequence; answers evasive. Adjournment.

(*Commons.*)—Mr. O'DONNELL having two questions down relative to Mr. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR, before putting them, was proceeding to put a subsidiary question to the Chair; but the SPEAKER reminded him that he had already told him it was an improper one, and further advertence to it was irregular.

Mr. O'DONNELL, continuing to press his point, Mr. SPEAKER stuck to his decision, and having called upon him to confine himself to his questions on the paper, ultimately admonished him that if he went on disregarding the authority of the Chair, he (the SPEAKER) would be bound to take action accordingly, and pass his questions over. Oh, then in those circumstances Mr. O'DONNELL wouldn't put any questions at all; and so vanished amid roars of hearty laughter, and thunders of ironical applause.

After delay, occasioned chiefly by interrogatories to the number of thirty-seven, came on a doleful adjourned debate on the Second Reading of the Irish Distress Bill; read at last a Second Time; an Irish Debate, for once in the way happily, not involving an Irish row. Yes; happily, for Irish rows in the House of Commons are so frequent that they have ceased to be funny.

CHARITY!



The Little Hotel of France, Calais, and the Two Worlds, Leicester Square, June 18, 1880.

MY DEAR EDITOR-IN-CHIEF!

CONGRATULATE me, my dear friend, a thousand times! You ask me why? I will tell you. On leaving our dear boulevards you told me to see as much of the "*Sport Anglais*" as possible. You knew I loved the chase! That my blood boiled in the hunt! Well, I have obeyed you! Listen! Attention! A friend of mine—a "perfect Gentleman rider"—said but two days since,—"My dear! You wish to see how we hunt the fox in his lair. You have brought your double-barrel-muzzle-loader that you may assist at his discomfiture! But alas! It is too late! The fox he has gone to take the waters at the sea-side until the winter! But courage! You shall see something better! We will go to Kensington!"

And, my faith, he was right! He had reason! We conveyed ourselves in a "Hansom-cab-four-wheeler," and flew with the wind past "Hyde-Park," past "Knit-is-bridg" to "Baron-Grant-Ous." There we entered. All the "high-life" were there. The "high noblesse," the "svells," the "big Vigs." In a moment all was excitement! We crushed! We pushed! We fought! We the men, and those others, the Ladies! Oh, it was grand! It was like a battle! I was wild with excitement! I then understood why the English "Mees" wishes the rights of man!

It is that she may hunt like the rest! Clothes were torn, shouts were made! It was splendid! But some were weak. Two Ladies fainted! But what cared the hunters? It was the fortune of the war! But there was a rush, and then such a fight! And they

THE following letter, apparently intended for a Parisian contemporary, has found its way to 85, Fleet Street. As Mr. PUNCH has no means of ascertaining the right address without publication, he has decided upon printing a translation of it.

The MS. of course will be immediately returned on application at Mr. PUNCH'S office, and proper identification by anyone so applying.

were saved by another of their sex! Hip! hip! hip! for another of their sex! Then we hunted *her*! She retreated to another room, and we pursued! Once more the fight, the crush, the combat! How we pulled! How we tore! How we trod under foot! It was grand, magnificent! It was glorious! Congratulate me! I am too excited to write more! Hip! hip! hip! for the "*Sport Anglais*!" Oop-là—Urray!

JULES.

At this point the letter ends. Mr. PUNCH has no observation to offer as to its application. It is true that a Fancy Fair was recently held at Kensington House, at which the Princess of WALES, and the Duchess of TECK were great objects of attraction; but, of course, M. JULES' description can have nothing to do with *that* event!

THE FARMER'S REAL FRIENDS.

Housefinch sings—

OLD SNOW, a remnant of an age that's bygone,
What zo-o-logers call a "survival," holds on.
His mind was made up afore these here new days,
And he always have stood on the old-fashioned ways.

The Refarm Bill, when carried by RUSSELL and GREY,
'Ood rewun the countree, he heer'd people say,
And he stuck to that prawfesy all his life droo,
So the colour he voted was high Torea Blue.

But as I was a gwinn for to look at a pig,
I meets wi' old SNOW all bedizened out Whig.
On his breast in a button-hole a gurt yaller bow,
Of the same round his hat a smart riband wore SNOW.

"Hullo, Sir," I says to un, "why who do I zee,
Wi' a Libbral rozzet on? Thee a turnquoat, what, thee?"
"Ess, naaibur," sez he, "'tis a vaet that thee dost;
I've took on a new tether, the old bands be all bust.

"The repale o' the Malt-tax we expected how long
For to gain by the Torea, when they should be strong!
In vaain, as we found whensoe'er they got in;
Droo the Libbrals at last we've our rights come to win.

"There's the Ground Game Bill also—they some good ha' done
For we Farmers; they 'tother chaps never did none.
So now 'BILL—Malt Bill—GLADSTONE for ever!' I'll roar;
Never more no Consarvatives, never no more!"

CONFESSION OF A CONSTITUENT.

I ACKNOWLEDGES I took money to vote for the sittin' Member. I was offered one pound to. I allows I sold my vote for that sum. I thinks I did right so to do. I considers it was my duty towards my Sovereign.

SUITED TO A "T."

ADVICE to Pleasure-seekers:—Go to Hampton, and exchange Thames Smells for Thames Smeets.



THE PHILOSOPHY OF CRITICISM.

Critic. "SORR, IT'S BY TAYCHIN' THE IGNORANT PUBLIC WHAT IS GOOD OR BAD, ACCORDIN' TO ME LOIGHTS, THAT I GET ME LIVIN' INTOIRELY!"

Layman. "AND HOW'S THE IGNORANT PUBLIC TO KNOW WHETHER YOU ARE RIGHT OR WRONG?"

Critic (innocently). "BY THE COINCIDENCE OF THE POPULAR VERDICT WITH MOINE, SORR, OR THE REVERSE! BUT EITHORR WAY I TURN AN HONEST PENNY!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Farewell to Sarah—Waiting for Chaumont—Interim Performance—Old Friends—Old Faces—Old Pieces—Recommendation—Où est Coquelin?—Dutch Metal—Quotation—Explanation—Termination.

SARAH has gone! *Il y a dix jours que SARAH est partie!*

All is well that well all ends,
And SARAH B.'s gone back to her friends.
Whether they're friends or whether they're foes,
Most of us care, but nobody knows.

She has had a veritable triumph with her *Adrienne*, and a success with her *Rome Vaincue*. *Frou-Frou* was not within her reach; but whether above or below it, let those decide who can read—as M. FRANCISQUE SARCEY declares our critics can't write to be read—"between the lines." SARAH was last heard of at Manchester.

And now *en attendant cette petite reine* Mlle. CHAUMONT—Ah! *que Monsieur (Punch) attend Madame!*—we have the ancient *troupe* of the celebrated Palais Royal. GEOFFROY and LHERITIERS are here, and the ever-blooming HYACINTHE—not le célèbre "Père" HYACINTHE—c'est à dire M. LOYSON qui est arrivé probablement par le même bateau à vapeur, et qui vient de jouer ses petites farces chez Monseigneur l'Archevêque de Cantorbéry—but le grand' Père HYACINTHE, doyen du Palais Royal—with the spirituelle Mlle. DEZADOR, and the other attractive comédiennes. Everyone was disappointed with *La Cagnotte* on their opening night. The clever actors were, somehow or other, not at home; and yet the audience tried their best to make them so, for they undoubtedly would not have tolerated so lengthy and idiotic a piece, with such dawdling *entr'actes*, in any of our own London theatres. But *Le Réveillon* on Tuesday revived us. It is a fairly constructed piece—one of MM. MEILHAC and HALEVY's—with good situations and some really witty dialogue. The acting was perfection of its kind, and satisfied those who knew what to expect from such a combination of old "playmates" so long associated together for the charitable object of amusing the public. Are there any young GEOFFROYS and LHERITIERS and HYACINTHES springing up in the garden of the Palais Royal, or will their secret die with them? Later on MM. DUBRAY and MELHER will join them, and we shall see whatever plays are *autorisés par Mitor Chambellan*. Permit me to recommend *Tricoche et Cacolet*, *La Boule*, et le *susdit Réveillon*. *Gavant Minard & Cie.*, is rather—ahem—but the three Milles. GAVANT are delightful, and I venture to say

that it would be difficult to find their equals—all three playing together—in any one London theatre. They are only little people, mind. BRASSEUR, poor GIL PÉREZ, and LAS-SOUCHE, no longer members of the company, are conspicuous by their absence—especially the latter. By the way, I hear of M. COQUELIN *caché* somewhere in London, and giving little drawing-room entertainments on his own account, because he can't get that hundred a-night—pounds, not francs—at which he estimates his services. *Que chunte-t-il ce cher directeur M. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD? Par-tout il fredonne.* "He's too jolly clever by half," and so ce spirituel COQUELIN ne coqueline pas ici. Well, we all missed le petit Duc de Sept-monts this season, and wanted very much to see *L'Etrangère*.

Bravo Dutch metal and Dutch pluck! The Dutch company has been a *succès d'estime*, and un de mes chers collègues has already testified to their excellence. The British public will wake up when they have gone. But never too late to mend; and it is to be hoped they will revisit London next year, when we shall all have learned Dutch. That is a "*Gelukigge Inval*," isn't it? Haven't I read in Flemish—which is quite near enough—"Byng neemt Milburd en mij ter zijde. 'Wat voor een kerstfeestachtige vestooning,' vraagt Byng, 'kunnen we bedenken om ze te amuseren?' Milburd slaat charades voor." Well, well—"We kloppen onze pijpen uit, drinken ons glas kég en gaan naar bed." And, Dutch or Flemish, or both, that's a good finish for

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—The above extract is from *Gelukigge Inval*, or *Happy Thoughts* translated into Flemish by SOEBA RANA. Let them send an *Opéra-bouffe* company to play *La Grande Dutchess—musique de Mynheer Van Bachoffen*.

P.S. No. 2—*Gelukigge Inval*, or *Happy Thought*.—Previous to visiting the Gaiety at eight, dine at a small table in the *salle à manger* of the Grand Hotel at something before seven, taking the *table-d'hôte* dinner, and having been very careful to order your table early in the morning of the same day. The *salle* is so thickly carpeted that the waiters move about noiselessly, like ministering spirits,—though, of course, they don't "like ministering spirits" to anyone unless ordered. *Cela va sans dire; et tout là va sans bruit.* "Recommandé." Y. R.

THEN AND NOW.

ONCE Mr. GLADSTONE was associated with the Ionian Islands, at the present we connect him with Malta.

TO LADIES WHO PAINT—THEMSELVES.—It is better to be "plain" than "coloured."

A PENITENT ELECTION PETITION.—"Please disfranchise us!"



NIL DESPERANDUM.

WATER DANCE OF THE FLAMINGO ON HAVING HIS BANTLING HATCHED AT LAST.

WIDE OF THE MARK.

NUMEROUS questions not very wise, and answers very much less wise, have been suggested by the recent Agnostic row in Parliament.

Why is Mr. BRADLAUGH a fit and proper person to represent Northampton? "Because," answers the Wag who asks the question, "he sticks to the last." Not so. He sticks to his purpose truly; but he does *not* stick to his last, as he might be advised to do if he were a cobbler.

To the question above propounded respecting the elect of Northampton, the City of Shoemakers, another Wag answers that he is fit to be their representative because he denies the immortality of the Sole. No such thing. The Sole will not wear out any the faster for his denying its immortality; neither does he thereby, as yet another Wag alleges, ruin any Soles. Moreover, the only Sole of which the immortality could be either affirmed or denied is the living fish of that name, with which cobblers and shoemakers are concerned not as producers or reproducers at all, but solely as consumers.

Mind and Brain.

It is not true that anybody proposed that Mr. BRADLAUGH, whilst confined in the Clock Tower, should be put to the rack. An investigator of GALL and SPURZHEIM'S system, however, has suggested that his head should be shaved, in order that a cast might be taken of it, showing whether the organs of "Veneration" and "Marvellousness" are so small, and the organs of "Firmness" and "Self-esteem" so large, as they ought to be according to Phrenology.

GEMS AND GREEN-GROCERY.

THE *Natal Mercury*, speaking of the South-African Diamond Fields, says that next to diamonds potatoes seem to be the dearest thing on them, £6 10s. having been given for a bag of them. At this rate, however, potatoes are still considerably cheaper than carats.

CITY ARTICLE.

There is an "Aldermanic contest in Billingsgate."

LET us hope it will pass off without any recourse to the language for which that Ward has been distinguished.

CRIS AND CONTRARIETIES.—"Gin and True Religion!" and "Atheism and Total Abstinence!"



A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.

Gorgius Midas Junior (a crack dancer in his own set) gets a card for a dance at Siltton House, and waltzes with Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns, the only Lady he knows there, and who has often been his Partner under the paternal roof. Proudly conscious of creating a sensation, he is dancing his very best, when—
 Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns (suddenly). "WE'D BETTER STOP, MR. MIDAS! THIS FORM DOES VEEY WELL AT MIDAS TOWERS, BUT IT DOESN'T DO HERE!"
 [G. M.'s "for me," which is not restricted to himself, consists in holding his Partner like a Banjo, and hopping slowly round her beneath a Chandelier.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



LEEP, and dream of the Budget. *Friday, June 18 (Lords).*—Lord NORTON moved for an Address to HER MAJESTY, praying for the omission of the fourth schedule from the Education Department's New Code, proposing to make public payment for teaching half-a-dozen of the higher knowledges in national schools. By a majority of 48 their Lordships decided against those chargeable superadditions to the Three R's.

(*Commons, Morning.*)—The House, after nigh three hours' talk, went into Committee *pro forma* on the Irish Distress Relief Bill; and progress was immediately reported. Not much made.

(*Evening.*)—The event thereof was the final success of Sir WILFRID LAWSON in getting the House, by a majority of 26, to agree to his Resolution affirming the principle of Local Option; that principle and the principle of the Permissive Bill being as nearly alike as two peas.

Mr. GLADSTONE, disliking abstract resolutions which were not preparatory to Bills, could not follow his hon. friend into the Lobby, but "hoped that at some no very distant period it might be found

did not believe" in the tenets which an Atheist believes that he disbelieves, then, Mr. FOWLER justly declared, "he was not likely to be a man of high moral character." Certainly not. "The language of such a man," added the Alderman, "must be 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'"

To an Alderman, of all people, this must naturally appear the language to be expected of an Atheist. But others than Atheists seem, though they don't say so, to devote themselves chiefly to eating and drinking. Unedifying palaver adjourned.

In Committee on the Wild Birds Protection Law Amendment Bill, censured by Major NOLAN as protecting hawks, magpies, and other pernicious birds, Sir J. LUBBOCK pleaded that hawks, at all events, should be cared for, as an almost extinct species. Ornithologists, and brethren in the bonds of woodcraft, salute Sir JOHN LUBBOCK. Adjournment of House.

Tuesday (Lords).—The Government acceded to a Motion made by Lord LIMERICK for a return of attempted robberies of arms reported by the Irish Constabulary within the last year. Also, to the request of Lord ANNESLEY for a return of the number of evictions for non-payment of rent in the distressed districts of Ireland in 1878 and 1879, which the Noble Lord wished to obtain because he believed that evictions on large Irish estates were very rare. The fewer both robberies and evictions in Ireland turn out to be proved, the more will the British public be disappointed agreeably.

(*Commons.*)—Resumption of the Bradlaugh debate by Mr. NEWBEGATE, who taxed the Government with having, as touching the occasion thereof, brought the House into a "disgraceful muddle." He added some general observations on Atheism; for which the SPEAKER called him to question.

Mr. GLADSTONE said he would argue the question drily, and he kept his word, pursuing a mainly dry indeed, but forcible argument. He thought the House had no power to refuse the oath, and would, by refusing it, conflict with the Courts of Law and the constituency of Northampton, and finally be reduced to humiliation, as whilom in the case of WILKES. The other side (Church and State) had been driven to abandon successively the Church, the Protestant and the Christian character of the House, and would attempt in vain to rally on the "narrow and slippery" ground of Theism, or, as he might have said, the theistic Rink.

Mr. GIBSON answered forcible argument in kind, arguing with much force that the cases of WILKES and BRADLAUGH were quite different.

Mr. SULLIVAN, alike with Irish earnestness and Irish logic pleading for Parliament's retention of its religious character, admitted that if ever the day came—which he deprecated—when the Atheists should be as numerous as the Jews, the Non-conformists, and the Catholics, the House, if the Atheists claimed to come into it, would have to consider their

practicable to deal with the licensing laws, and to include a reasonable and just application of the principle of Local Option."

That, then, your Honours, will be a measure of Local Option which will not restrict the liberty of Personal Option, and will duly regulate the sale of liquor as, nevertheless, not to rob a poor man of his beer. Rob him of his beer, and you will have to rob the Income-tax, or else to raise taxation on the People's tea, or some other commodity which the People consume. If Local Option prevented the consumption of liquors which duties are now levied on, wouldn't it, in so far, annul Optional Taxation, and necessitate compulsory Taxes on Temperance? Think of that.

Monday (Lords).—On the Motion of Lord DE LA WARR, a Select Committee, to inquire into the operation of the Highway Acts, was agreed to by Lord ENFIELD on the part of Government; and they hope the noble Lord himself will sit as Chairman thereon. No legislation to-night. Interrogations and replies only; none noteworthy.

(*Commons.*)—Mr. LABOUCHERE, in a rather dialectic speech, moved his Resolution that Mr. BRADLAUGH be allowed to affirm.

Sir H. GIFFARD moved, as an Amendment, that he be not allowed either to affirm or to swear.

Serjeant SIMON, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and Mr. BRIGHT of course supported the Motion; equally of course Mr. HUBBARD, Mr. WALPOLE, Mr. BERRSFORD-HOPKINS, and Mr. E. STANHOPE the Amendment. Mr. BRIGHT, on the part of Mr. BRADLAUGH, in a speech which highly irritated the other party, took occasion to point out that "there were quite as many lawyers on one side as on the other."

Who shall decide when lawyers disagree?

Forgetting that the subject of debate was simply a question of parliamentary law, the anti-Bradlaugh speakers mostly treated it as a matter of sentiment. Amongst them, however, Mr. Alderman FOWLER cited a text of peculiar cogency, in a Civic point of view, perhaps. "If a man

demand. If their demand is one which consistency requires the House to consider now, what signifies it whether they be rare as black swans or "plenty as blackberries?" The fact, perhaps, is that Atheists are extremely scarce.

After pro-Bradlaugh speeches from Mr. COHEN and Mr. CHILDEERS, and anti-Bradlaugh from Mr. SYNAN, Mr. DALY, and Sir S. NORTHCOTE, whilst Mr. ROGERS was vainly trying to speak, the House divided amid tremendous uproar. "Silence in the pig-market" (Parliamentary) having been restored, the numbers, anti-Bradlaugh, 275, pro-Bradlaugh, 230, anti-Bradlaugh majority 45, were announced amidst wildly vociferous and enthusiastic cheers, vehement waving of hats and handkerchiefs—hon. Members, chiefly Home-Rulers, dancing with excitement, jumping on seats, and venting exuberant exultation in leaps and bounds. Amendment agreed to *nem. con.*, with repetition of row.

Wednesday (Commons).—Mr. SPEAKER took the Chair, and Mr. BRADLAUGH presented himself at the Table. He requested to have the oath administered to him. Instead of that, the SPEAKER administered the Resolution passed at the previous sitting, and bade him withdraw. Mr. BRADLAUGH demanded to be heard; but by the SPEAKER's direction withdrew pending consideration of his demand. On the Motion of Mr. LABOUCHERE, the House consented to hear him, but, at the suggestion of Mr. WALPOLE, "at the Bar." He contested the Resolution debaring him from oath or affirmation in, it must be said, a decent speech.

Under the management of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, Leader of the anti-Bradlaugh majority, and with the concurrence of Mr. GLADSTONE, who, though Leader of the House, declined, as being Chief of the pro-Bradlaugh minority, to lead it for the time being, the House determined the situation as to Mr. BRADLAUGH to remain unchanged. At call, re-enter BRADLAUGH. The SPEAKER politely informed him the House had no more to say to him, and told him to go. He respectfully insisted on his right to stay, and have the oath administered to him, and, still respectfully, refused to go. Again the SPEAKER told him that the order of the House was that he was to go, and he again refused. He repeated his refusal in spite of a formal vote on the Motion of Sir S. NORTHCOTE, and was then, by order of the SPEAKER, walked off by the Sergeant-at-Arms as far as the "Bar," but there faced about, and reiterated his claim to remain. Possibilities of forbearance having now been exhausted, the House had no more to do for it than vote his commitment for contempt. Voted accordingly. And so, consigned on the SPEAKER's warrant to the Clock Tower, exit BRADLAUGH, guarded.

The policy of self-effacement pursued by the PREMIER throughout the transactions above summarised has occasioned comment. Whenever he interposed he addressed the House holding his stick in one hand and his hat in the other, looking like a political pilgrim. Quite a picture.

An Irish Bill having been withdrawn, and a Middlesex Bill talked out, thus ended a very unusual and exciting Wednesday's work.

Thursday (Lords).—Sparring over the Burials Bill, between the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. The Bishop, in criticising the Bill, objected to the word "Christian"—much as he valued it as a legislative recognition of Christianity—because it would incur the hostility of parties in the House of Commons. The Archbishop, misunderstanding the Bishop, said that the Right Rev. Prelate had done infinite damage to the Bill and to himself. Strong language this last, if really meant; which of course it wasn't. The Bishop warmly repudiated the interpretation put on his words by the Most Rev. Primate. *Tantene animis celestibus ira?*

After further talk, in the course of which Lord GRANVILLE remarked that the speeches of the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH and Lord BRACONSFIELD (who had also criticised the Bill), were not very well calculated to either assist their Lordships or promote a solution of the controversy, the Burials Bill was Read a Third Time.

(Commons.)—Mr. LABOUCHERE gave notice of immediate Motion to bring in an Amendment of the Parliamentary Oaths Act. O, amend it altogether!

Sir S. NORTHCOTE asked if the Government had any Motion to make regarding Mr. BRADLAUGH. Mr. GLADSTONE had, up to then, not chosen to consult his colleagues about the matter, nor had he any advice to tender the House. Still adhering to abstention.

Sir STAFFORD, observing that his Motion for the committal of Mr. BRADLAUGH, had not been made vindictively, but only to sustain the authority of the House, moved an order for his release.

Mr. LABOUCHERE, having informed the House that if Mr. BRADLAUGH were released, he would incontinently return and behave as before, Mr. GLADSTONE gave him a hint that, now the case was altered, that would be going too far.

The Motion having been agreed to, the Prisoner of the Clock Tower, liberated from his temporary confinement, returned and sat quietly under the Gallery.

The Budget Bill, with alterations and improvements, explained by Mr. GLADSTONE, underwent discussion, during which Mr. ORR-EWING eulogised the Beer-tax, which he thought would be a mine of wealth to a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and might be the means

of sweeping away the Tea and Coffee Duties, and probably the Income-tax. If so, what a blessing the Beer-tax will be! Won't it, Sir WILFRID LAWSON?

Mr. BASS questioned whether the Farmer would be much of a gainer by the commutation of the Malt-tax, and said the Budget Bill bristled with pains and penalties for the Brewer. Is that so, WILLIAM? Peter ought not to be burdened to ease Paul, and give Mr. BASS occasion to complain, "Bass is the slave that pays."

The Bill having been read a Third Time, and some little Bills got on with, the House rose late to go to bed very early.

THE PATIENT MAN AND THE PERAMBULATOR.

(Dedicated to Westbourne Grove and Kensington High Street.)



SORROW!
Da—but
no! I will
not swear,
Though that's
the twentieth
time or so
She's gone o'er
my most cher-
ished toe—
I will be patient,
and forbear:
She shall not
chafe me thus
—I swear!

Bang! Toes
again? Not
so! The Nurse
This time has
only barked
my shins.
Perhaps 'twill
count against
my sins!
The pain is
great, yet I'll
not curse—
It might have
been a great
deal worse!

Crash! There! the vile thing's knocked me down.

I might have smashed the baby—quite:

And, if I had, 'twould serve it right.

My leg's not broke—'tis but my crown;

Yet I'll not swear—I'll merely frown!

My head is sadly cut, I doubt;

My teeth feel loose. Thanks! Not much harm?

I hope I haven't broke my arm.

When next I take walks hereabout,

I'll make my will ere I set out!

STRAWS FROM ST. STEPHEN'S.

THE significant part played, in the course of a recent Parliamentary crisis, by a talking-stick held by the PREMIER, has suggested the subjoined series of "Symbols," which, together with their interpretations, Mr. Punch, with very much pleasure, publishes for the benefit of the general outsider:—

Starting a Japanese butterfly over the table.	Determination to catch the Speaker's eye.
Asking every Member, privately, "just to come out and have an ice."	Resolution to effect a rapid Count-Out.
Handing about a sandwich-box freely below the gangway.	Thorough understanding with advanced supporters.
Getting the SPEAKER interested over a difficult combination of "Fifteen."	Compromising the dignity of the Chair.
Putting a musical-box (wound up) into the pocket of the Sergeant-at-Arms.	Embarrassing an officer of the House.
Sitting with your arms crossed and the Attorney-General's bag over your head.	Refusal to take any part in the discussion.
Going to sleep, over a three-volume novel, on the front bench, under an umbrella.	Withholding of all Government support.



A CAUTION TO FAIR SAMARITANS.

Sitting pensive on a rustic bench, young Smith sees those pretty girls from the Hall coming his way, and, on the chance of their belonging to an "Ambulance Class" (which they do), he suffers himself to be overcome by the heat (58° in the Sun), and falls prostrate just as they pass by!

Emily. "It's a FAINT, POOR FELLOW! HOLD HIS HEAD LOW DOWN, MAUD, AND UNDO HIS SHIRT-COLLAR, WHILE I FEEL HIS PULSE. OH! HOW STRONGLY IT BEATS!"

CRICKET IN EXCELSIS!

(An intercepted Letter.)

*The Candlesticks, Queen Anne's Road,
South Kensington.*

MY OWN DEAR PARTICULAR SWEET OF A JULIA,

I PROMISED you when we left the country and came up to town that if I enjoyed myself *very* much I would write to you and tell you all about it. Well, this week we have had a perfectly *delightful* time of it! Oh, so nice! So much too *charmingly* sweet!

We have been picnicing in *such* a lovely place! And in the very centre of town, too! Isn't that much too *awfully* charming? Nothing uncomfortable! No forgetfulness of the spoons, and the salt, and the soda-water and the ice! No; everything was *beautifully* arranged. We drove down in the morning, and went to our carriage, which was ranged up with scores of others under some *delightful* trees. In the barouche we found the hampers, and in less than no time the butler and his men had *everything* spread out on the *whitest* of cloths stretched over the *coziest* of tables.

And oh, we did so enjoy ourselves! Plenty of *nice* fellows only too glad to make themselves as useful as they certainly were ornamental. Captain SABRETACHE (you remember we met him at JULIAN's in the autumn) was the life and soul of the party, and amused us all so much. He was *very* kind and civil to me—but never mind. My dear child, the whole affair was too, too charming. I shall never forget it—never, never, never!

And then the dresses were so beautiful! Bonnets, don't you know, covered with *real* flowers, and costumes of every shade and colour. And the men were so neat and natty! And the drags, and the flags, and the Pavilion! Oh, it was quite too lovely!

And now you will want to know *where* the picnic was given, and *why* it was held. My dear child, I give you my word of honour I have not the faintest idea. I have *such* a head! I suppose we had

a reason for going, but I have quite forgotten *what* that reason was. But believe me it was all *very* nice and lovely!

The first bell for dinner! I must send you a kiss, and remain

Your own devoted

LAURA GUSHER.

P.S.—I open the letter to say that ROSE tells me the picnic was held at LORD's on the occasion of the University Match. Very likely. She says they were playing at cricket. Very likely again; but then you see we were too busy with our lunch to look at anything else! Good-bye!

Another Phase of the Eastern Question.

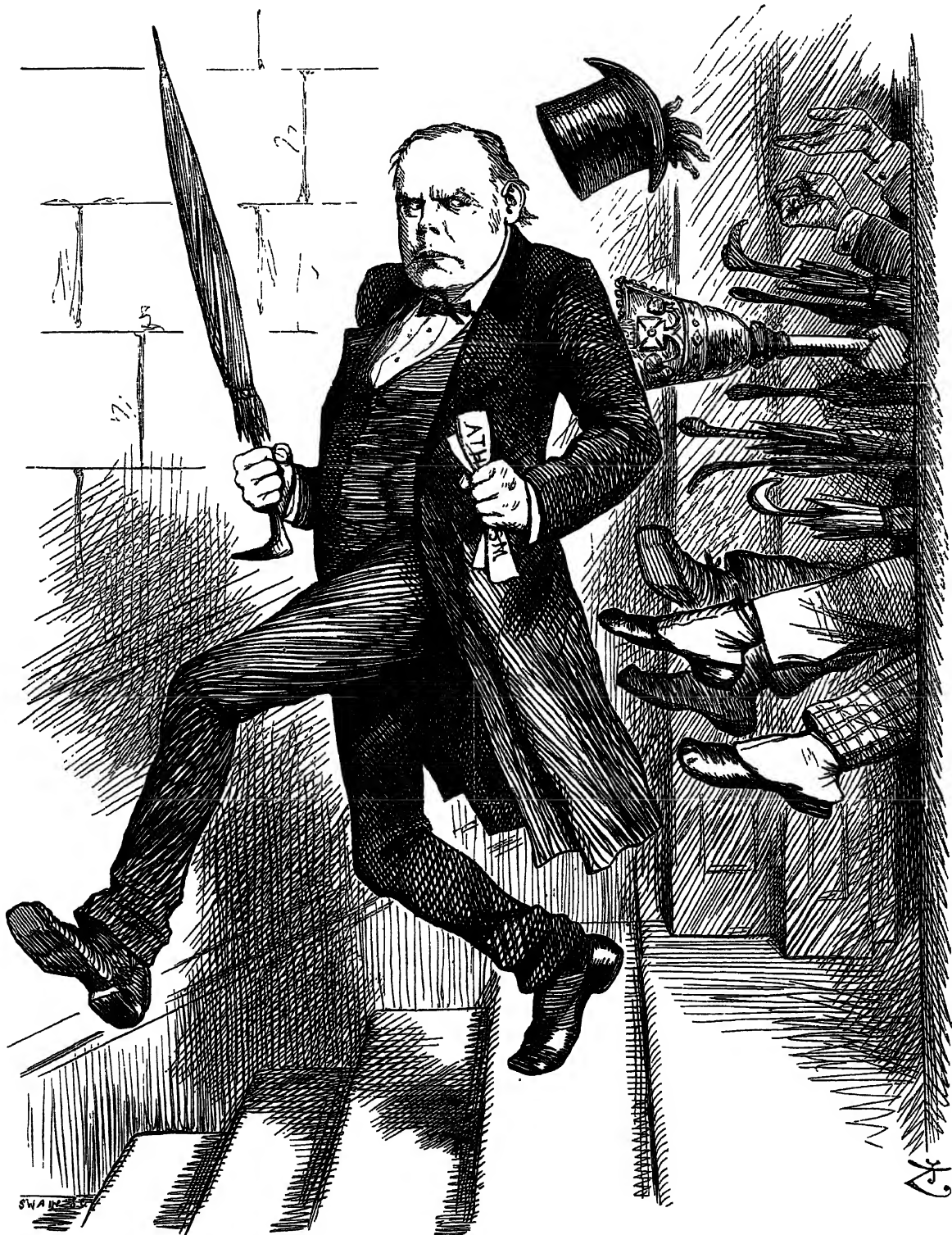
"The harem of ISMAIL PASHA, the ex-Khedive, still remains in the Dardanelles."

SUCH a tragic announcement seems to require some explanation. Are we to understand that these poor Ladies are all gone to the bottom, have all had the sack? If so, this fresh aspect of the Dardanelles question is one for immediate investigation by the Conference now dining together at Berlin.

Demand by Dundreary.

ATTENTION has lately been called to a system of teaching deaf children to speak, and carrying on articulate conversation even in several languages by means of "lip reading." In order that the deaf should read lips, is it requisite that the lips should be bare? To enable a man to have his lips read, must he necessarily have to shave off his moustaches?

THE FRUITS OF PHILOSOPHY.—Mr. BRADLAUGH in the Clock Tower.



“KICKED OUT.” (P)

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "The Chronicles of Barsellshire," "Beerjester Brewers," "The Halfway House at Aleinton," "Thorley Farm for Cattle," "Family Parsonage," "The Prying Minister," "Pearls before Swine, or, Who Used his Diamonds?" "Rub the Hair," "The Way We Dye Now," "Fishy Fin," "Fishyas Wildux," "Dr. Thorne and David James," "Star and Garter, Richmond," "Rachel Hooray!" "The Jellies of Jelly," "The Bertrams and Roberts," "Lady Pye-Anna," "Tails of All Creatures," "Arry O'spur," "Marry Greasily," "Vicar of Pullbaker," "McDermott of Balladsingerun," "Can't You Forget Her?" "He Knew He Could Write," &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.

TEA IN THE ARBOUR.



"He comes here," she said to herself, scarcely looking up from under her bonnet at Mr. BOUNCE, who had stopped to offer a respectful salutation to her father, "with his own ends in view, like this shrimp. And also, like this shrimp, he is in my hands."

Then she ate the shrimp. There remained to it neither head nor tail; these were on her plate, and she had taken the shrimp's body as though adopting a middle course. Then a radiant smile illuminated her countenance, as she felt like Andromeda, freed from the rock, while the sea-monster, the shrimp, lay at her feet. But who was to be her Perseus? Ah, there was the difficulty. I am sorry to say that she determined to consider Mr. JOHN BOUNCE as the sea-monster, of whom she would rid herself without the aid of a Perseus, or, at all events, she could keep him at a distance until the deliverer might appear.

Poor MORLEENA! I don't say that JOHN BOUNCE is a favourite of mine, nor do I undertake—not being an undertaker—that he shall marry her in the end, and live happily ever afterwards. She has a feminine heart; and he has a manly head, though too fond of running it against brick walls, and then finding himself dazed and on his back, while all the bricks are still in their proper places deriding him. After all these little attentions on the part of JOHN BOUNCE, which we, as lookers-on, seeing most of the game, have observed, you must not be amazed, dear Ladies, if MORLEENA does throw her admirer over in her own way and at her own time, and if I produce from some quite unexpected corner a gentleman after my own heart, who shall woo and win her. Such things do happen in societies as perfectly regulated as was that of the cathedral-town of Small-Beerjester.

BOUNCE's heart was in his mouth, as Mr. SIMON SIMPLER observed that the weather was cold for the time of year, and that he couldn't stop just now, as he had promised to give a musical entertainment, consisting of solos and fantasias on the Jews' harp to the old Card-Sharpers of Deedler's Trust.

At the mention of this name, BOUNCE's heart sank within him, and was again in its right place, as Mr. SIMON SIMPLER retired within the house, and left him alone with his daughter.

There was a shrimp in MORLEENA's hand, and another in her eye, as her father passed over the threshold, and disappeared.

JOHN BOUNCE had not met her since one day the week before last at the station, when she was trying to catch a fly, and he had told her that the noise she imagined to be that of a fly approaching was only a Buz; whereupon, suiting the action to the word, he offered her a Buzz, which she would not accept; and, in reply to his inquiry as to her luggage, answered that she only had one box on the ear, which he should take from her hand, and carry away with him; and then she left in high dudgeon. It had subsequently struck him that even this box had a complimentary smack about it; for had she not given him a private box all to himself for nothing, although it is true there had been something in his manner of which he himself was unconscious, that led her to remark that he "was asking for it."

Never had she appeared more lovely to her lover than she did now. Her face was serious; yet there was a saucy look in one eye, and a simple child's light in the other, that gave to the latter a saucerer appearance, and lit up her features with lustrous energy; her hand trembled as he looked over it, took it, and played with it; but suddenly remembering that he had his own to play with now, he dropped hers, after having thrown out two hints. He would have liked to have taken Miss, but she did not ask him, and in fact she could hardly pronounce his name when she tried to address him.

For a second JOHN BOUNCE glanced at the teapot, and gave a significant sniff. Was there just a suspicion of the odour of "Odour V." mixed with the *Eau de Tea*?

"No," she replied sadly, answering his mute interrogation. "Papa has always said it is right to cross your Teas, but never to mix your liquors."

JOHN BOUNCE was sorry—so sorry.

He really did not mean, he said, what she meant. Perhaps not, she replied, but it was not the first time that some people, she did not mention names, had misjudged her dear father and herself. JOHN was really grieved—most grieved. He couldn't have imagined anyone so unjust. And then he remarked, rapidly, that it was warm for the time of year, to which she replied that it would be warmer for him before it had finished. He thanked her, but he didn't take tea, he observed hesitatingly, whereupon she rejoined that whether he took it or not, she would make it hot for him anyhow. Then he stooped down and admired the china teapot.

"Yes," she said, "it is a great success. Our teapot draws wonderfully."

"You are fond of tea?" inquired Mr. BOUNCE, timidly.

"We are thorough Bohea-mians here," she replied. "I am a sort of Bohea-mian girl. But oh, Mr. BOUNCE—," and here she paused and had recourse to her pocket-handkerchief.

"Hem!" coughed JOHN BOUNCE, anxiously.

"It is hem'd already," she replied, plucking up her courage, "and I couldn't do it now without a stitch in the side. But oh, Mr. BOUNCE—," And here she jumped up impulsively, and stood at the corner of the table, as her lover, who had not calculated on this sudden rise, made quickly for the opposite corner.

"Oh, Mr. BOUNCE!" she continued, in an impassioned tone. "It wasn't you who wrote that cruel, wicked, nasty, slanderous, odious, libellous article in the *Penny Prometheus*, was it?" And she raised the heavy antique china teapot above her head with an energy that made JOHN BOUNCE wish the great Atlantic were between him and his love.

"If," he thought to himself, "I could be only the other side of the seaboard, instead of the teaboard!" But he could only eagerly and loudly protest, and then duck his head quickly, to avoid the impending danger. Old china had never been much in his way; now it was, and



AN AWFUL GRAMMER.

Proprietor of boarding-house (taking stout guest aside). "YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, MR. SHARPSET, BUT YOUR APPETITE IS SO LARGE THAT I SHALL BE COMPELLED TO CHARGE YOU A SHILLING EXTRA. IT CAN'T BE DONE AT TWO SHILLINGS!"

Dinner. "NO! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE DON'T DO THAT! I CAN EAT TWO SHILLINGS'-WORTH EASY; BUT IF I HAVE TO DO THREE—I REALLY—AFRAID I SHOULD—BUT I'LL TRY!"

there seemed to be some likelihood of his picking a few bits up without much trouble.

"It wasn't you, you sneak, who called my father a thief and a swindler in that filthy paper, was it, eh?" she cried, vehemently, for the stream of her eloquence was now in full flow, and her lover felt that any attempt to dam it was utterly useless. She poured forth a flood of words, and brandished the slop-basin, which it was clear to JOHN BOUNCE would soon follow the teapot.

"I never said so," Miss MORLEENA! "I—" and again he ducked below the table as the crockery flew from her fair hand, and broke in a thousand fragments at his feet.

Poor JOHN BOUNCE! his position was certainly a cruel one. Had any gentleman treated him in this way he could have given him as good as he brought—that is, if he had possessed an equally valuable set of blue china; or if Miss MORLEENA had employed her lawyer to hurl these things at him, he would have instructed his own to accept tea service; but how could he do anything but duck and hide beneath the table when a beautiful girl, the daughter of the man he had injured, was heaving things at him in this manner? What was her conduct but that of a Daughter of Heave, after all?

In the meantime, MORLEENA again summoned up her energies.

"Mr. BOUNCE," said she, "I will reserve the silver milk-jug and the sugar-basin until I hear your answer."

He stood up from his stooping posture and looked immensely pleased.

"I am going to ask you to do something for me," she went on. "It is not much, but it is something. If you refuse—"

"What is it?" he gasped out, deprecating the movement of her fair hand towards the sugar-basin, and at the same time edging nervously towards the door of the arbour which MORLEENA had, however, previously looked. She followed him round the table as he moved from his chair, and laid one soft hand on his arm while he felt the other pressing into his neck between the front shirt-collar button and his wind-pipe. Ah! at any other time how exquisitely delightful would have been that touch! What could he say to this sweet suppliant? Scarcely a word, for she would not remove her soft hand from his throat.

"Will you go and kill the Editor of the *Prometheus*?" she almost screamed.

"I will! I will!" cried JOHN BOUNCE. "Oh, MORLEENA, I will do anything, but—"

She still held him and looked eagerly into his face, with her hair dishevelled, her eyes all bloodshot, and the massive milk-jug aloft in her right hand, ready to descend with all the full force of her true feminine power on her lover's head.

"Will you go and assassinate the man who wrote that article?" she screamed again.

"I will! I will!" shrieked JOHN BOUNCE, "if you will only let me tell you how I love you. How I—"

"Will you?" she continued remorselessly, "will you go and exterminate, blow up, if you like, all the printers, printers'-devils, publishers, editors, writers, and everyone connected with that execrable *Prometheus*?"

"I will, I will!" he shouted. "MORLEENA, I swear—"

"That's rude in a lady's presence," she interrupted; "but you will take your oath to blow them all up, everyone?"

"I renounce them all—I mean I will," answered JOHN BOUNCE, sinking on his knees, and hardly able to recognise in the wild excited beauty that stood before him the calm domesticated child of Mr. SIMON SIMPLER. She continued—

"You will take your oath on your knees, but you will not keep it there. You will go to London, and there you will keep it. Now, say after me, All this I promise and vow—"

"All this I promise and vow," repeats JOHN BOUNCE.

"S'help me!"

"S'help me!" echoed her lover.

Then, her object being gained, with becoming maidenly confusion she opened the door, and said she must now really go,—she couldn't stop any longer alone with Mr. BOUNCE,—what would people say?—and so forth.

"Let me say one word for myself," he pleaded.

"Not one," was her reply, "till you return from London and prove to me that you have fulfilled your vow."

"But I may hope?" he urged.

"As much as you like," she returned. "And when you come back—ask Papa!" and so saying she tripped across the lawn and gained the house, entering it by the back door, and disappearing from the gaze of her enamoured admirer.

"Ask Papa!" he repeated to himself. Then he went round to the front and inquired for Mr. SIMPLER.

The trim maid who answered him and the door at the same time, said that—

"Master had gone up to town not a 'our ago."

"Then I'll follow him," said JOHN BOUNCE, determinedly, "and see him at once."

"Miss MORLEENA told me to say as she ain't at home, Sir," said the servant, "but anything as you intend for her, if you'll leave it with me, Sir,—"

JOHN BOUNCE, who had intended a kiss for her Mistress, at once stepped forward to impress the trim waiting-maid with the message which she could then convey with her own lips after she had received it from him, but at this moment the contents of a water-jug were emptied upon him from an upper window and the door was peremptorily shut in his face.

"MORLEENA!" he exclaimed, looking up.

"You seemed fond of ducking your head while I was talking to you in the arbour, so I thought I'd duck it for you now," said MORLEENA, her fair face lighted up with enthusiasm. "And, mind, don't you attempt to leave anything for me in that way again."

And so she closed the window, and poor JOHN BOUNCE thought that with her disappearance the light of day had vanished, that the sun had departed, at least, that the daughter had. But his resolution was already taken; the next thing to be taken was his ticket for town.

So far, you see, my dear Ladies, whose ideas as to the result of this interview have not been exactly realised, Andromeda has rid herself for a time of the sea-monster without the aid of the hero Perseus, and it seems more probable that there will be an immolation of the sea-monster himself than of the maiden who was to have been his victim on this classic shore.

QUITE THE REVERSE.

It has been suggested that just now Turkey is the land of GOSCHEN. May it prove to be. But Turkey at present is the land not of Light but of Darkness.



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